

AB 115

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115

REUBEN C. FOLGER

Nantucket

1817

AB 115

24/1 B42

Benben G Folger

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Swain George 108
Smith Job 112 p
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S. Short 160 p 62

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AB II

215

Cash

3

Dec 4 th	1816	Hasp & Pin		\$	00	36
April 26 th		Joseph & hook			00	26
		Fitting hinges for Shuttle			00	33
		Stove frame			2	29
		crane eyes etc				20
Sept 29 th		2 hasps 12 1/2 & Staples 2 Ruffs	6 th			18
		Mending Toaster 3/	1 penny 8 1/2 hook 1/6			75
		2 hasps & 2 Ruffs	2/			33
		hinge & Gudgeon				45
		Cash to Ballance			44	456

Cash

1821

May 31st Cash

\$16 44 1/2

June 18th Cash Twenty Dollars \$20 00

July 5th " to balance 6 33

26 33

Aug 12th 4th And Cash \$ 24

" 28th 5th " 12 00

" " " Danish 1 50

Sept 6th Cash to Balance 8 70 1/2

\$24 44 1/2

1823

March 3rd 45 By Cash to balance

\$4 80

AB

P⁴
1815

Levi Starbuck Dr. Reuben G. G.

Nov ^{br}	4 th	2 Dining Tables 4 ³ 6 Long	\$	12 50
To	\$	1 Pembroke Table 3 ^{ft}		5 00
		1 Stand		2 50
			\$	<u>20 00</u>

Feb^y 1818 paid Cash to

Balance

	70
\$	<u>20 70</u>

Settled

1815

Allen Gibbs Dr.

Dec^{br}15th

Low Post Birch Bedstead

To Cash - - to Balance

\$	4 50
	<u>1 15</u>
	5 65

Settled

Nantucket July 4th 1816

29

May	25 th	Pair Commode	C ^r . Handles & Caskline	25 ^{ch}	
Do	-	4 th Coffee	6 ^{ch}		1.00
June	5 th	1 st Commode	Handles		
Oct ^r	26	1 Lock	d 1/10 1 st d 1/6 Nails 2 nd d 1/3		68
Nov ^r	30	Stand Catch			20
1817 Jan ^y	1	8 Bed Screws	4 ^{ch}		66
Do	5	1 Stand Catch			20
Feb ^y	20	1 st Nails			14
Do	27	Brush			20
Do	28	2 nd Nails	40 ^{ch} 1 st Hinges 2 nd 1/2		84
March	6	8 knots	d 1/10 3 rd d 1/6	3	91 1/2
Do	8	1 Chest Lock	1/10 1 st Drawer Locks 2/10 1/2		41 1/2
Apr ^l	24	Nails (Card)	1/6		25
May	1	1 st Merchandise	1/10		31
July	15 th	3 rd Nail & Cask Soap			39
Sept	16	1 st Caston			56
Settled March 13 th 1818					\$ 9 56

1818	Apr ^l	29 th	Cash To Balance		18 00
Settled Sep ^r 25 th 1818					

1818	Oct ^r	9	By his Bill Render ^d medicine & attendance	\$ 24 00	
Settled Oct ^r 12 th 1818					

1818	July	24 th	Cash To balance		
			Received of Sam ^l Carg Twenty Dollars	20 00	
Settled					

AB

Reuben G Folger

	Armstrong Smith Dr	\$	6	00
May	8 th 1818 - 8 th Table		25	50
Do	13 th Table		4	00
Do	17 th Son 1 Chest		3	50
Nov	25 th Pine Coffin for his Daughter in Law 5 th feet long & 60 cts for feet hinges & screws 200 th		\$19	00
			6	25
	Dec ^r 19 th 1818 Paid Cash to Balance	\$	25	80

Settled

Nantucket February 17th 1817

1816									
Aug	at	12 th	Work done for Doct ^r Gelston			\$	0	25	
do		24 th	Do Cash $\frac{1}{4}$					6 $\frac{1}{4}$	
do		30 th	Childs Table Chair 14/6				1	75	
Sept	by	5 th	Set Chairs				18	00	
Oct		5	One Dollar ten cents Towards Rent				1	10	
Nov	to	28 th	Amount to Balance set Chairs				4	26	
1817			Received 1 quarters Rent				2	85	
Jan		3 rd	Fifty Cents					50	
do		5 th	2 Low Chair 38 Booking Chair 3-75				5	75	
do			Fifty Cents					50	
			Cash To Balance				30	56 $\frac{1}{4}$	
								3 89	
								<u>\$34 45 $\frac{1}{4}$</u>	

Settled

1816									
Aug	at	12 th	#401 feet Birch Boards 2 2 nd 1/2 feet			\$	0	02	

1816									
Nov	27								
1817									
Oct	5	2	Gallons in Winter Oil 2 30 th 1/2 gal			\$	1	60	
		2	Gallons Oil summer 2 85 th				1	40	
Dec	1	1	Gallon oil Winter				1	30	
			Dist of S H Mary					30	4 "60
1820									
Jan	27		Cash				45	58	
March	16 th	3	Gallons Oil 2 \$1				3	00	
			Cash					10	48 "98
								<u>\$59 "58</u>	

Settled March 17th 1820

Reuben G. Elder

1816			James Moxon Jr		
April	25 th	To 31 st	Mahogany @ 25 ^{cts} pr ft	\$	7 66
do	28 th	4	Cochets @ 1/2 pr price		4 00
May	20 th		Mending Bellows		6 50
Aug st	1 st		Mahogany Board		3 00
Sept ^r	4 th		Chest		78
do	10 th		Mending Chest		50
do	19 th		Chest		50
Oct ^r	14 th		Chest Del ^d Demarius Moxon		0 00
do	16 th	2	Chests Del ^d Wm Swain & E. J. J. J.		0 00
do	21 st	1	Chest @ 3		4 50
1817			Five Screen		3 00
Jan ^y	24 th	1	Chest Del ^d Anthony Johnson		3 25
Feb ^y	2 nd	1	Chest Del ^d Henry Daggett		3 00
March	4 th	1	Chest Del ^d Mr Calvert		3 00
do	8 th	1	Chest @ 3 Del ^d John Comes		3 50
do	19 th	To 1	Chest Del ^d James Keene		3 25
do	20 th	To 1	do by order from E. Swain Returned		3 25
May	21 st	1	Chest do by order from E. Swain		37 1/2
May	22 nd	Justing on	2 Sells Castons finding down		25
Inter	28 th	2	Chests 1 @ 3 25 & 1 @ 3 00 Del ^d Geo J. J. J.		4 50
July	21 st	1	Chest for Tristram Swain by order Swain		46 25
do	25 th	2	Chests 1 @ 3 25 & 1 @ 3 00 Del ^d Geo J. J. J.		4 00
do	29 th	1	Chest @ 4 00 Del ^d Briggs Nelson by order J. J. J.		13 37 1/2
Aug st	2 nd	4	Chests 1 @ 3 50 & 3 @ 3 25 Del ^d Geo J. J. J.		3 92
do	23 rd	1	Chest Del ^d Henry Bens by order Robert Order		

\$ 97 92

87 86

Balance due
to New acct

\$ 10 03

Settled Augst 26 1817

Narruckes March 2 1817 19

July 22	1 yd Flannel		\$	06	1/2
	Do 1/2 yd			33	1/2
Aug 24	for Order del'd Elbur Marshall			2	50
Sept 10	An Order del'd E Marshall to Ballou			1	34
			\$	4	84
1817					
July 3	8 feet San Domingo Mahogany a 1/2 yd		\$	1	33
	Rec'd of him 60 feet Mahogany 1/2 yd			10	00
				8	15
				1	4
				1	33

Due to Ballou \$ 1 33

May 1	Sundry Articles Truchep		\$	0	86
May 9	Truchep			0	12 1/2
May 26	1/2 Gallon Oil			0	50
July 15	Do			0	4
Aug 23	1 Gallon Oil a 4/6 for Gal			0	75
Sept 9	401 feet Boards a \$15.00 for th			6	01 1/2
Do 10	Sundries			6	92
15	Truchep			0	12 1/2
16	5th Shingle Nails a 100 1 M Shingles			3	50
	Fitting Shuttle hinges 2/			0	33
Oct 22	1 yd Shoes for Frederick			2	00
	Bureau for John Chase			14	00
Nov 24	2 Bushels Apples a 4/6			1	50

Balance 36 63 1/2
Settled Nov 27 1817 \$ 149 12
\$ 185 78

Dec 12	Cash			4	00
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Bought of Henry Canon
A Lathe at 3 1/2 Dollars
Do fifty cents 37 00

By Cash Received of Larkin Swain 4 00

AB

20th

1817

Reuben G. Folger

March 18 th	George Gardner Jr	\$ 5 - 00
	Wash Stand	4 00
	Bedstead	
	<i>Settled</i>	\$ 9 00

1816	Charles Barney Jr		
Aug th	1 Table for Ship Varnish	\$ 4 - 50	
Nov th	13 Do Varnish	0 - 12 1/2	
	Luggage Stuffer	- 1 - 25	
Dec ^{br}	15 th Do to Making Smooth Plane	- 0 - 66	
1817	Feb ^{ry}	2 To Jaws Mahogany	0 - 25
Oct ^{br}	2 To Making Frame to Seven	0 - 60	
March 18 th	1 st Varnishing Winder	- 0 - 60	
		\$ 10 38 1/2	
	In to Balance Due	6 12	
		16 50 1/2	

1818	Charles Barney Jr		
Dec ^{br}	12 To Cooper's Jointer	4 5	
	" 1 st Mahogany Posts	4 00	
Aug th	" 1 st Bureau Legs		
	" 3 rd Falls	25	
	" 1 st in & carving 2 posts	6 00	
	" 1 st 2-6 th Birch Board 2 nd	10	
1820	Aug th	" making 1	2 50
	Oct ^{br}	" making Smooth	1 00
	July 13	" Laid to	1 45
1822	March 26	" 1 foot Mahogany Plank 1/6	15 80
	May 30	" paid Cash to Balance	15 90
		which is underwritten in Phil Barney's	4 55
		Bill	\$ 20 35

25.

C. ...

To Balthazar

~~8~~ 32 48 1/2

House
at a

1860

SHAW

cons.
HE
13

VI
BOADLO
ANI
A
2.C.

1821
May 31 Cash Rec'd

SECRET

157357

ST. 6
the
3

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AB

26

Reuben

April 20	Wm Stubbs 2 nd Jr	at	
	Pine Table	12	00
	Land	2	75
	Bureau	14	00
	Interest 6% until paid		
			28 75
	Henry Riddell Jr		
	Chest	3	00
	Bedstead Sil Joshua	4	50
	framing Sash	0	25
			7 75
	Paid Cash		61
	Balance		

June 18	Jethro Macy Jr		
July 12	Looking Glass Frame	4	00
	Pine Table	2	50
			6 50

QUEEN VICT

April 13	Jethro Macy Jr		
	Field Bedstead	11	00
	one credit from date		

1811	Dec 2	Wm Stubbs 2 nd Jr	at	
		To putting New Leg in Stand	50	
		" planing & Varnishing do	50	
		" putting Castors on Table	50	
	June 24	" Split Box	75	
1820	May 23	" Pine Desk	9	00
	June 22	" Whetting Saw 1/2	25	
	" 20th	" Putting Knobs on Drawers	5	
1820	August 24	" Whetting Saw	25	
	Oct 6	" do do	5	
	Nov 6	" Glazing Table	25	
1821	Dec 12	" Fitting Stone into piece of Wood	25	
	" 27	" Minding planing & Varnishing Stand	37 1/2	
1822	March 4	" Cash To balance		13 1/2
		Carried to New		3 3/4
				16 33
1822	Oct 13	Barrett Beare Jr Whetting Saw		5
1822	April 2	" Whetting Saw 1/2		25
1822	Sept 12	" Whetting Saw 1/2		25
		" Whetting Saw		25

Nantucket Jan 4 20th 1871

1871	th				
Jan	20	Sundries to the amt	Eight Dollars		
March	22	Sundries to AM ^t		\$50	"00
April	26	Do		55	"05
May	5 th	Do		25	"00
Do	30 th	Do		53	"31
June	3 rd	1 Cask Raisins		24	"37
June	19 th	Sundries		10	"00
Aug	12 th	Sundries		22	"60
Sept	9 th	1 Sub Butter		56	"97
Nov	14 th	Sundries to amt		28	"14
Dec	28 th	Sundries to amt		56	"50
		Do		41	"45
				9	57
				\$433	00

\$9-00 for Chests

Carried To Saml L Carey's acct

Paid Henry Swift \$12-70th Cash \$ 12-70
To Balance acct Jan 4th 1881

AB

302

Reuben

1845	May	3	Lenas Coffin	for	25.00
	May	31	3 Mahogany		18.00
			3 Birch Tables		9.00
			30 Bed-Head		32.00
					83.00

32 00

Bought of Henry Swift					
July	4	To	Pure Table With 4 Drawers		4.00
do	30		Rule		0.75
do	11		1/2 Handles Brags		0.50
do	15		1 Grasp 3/4 8 1/2 screws		0.16 1/2
			1 Trunk Lock		0.12 1/2
			1 # 1/2 cut Nails		0.25
			1 # 1/2 Handles		0.37 1/2
			1 # 1/2 cut Brads		0.25
			1 # 1/2 cut Nails		0.25
			1 # 1/2 Chaps Nails		1.66
19th			1 1/2 Box Knobs 2 1/2 for ps		1.00
do			30 Brass 2/3 8 Sharp 2/3		1.37 1/2
24			Sundries 11/3		0.12 1/2
			1 # 1/2 cut Nails 12 1/2 #		0.21
			1 # 1/2 Wrought 1/3		0.25
			1 # 1/2 Wrought Tacks 1/6		0.21
26th			Lock & Hinges 1/3		1.00
28th			Quadrant Springs		0.50
			2 Locks		0.37 1/2
Aug	10		1/2 hinges 3 # 1 Lock 12 1/2		0.20 1/2
do	12		1 # 1/2 cut Nails		0.11
do	13th		1/2 Hinges 3 #		0.8
do	24		2 # 1/2 1/2 # 1 file 10 #		0.43 1/2
do	29		1 hand saw		0.12 1/2
do	3		1 # 1/2 Brags pins		0.38 3/4
do	9		Nails		1.83 1/2
do	18th		Nails hinges & hinges		0.41
do	25th		3 # Nails 4 # 1/2		0.50
do	1		1 # 1/2		0.12 1/2
do	10		1 # 1/2 cut Nails		2.16
do	20		4 Lock 2 1/2 for ps 4 # Hinges 2 1/2		0.11
Nov	6		1 # 1/2 cut Nails		0.20
do	13th		1 # 1/2 Chest Hinges		0.33
do	24th		2 Knobs 2 1/2		0.33
Dec	10		1 # 1/2 Chest Hinges		0.25
1846	Jan 24		2 # 1/2 Nails 2 1/2 for ps		0.21
do	33		1 # 1/2 Nails 1/3		0.12 1/2
May	18		1 # 1/2 cut Nails		0.21
June	19		2 # 1/2 cut Nails		0.21
	24		1 # 1/2 Hinges		0.21

19 00

Nantucket 1817

33

May 26 th By Chairs - - - - - \$ 2 " 00

By Cash - - - - - Settled

\$ 8 00

June 10 th By Note - for Aunt D 2 - 12
 4 By Brush - - - - - 0 - 12 1/2
 20 By 21-1/2 Blank Board measure - - - 0
 26 By 1 foot Birch plank - - - - - 0 - 3
 Borrowed 11m, Plank of 28

Nov 26 By Whetting Saw - - - - - 0 " 25

Dec 26 By 11 Tilt Locks - - - - - 0 " 75

Dec 27 By Mending chair - - - - - 0 " 33

Jan 3 By Cash - - - - - 1 " 00

Jan 19 By 1 Rocking Chair - - - - - 3 " 50

March 4 By 1 Gauge - - - - - 0 " 42

By making Coats - - - - - 2 " 00

By 1 Axe - - - - - 0 " 25

Rec'd his note to Bal \$ 10 " 77

March 28th 1818 \$ 3 " 99

March 28th 1818 \$ 14 " 75

Sept 1st By fitting Crane - - - - - " 12 1/2

1816 " 1 hasp 30th 2 Ruffs 1/4 - - - - - " 36

June 12th By fitting toaster 3/4 Joseph 6 hook 1/6 - - - - - " 75

July 5th By Bailing two kettles a 1/6 - - - - - " 50

" " 3 3/4 3/4 1 pan 2/6 - - - - - 1 " 25

" " 1/2 books & 1 Trammel 1/4 - - - - - 1 " 16

" " 1 Map nail & ring 1/4 - - - - - " 16

Sept 1818 " hinge & Gudgeons 2/9 - - - - - " 45

May 21st By 1 Stone frame 13 3/4 a 1/4 1/2 - - - - - 2 " 29

" 2 hasps & 2 Ruffs - 2/4 - - - - - " 33

1820 July 28th By points for Lath 2/3 - - - - - " 32

By fitting Crane - - - - - 20

Sept 25th 1821 By Cash to Balance - - - - - 7 94 1/2

2 47

10 35 1/2

Settled

1825 June 1st By Cash - - - - - 4 00

Reuben G. Folger

Augt	26	James Morse Dr	Balance Due From old acct	10	3 1/2
Sept	1	To 3 Chests	at \$3.37 1/2 per piece	10	12 1/2
	23	To 2 yd Sticks		0	25
	26	1 Chest Del David Tremain		3	75
	3	3 Chests at \$3.37 1/2 per piece Del D Tremain		11	25
Nov	28	mending Stand		0	3 1/2
Dec		putting Five Boards in knots for D		0	85
		mending Windows		8	75
Jan	10	Making Five Mould Stands		0	25
		2 yd Sticks		4	25
Feb	13	1 Chest Del John Case per order		29	00
		To Making Desk for Store		3	24
Feb	7	To 29 ft Birch plank 2 1/2 ft wide		1	12
Go	10	Cherry Board 14 feet at 20¢/ft		1	25
March	9	Bolster		1	00
Go	10	Coloring Tapes and smoothing them		21	25
April	15	To 2 Chests \$3.37 1/2 \$3.50 \$3.37 1/2		15	00
		To Making 4 sets Window Blinds \$3.50 per Window		12	17 1/2
May	2	Dr Repairing and covering the Old ones		0	37 1/2
	4	To 5 ft Russian Glass		0	50
	4	Coloring 2 Bedsteads		0	25
	4	mop handle		3	7 1/2
	18	Coloring & harnessing Bedstead		3	1/2
Do	20	putting on 6 covers		12	1/2
		mending Rocking Chair		25	
	30	4 Do 1/2 L Screws		25	
June	1	2 Do Do Do & putting on Knocker		25	
	11	To 2 Knobs		20	
	15	Mending Workstand & putting on Knob		13	50
	20	2 Chests at \$3.50 & 2 at \$3.25 per piece		26	8 1/2
Do	28	1 Chest at \$3.50 Do 5 at \$3.25 Do 1 at \$3.62 1/2		2	00
		Putting on knocker Making & putting up		2	25
		6 curtain Rods & mending five screws		2	00
		Making false Bottom to Easy Chair		47	59

Balance Due to New acct

Settled August 19th 1880

Nantucket Sept 6 1817

35

Aug	27	2 yds Yellow Flannel a 6/6 pr yd	2 23	
do	28	1 piece Tape 1/6	0 12 1/2	
do	29	1 Silk Umbrella 30/-	5 00	
Sept	18	1 Ball Cotton 1/-	0 16 1/2	
	29	1 yd 8 1/2 gr Blue Hankin a 30 ct pr yd	0 40	
		6 thin silk 6 cents	9 33	
Oct	21	7 1/2 yds Florence a 2 1/6	2 94	
		7 yds Cambrie Blue a 2 1/6	0 29	
		1 1/2 yds Ribband a 1 1/2 pr yd	0 12 1/2	
		2 thin silk a 1 1/2	6 45	
do	22	13 1/2 yds Cotton a 5/-	3 50	
		7 yds Calico 3/-	37 27	
do	23	26 yds Carpeting a 3/6	0 50	
		1 piece Quilt Binding a 3/-	3 48	
	24	6 yds Bombazet a 3/6	71 99 1/2	
Dec	18	14 1/4 yds Quaker	0 9	
1818		do 1/2 Ant Del Sultan Wyes	8 00	
Jan	9	1 1/2 3/8 padding a 9/6	1 17	
do	15	1 1/2 yd Flannel a 5/3	0 18 3/4	
do	16	2 thin silk	75	
		1 1/2 yds Calico a 2/6	0 2 1/2	
		1 1/2 yds do 3/-	1 25	
		1 piece Tape 1/4 1 20 1/9	1 9	
do	27	1 yds Cotton 2/6 pr yd	1 66	
		1 1/2 yds Flannel 5/3	53 1/2	
do	28	2 1/4 yds Cotton a 2/6 pr yd	11	
Mar	18	5 yds paper for 1/2 yd Ribband 1/4 1 1/2 pr yd	16 26 1/2	
do	30	1 1/2 yds paper for 1/2 yd Ribband 1/4 1 1/2 pr yd		
April	9	2 1/2 yds Dimoty a 3/6 pr yd	813 42	
do	23	1 piece Tape	19	
	28	1 yd Linen 9/-	1 50	
May	1	1 pr Morocco Rippers 3/3	37 1/2	
	7	4 1/2 yds Quaker Ribband a 1/9 pr yd	56	
	11	1 1/2 yds Dimoty a 3/6	1 46	
	15	1 1/4 yd Linen Cambrie a 83 1/2 pr yd	0 75	
	18	1 1/2 yds Bedtick a 5/6	13 80	
	19	1 1/2 yds Cotton a 2/-	1 33 1/2	
	23	1 1/2 yds Bedtick a 5/6	8 25	
	27	1 thin thread 1/6	0 25	
	30	2 yds Felting a 4/6	2 50	
June	16	1 1/2 yd Ribband a 1/9	0 15	
do	23	1 pr Shoe Del Fredk Folger 10/6	1 15	
do	27	2 yds Ribband a 10 ct pr yd	0 20	
do	30	2 1/2 yds Flannel a 2 1/6	2 11	
July	19	1 1/2 yd White Flannel 5/3	0 22 1/2	
	27	3 pair Stockings a 2 1/6 1 pr a 5/-	4 75	
		2 Handkerchiefs a 5/- pr	1 66	
		1 Vest pattern a 6/-	1 00	
		1 1/2 yds Cotton 2/- pr yd	0 53	
		1 Stick twist	84 68	
		1 Cord pine Wood 4 00 Truckage	15 12 1/2	

Receivers of Traders

Oct 8 Rachel Swain Dr \$6.50
 20 Cherry Tables \$13.00
 High Post Bedstead - - - - - 11.00
 Settled Sept 9 1819

1820
 Jan 11 To making Mahogany Stand 22
 " " mending " 13
 " " mending Table 25
 May 29 Josiah H. Riddell " Making " 25
 1821 Feb 12 To " " " 25
 June 10 " putting 2 " 80
 " " planing 2 " 12
 " " " 12
 1822 Jan 22 " " " 12
 " " " 12

1822
 March 17 To mending Pine Table 19
 " 26 " " planing " 10
 April 30 " " " 10
 June 20 " " " 10
 Aug 20 " " " 10
 1823
 May 10 " " " 10
 Oct 17 " " " 10
 Cash to balance \$6.16
 Settled 1824

Nantucket October 22 1817 39

1817		C ^o		
April 20	1/2 barrel Soap	-	\$2.00	
Apr 23	To 1 cord Oak Wood & 1 pine	-	\$9.16 1/4	
Oct 7	To 1 cord Oak Wood	-	5.16 1/4	
Dec 20	Whetting Saw	-	2.00	
Feb 10	1/2 barrel Soap	-	2.00	
1818	May 30	1/2 barrel Soap	2.00	
	Cash	To Balance	20.32 1/4	
			2.12 1/2	
				22 34 1/2

Settled Dec 17 1818

C^o

1817	June 12	Cash received	-	6.00
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C^o

1821	March 26	Cash to Balance	\$18.25	18 25
------	----------	-----------------	---------	-------

Dec 9th	1st Marine Street	C ^o 96	\$1.00	
	Cash	-	1.17	
				2.17

C^o

1820	Dec 20	Cash received to Balance fifteen Dollars	\$15.00	15.00
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C^o

Dec 20	Cash	-	\$6.00	6.00
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C^o

1821	March 27	Cash to Balance	-	2.00
------	----------	-----------------	---	------

C^o

April 18	Cash Three Dollars	\$3.00		
May 10	Cash to Balance	12.00		

Reburs G. Forger

1817
April 12th To Captⁿ Celia Ship Lyden
Trimming for Bureau \$2.50
Bureau 15.00
To Mending Portable Desk 0.50
Settled \$18.00

1820
Sept 26th John B. Macy D^r
To making Cabin 6.00
12th " Putting up Blinds 1.25
13th " Furnishing Clock Case 2.00
19th " Mending & Furnishing Wardrobe 2.00
" " " 1.50
" " " 1.50
" " " 1.50

Sept 26th Susan Wyer D^r
Persuasive Shawl \$5.00

1821
Feb 2nd John Matthews D^r
To Mahogany Bureau \$25.00

April 20th Wm. B. Coffin D^r
To making pair Rockers 4.00
" " " 1.00
" " " 1.00

Aug 26th Paul Gardner D^r
To mahogany Table \$14.00
" " " 6.00
" " " 1.00
Sept 23rd " 1 Field Bedstead 10.00

May 18th John B. Macy D^r
Aug 31st To making Bathing Bench 3.50
Sept 19th " " " 1.00
Nov 15th " " " 1.00
March 26th " " " 1.00
April 13th " " " 1.00
June 5th " " " 1.00
" 29th " " " 1.00

12.50

5.00

30.00

Feb 7 20 *Cot Bottom*
Cash to

Settled

...and young Edward ...
...he had no sooner ...
...he said that ...
...he was walking ...
...and remained a few moments ...
...to read and address the letter ...
...and when ... was returning to the ...
...Lord ... face to face. The ...
...being ... by two ... on ...
...him ...
...said, dog!

...his sword was in his hand, but ...
...he was the brother of Lady ...
...expressed his rising resentment, and ...
...him, when as we have said, Lord ...
...at ... in the ...
...now by the ...
...as he beheld the ...
...he had ... blood in his ...
...however kept his sword pointed ...
...and would have gone by him, when ...
...spat upon him, accompanying the act with ...
...either of division.

The forbearance of our hero was ...
...end. He forgave Lady Kate ...
...saulter. Throwing himself up ...
...and then with ...
...the prince ...
...ing heard the ...
...this ...

1822
Feb 7 28 17
1823
Nov 17
By Mahogany
Cash to

15 24
4 01
22 25

Reuben G. Colver

1814
Nov 20

Herchiah Swain Dr
10 feet Pine Board a 3-0-90
Lent him 50 Twice 1-00

1818
Feb 8
10
15th

Took his receipt for 8 dollars paid
him toward Rent 8-00
1 pr hinges / 6 screws / pr lent / 9-0-27 1/2
1 Oil Stone 0-33
6-8 in. Pine Board 4 20 thick 10-10 0-32
Paid Cash to Ballance 4-78

April 4th

Paid for rent upto Feb 1st

Paid Rent up to Aug 1st

10 22
4 78
15 00
15 00

Aug 5th
Oct 15th
26th
Nov 4th

Herchiah Swain Dr
Grinding Chest for Richard \$1-50
and Finding Lock & Hinges 21
7 feet birch Pine Board 1-00
Lent Herchiah 1-00
Making Coffin 4-6 a 60th pr foot 2-75
Fitting Chair 62 1/2

Cash Due \$6-8 1/2
1-47 1/2
\$4-50

1818
Dec 1st
1819
Feb 20th
April 2nd
24th
May 15th

Herchiah Swain Dr
Making Square 25
28 feet Pine Board a 2 etc 56
1 pr hinges on A Chair 37 1/2
Took 1/6 Lent Lydia Swain 55
Planting Table 50
Cash Five Dollars \$5-00

Due 43 1/2
06 1/2

1819
June
Aug 1st

Herchiah Swain Dr
Birch Board 0-4
Lent Wife 0-25
1 Doz screws / pr 1 pr hinges / 4 0-12 1/2
1 Lock 1/6 4 2 Board a 3 0-37 1/2
Lent Wife 0-25
Lent Wife 0-50
Lent Wife 20
Lent Wife 10

Cash paid him to Ballance \$1-84
for Rent 5-66
\$7-50

Nantucket Nov 25

817

Nov 25

To 2 Gallons Oil 285 - \$1.70

Recd Cash to Balance 9.88

Settled

\$ 11.50

March 15

Cash to Balance

Settled

\$ 4.50

Ct

Sept 24

By: Paid Lamp 4

64

Oct 28

" 1 Pint Olive Oil

66

Nov 31

" 1 Pint for Lamp -

53 1/2

Nov 13

" 4 yds Wire

20

Jan 1

" 2 Iron Hooks 2 for piggins

2

Feb 2

" 2 Pitchers 12 2 milk pails 69

2.69

March 31

" 1 Pitcher 20 1 peck coals 10

30

Sept 6

" 1 yd w/g Wire 8

8

Oct 4

" 2 yd Wire

14

" 25

" 1 Tin Pail 70

17

Nov 31

" 6th Nails 210

66

" 1

" 1 yd plywood 2 2/3

17 1/3

" 30

" 12 Cutting of Sable to 1/2 of frame

50

Dec 13

" 100 yds of Drawers for Compting Room

1.00

" 29

" 20th Wire 2 1/2 for the

22

Jan 10

" 2th Nails 2 11 1/2 for the

87 1/2

" 2

" 7th Soap 2 1/2

50

Feb 28

" 12 yds Glass Paper

37

March 8

" Labor on Tin Ware

50

" 13

" 1 Rule & 1 Knife

90

April 3

" 2 1/2 doz Chest Locks 2 1/2 doz

10

" 26

" 1 yd Wire 2 10

31

May 31

" 1 yd Wire

4.00

" 23

" 1 yd Cash four dollars for 13 1/2 off

1.75

Oct 2

" 1 yd Sugar 2 1/2

33

Nov 8

" mending Lamp 4

18.50

Carried to New acc

7.01

\$ 25.51

AE

48
On Ship Francis Voyce

Reuben G Folger

April	6th	Barrett's Mary Dr	\$	ct
		To Gluing & planing Stand	39 1/2	
Do	17	To Pine Table	3	75
Do	22	To Mahogany Bureau	25	00
June	2	To Planing Table	0	75
			\$29	87 1/2
1819		Barrett's Mary		75
Jan 4	16	1 Pair	2	25
1820	April	fast		75
1821	April	Altering Bedstead		75
May	17th	Gluing & Mending Table		75

\$4

1823
March 1 Franklin Coffin Dr
To putting a new screw to a Bedstead

1823
Dec 20 Paul Macy Dr
To Balance on Settlement

701

4-02
347
3-54

Narrucket June 24th

1818

51

1818	th	Brought Over	\$19.45	
July 4	To	Bot of him 25 Brought Over	19	54
	"	1 handle B	"	12 1/2
Do 12	"	2 1/2 pump tacks 2 1/2 Curd tacks		25
Aug 1	"	2 th Nails 2/3		25
Do 19	"	1 pr fall hinges 1/2 2 pr hinges 1/2		48
	"	1 Do 6 2 Locks 2 1/6 1 Do 1/6 knots 1/6		17
Do 19	"	3 Knots 2 1/2 et, fastening		17
Do 29	"	2 th Nails 1/9 1 pr hinges 1/6		33
sep 1	"	1 pr Handle 1/2 1 file 1/9 1 Lock 1/6		50
10	"	2 th Nails 2/3		25
18	"	1 pr Card Table hinges 2/3 19 gross screws	54	82
19	"	1 hinge 2 1/2 et		20
Oct 1	"	3 Chest Locks 5 et 2 Do 25 et		25
		Settled	\$29	84 1/2
		Fundris Lard ware as per bill	6	37
		Settled	36	81

1819	th	th	th	th	th
June 1	To	1 1/2 4 Cut Nails 2 1/2 et			
July 11	"	2 1/2 8 Cut Do			22
	"	2 1/2 6 Wrought			
	"	2 pr Brass Butte hinges 2 20			40
	"	Nails			56 1/2
18	"	1 m Broad 1/6 2 Bow Saws 1/6 1/3			74
26	"	1 or Brass pins 1/9 1 Knot 1/9			25
Aug 20	"	1 bun Cigars			3 1/2
	"	2 1/2 W Folger 3 Jack knives 1/3			1 1/2 1/2
	"	Do 2 6 Nail medallion palmation 1/4			25
21	"	Plain Iron			50 1/2
Sept 18	"	Prospect Door Lock 1/2			17
	"	3 Bedstead screw 1/2 1 Dox Caps			44
	"	Looking Glass			6 1/2
20	"	4 Knots 2 1/2			68
	"	1 Chest lock			50
	"	3 Shuns Brown thread 2 1/6			75
					\$3 12 1/2

1825

July

By Oil to balance

6 50

1824

May 26

By Cash

4 50

AR

52⁰

Reuben G Folger

1818		James Morse Jr			
Aug	19 th	Balance due to new acct	\$5	66	
Sept	1 st	1 Chest 3 rd 75	3	75	
	2 nd	2 handkerchiefs 2 ⁵ / ₆	1	84	
	8 th	1 Piece Linen 25 yds 2 ⁵ / ₆ pr yd	29	17	
	8 th	Desk for Store	3	00	
	8 th	" mending Chair		75	
	10 th	" Shelves for Store		50	
	16 th	" 4 Chests 2 ⁵ / ₆ 25 del 2 ⁵ / ₆ pr yd	13		
Oct	1 st	" 4 Chests 2 ⁵ / ₆ 25 pr yd	13		
	4 th	Book Case for Store	1	25	39 6
	8 th	" fitting Shelf over fire place	2	25	
	9 th	" Negro's Bedstead		75	
	30 th	" Fire Bedstead	8	00	
Nov	15 th	" Chimney Shelf	1	25	
	20 th	" mending Chopping Tray			
	30 th	" fire screen			
Jan	5 th	" Planing & Varnishing Work Stand		50	
March	9 th	" Fitting house & finding Pulley		75	
April	24 th	" 1 Chest	3	25	
	27 th	" 1 Chest	3	25	20 0
May	30 th	" 1 Chest	3	25	
	12 th	" Mending Glass Frame putting catch to hand	5		
June	22 nd	" 1 Chest	3	25	
	5 th	" 1 Chest as per order del 2 ⁵ / ₆ U ² 2 ⁵ / ₆	4	00	
July	15 th	" W ^m Hill Jr Stand	5	50	
	11 th	" 1 Chest	3	25	
	19 th	" 2 Chests del Charles Dagman 2 ⁵ / ₆ 25	5	00	
Aug	4 th	" Jas Morse Dr Mahogany Bureau	25	00	
	18 th	" To W ^m Hill Dr Mahogany Bureau	25	00	
	28 th	" 1 Chest del Oliver Appleton per order	4	50	79 2
				\$1395	

By his bill rendered Sept 17th 1818 1 29 5

Settled

Antucket 3rd 1819

1819	June 5	4 Dollars Cash		
		By Cash from Estate of J. Hager	\$	4 00
1822	Dec 11	" Cash to Balance		7 25
				23 08
				<u>\$34 93</u>

Settled Dec 11th 1822

1821	May 5	Cash 20 Dollars fifty cents		
------	-------	-----------------------------	--	--

1821	March 26	Cash to Balance	\$4 00	4 00
------	----------	-----------------	--------	------

"	30	his Order on Sam ^l Cary to Balance		23 70
---	----	---	--	-------

April 12	1 Pair Shoes	15	1st pump 12	\$4 50	
June 14	1st Morocco pump	12		2 00	
June 18	1st Shoes	4 6		" 50	
July 24	1st Hat			3 50	
June 18	2 nd Ribbon			1 74	
Aug 28	Trigler Dollars			12 00	
Sept 7	Trigler Shoes	9		4 50	
Oct 25	1st Shoes			1 85	
Oct 25	Trigler Shoes			1 65	

Rec^d of James
Bread \$25 on
Sam^l Chert's acct
and the Rem^d
of Sam^l Chert
Settled with James
Bread Jan 24th
1822

AR

Reuben
Smith D
paid in full June 18 1820 \$1000

\$ 2 41
\$ 2 41

con's pench
deacon had
assertions
their overw
been a littl
said lobsters
after luggin
the vasty d
the deacon
lobster no b
"Why
said a friend
deacon; boi
freshness, and
and properly.
"Well said,
for they sell th
right out of the boat. I'm mu
the notion."

The next visit of the good deacon to Boston,—as he was about to return home, he goes to the bridge and bargains for two live lobsters, fine, active, lusty clawed fellows, alive and kicking, and no mistake!

"But what will I do with them?" says the deacon to the purveyor of the crustacea, as he gazed wistfully upon the two sprawling, ugly, green and scratching lobsters, as they lay before him upon the plan

"Do
chant,—
you a dollar
them, nohow,

The deac
at the sper
say so?
"I
home

Smith D
paid in full June 18 1820 \$1000

W. Smith D
paid for ship June 18 1820 \$10 00

Cartwright D
paid for ship June 18 1820 \$12 00

Smith D
paid for ship June 18 1820 \$10 00

Smith D
paid for ship June 18 1820 \$10 00

Smith D
paid for ship June 18 1820 \$10 00

Love M
To M. Rogers
Peter
To M. Rogers
Sarah C
To M. Rogers

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SIMON POTTS was an old man, past three-score-and-ten, with a wasted, bended frame, sharp, angular features, deeply sunken gray eyes, and hair which, from a youthful hue of red, had now changed to yellow sear and crisp. He was a miser of the most rigid stamp, and owned more property than people generally thought. He contrived to be taxed for only about ten thousand dollars, and even at that he swore poverty. He called on Heaven to witness that he was not worth a thousand dollars, and he wished some one would come along and offer him two thousand, and take all his property off his hands. Old Simon Potts had more than ten thousand dollars stowed away in gold, in his cellar; and of good bank-notes he had many thousand dollars. He actually believed himself to be worth about fifty thousand dollars; but his old lawyer knew that he was worth nearer a hundred thousand. He owned nearly a half of all the houses in the village, and they were every one in use.

The only real sunshine that ever entered the old man's soul, beyond his notes and gold, was the smile of Lizzie Marshall. She was Simon's niece—the daughter of his only sister. She had been left an orphan at an early age, and had lived with her miser uncle about ten years. She was a beautiful creature; kind and gentle; pure and loving; with a heart as tender and sensitive as it was true and noble. Lizzie Marshall was now nineteen years of age, and in all the town there was not another woman so fair and lovely. She was the only relative living, whom the old man knew, and though he loved her well, yet he loved her only when she bowed to his every wish.

"Tut! tut!" the old man uttered, in answer to a remark his pretty niece had made. "You must not think of the fellow. I will not allow it. He's a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp, and only wants my money!"

"You are mistaken there, uncle," Lizzie replied, with a flushed face, "for he has begged of me to let some other person come and take you and your money, and go with him and be his wife. He can support a family without help from others."

"How can he do it?—the rascal! He has no business at all. Aha—he'd get you away from me, would he?—the dog?"

"But remember, uncle, you bade me do so."

"Silence! I didn't! I have got your husband all picked out for you. Ha! and here he comes. Now mind, Lizzie, this man is the man!"

As Simon ceased speaking the favored man entered the house. His name was Lot Piper. He was five and forty by the town register, though he swore he was young. He was a small, hump-backed man, with sandy hair, which stood stiff and sparse upon his nut like head; his nose sharp and hooked; his mouth large, but lips thin; his chin flat; his cheeks hollow; cheek-bones prominent; brow low; and eyes green, small, sharp and sunken. He was as miserly as was Simon Potts, though not so rich; and in all the town he was the only man who flattered Simon, and upheld him in his pinching and crowding of poor tenants. So the old man had made up his mind that Lot Piper would be just the man to take care of his niece.

Lot did his business with the old man, and then turned to where Lizzie sat by the window. He talked with her awhile, and then took his leave.

"Oho, that's the man, Lizzie," uttered the old man, after his visitor had gone. "And mind you, you must marry him. I shan't take any refusal."

On the evening of that day, Lizzie Marshall threw on her shawl and went out for a walk—so she told her uncle. The moon shone bright and clear, and the landscape had almost the clearness of mid-day. At a short distance from the old cot (Simon occupied the poorest of all his buildings) Lizzie met Alfred Bodwell.

"Alas!" murmured the maiden, "my uncle will never consent. He is set in his purpose, and he will not relent. He has been a father to me, and I cannot desert him now that he is old and infirm."

"But, my own Lizzie, must you throw away the whole happiness of the future—must you sink all earthly hopes—just to obey the foolish whim of a foolish old man?"

"Ah, Alfred, the very quality of my soul that would make the faithful wife, must bind me to my poor old uncle. He would be miserable if I were to leave him."

"Miserable!" returned the youth, with some bitterness in his tone. "O, see what misery he makes. Look at the poor old widow Willis: Only last week he would have turned her out of doors had not a friend given her the paltry sum necessary to pay her rent."

"And I know who gave that sum," said the girl, looking archly up.

"Do you?" returned Alfred.

"Ay, I do; and I love you for it, Alfred."

"Well, well—let it pass. I only did what God gave me to do. And then look at poor old Adam Long. He, too, would have been turned out of doors had he not sold some of his furniture to raise the money to pay into the till of Simon Potts. O, what right has he to ask the peace and joy of one like you only that he may waste it in his folly?"

"It is hard," returned Lizzie, after some thought. "O, how I could bless him if he would give his consent. He swears I shall marry with Lot Piper. But of course I shall not do that."

"Let Piper have the money, and let me have you. Tell your uncle to cut you off in his will—cut you off entirely—and let me take you. Will he not do this?"

"Not willingly."

"Then look ye, Lizzie; I will obtain from him by stratagem what I cannot obtain by reason." This was spoken quickly, and with sudden energy.

"What mean you, Alfred?" the maiden asked, in surprise.

"I will tell you; I mean to do what shall be for the old man's benefit, as much as yours or mine. I mean to open his heart. Just look: At present he only makes misery wherever his charity could be of use, and he makes this misery for himself as well as for others. He would blast my joy for life; crush you beneath the weight of lasting torture, and all from mere whim and prejudice. If I am not mistaken he is superstitious."

"Yes, very."

"He believes in ghosts?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give him a lesson. He has some respect for the memory of his father?"

"Yes. But what mean you, Alfred?"

"You will be secret?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then listen: I am one of the most powerful ventriloquists in the country. You will say nothing of this."

"I will not."

"You do not think it would be wrong?"

"Of course not, Alfred."

Awhile longer the lovers conversed—Alfred learned from Lizzie some of the peculiarities of the old man who had gone, some which he had never seen. Simon's father had only been dead about six years, having lived to be ninety-three years old. He had lived on property of his own; and he died without making his will, so this property all fell into Simon's hands, and it amounted to near eight thousand dollars. Having learned all that the maiden could tell him, Alfred bade her good-night, and took his leave.

It was a dark, drizzly night, and Simon Potts sat close up by the fire. The wind sounded mournfully as it turned the corners of the old cot, and though the season was early autumn, yet the fire was comfortable.

"It's an ugly night, aren't it, Lizzie?" uttered the old man, as he listened to the moan of the wind.

But before the girl could reply, a rap upon the door.

"Ha!" uttered Simon, "that is my nephew."

"It may be, but I cannot tell," said the girl.

But he was not alone. The door opened, and there was only Alfred Bodwell.

"Alfred!" cried Simon, "what brings you here?"

"Mr. Potts, I have come to see you."

"Not give me that nonsense," said Simon, "I do not want to see you."

"No, sir," said Alfred, "I do not want to see you."

"But," said Simon, "what brings you here?"

"Hold, Mr. Potts," said Alfred, "I have something to tell you."

"What?" said Simon, "what brings you here?"

"I have something to tell you," said Alfred, "I have something to tell you."

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"I have something to tell you," said Alfred, "I have something to tell you."

A friend of ours is about to get an almanac in which all stormy and cold weather is to be kept out.

An Irishman, in speaking of a relative who was hung, said he died during a tight rope performance.

Carlyle says, "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal the less in the world."

Henry Ward Beecher says, that he would as soon go a courting with his father's old love-letters, as go to church and carry a book to pray out of. Henry is "gifted," but every body aint.

"Jim, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good licking!" "Well, ma, I wish you would, for I'll be hanged if you ever gave me a licking that I called good, yet." Smart boy, that Jim; his wisdom-teeth were cut at an "unusually early period of life."

"You say, Mr. Jaycocks, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house; was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know what caused that haste?" "I am not quite certain, but I think it was Mr. Stubb's boots, the gentleman he boards with." "That will do, Mr. Jaycocks. Crier, call the next witness."

A party had climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the other side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman, a stranger to the company, who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, "Pray, what is the highest part of the mountain?" "The top, sir," replied the guide.

"Well, Sam," said a gentleman, meeting a colored servant of fourteen, whom he was compelled to discharge from his service, on account of his mischievous propensities, "are you as bad as ever?" "O, no," answered the colored youth, with a grin that exhibited his ivories in contrast with the cuticle, "I've got no bad examples now, sir."

PLAYING THE HIND LEGS OF A CAMEL.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells the following funny story:—

The man that plays the hind legs of the camel at the Folies Nouvelles Theatre, is just now the most talked of individual in Paris!

The circus has its elephants which stand on their heads, and gesticulate with their trunks, and gambol in various massive ways; and there are wild beast shows without number throughout the city. So the Folies Nouvelles, always up to the mark, caused to be constructed an out-and-out dromedary, and it is exhibited nightly to crowds of delighted spectators. A spotted body, properly humped, and a well manufactured head, and propelled, as large as life, and three or four times as natural, by two men inside. Their legs only appear to the public as furnishing forth the animal's lower limbs, and nankeen pantaloons essentially assist the illusion. The camel is led in by a little fellow in flowing clothes and a turban, who puts him through his paces in a highly accomplished manner, and whirls him finally off to the inspiring music of a polka, executed by the orchestra, the four legs keeping time in a correct measure. Just under the camel's head is a small window. Out of this window, while the show is going on and the points of the beast are being illustrated, suddenly issues the head of a man whose talents are developed in the hind legs. "Mon Dieu," he says "what a role this is to put me into! The hind legs of a camel! Here, you keeper, you in a cotton hat, give me a pinch of snuff, or I shall smother! 'Twouldn't be so bad, if I had a decent man in the fore legs—but he's a bete, and stupid, and aint got no conversational powers, and smells disagreeably when he's warm! What a confounded piece, to be sure, and I suppose it will have a great run—just my luck! Keep me swinging this infernal tail for a fortnight!" And in goes his head, as suddenly as it came out, as the keeper raps the hind parts of the camel, and the polka commences. This, with the explanations of the keeper, which are ridiculous beyond expression, keep up a perfect roar of laughter, but more consummate nonsense cannot be imagined.

A CHORUS.—One of the "unco guid" lately waited upon a clergyman in this neighborhood, to take him to task for allowing the band in his church to conclude the service with a chorus. Having exhausted his eloquence in declaiming against bands in churches, and hired singers in general, he concluded by asking the minister to explain to him the meaning of the word chorus. "No, no, John; you should know better than I do, for you are a far more learned man," said his reverence. "Nane o' your taunts," quoth John, "gif ye canna explain it, I will. Sir, a chorus is just a phantom o' the fancy—a theatrical whimple—a musical huzza!"—Glasgow



ANOTHER CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Jones is a boarder, and is found late at night in his landlady's larder. Jones is entirely unconscious when awakened. Landlady gives notice that if his somnambulism becomes a settled habit, he must have to find other lodgings.

But the deed was plain, and she only that she should not now have to starve. Caught the old man's hand, and while the old man's cheeks, she murmured: "Don't you, sir! You will not regret this, bless you!"

He started to hear no more, for he was a kind of talk, and he did not go to bed. Yet there was something about the old man's face which followed this. He could not fully analyze them, but he felt that the old revolutionary was a small, and Simon entered without performing the same ceremony.

"The money, and in a tremor he asked: 'What is, Simon Potts?'" "You need it; and I ought not to refuse it."

"Potts, you are a better man than I. God bless you for your kindness to me! I am very poor."

Simon Potts reached his own cot he was a good deal comforted, and but very little was left of the old man's face, and but very little was left of the old man's face, and but very little was left of the old man's face.

"Alfred," he said, one evening, "is it not just a year since that night?" Lizzie tossed her baby, and turned her face away.

"It is!" It was the same deep voice. "Simon, did I deceive you?" "O, no, no, no!"

"Then listen: I and Alfred Bodwell are one and the same person!" As Alfred had thus spoken he had allowed his voice to approach gradually until Simon saw the last word come from his lips.

A few moments of rank astonishment, and then all was understood. "Forgive me," said the youth, taking the old man's hand. "You now know how I have deceived you; but no one else shall ever know it while you live. If you are dissatisfied, I will pledge myself to pay you back all that the experiment has cost you, save this noble, gentle wife of mine."

"Hold," cried the old man. "Say no more. Should you pay me back, then all this happiness would be yours. No, no; I cannot sell it so cheaply. Let me live on where I am, and when I want to make the exchange I'll let you know. But mind, I must have the whole or nothing; so while you keep Lizzie, you must keep me."

May.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

May! thou month of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine—
Bosom rich and breath divine:
Month of bees, and month of flowers;
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lover's love, and poet's praises;
Oh, thou merry month complete—
May!—that very name is sweet!

May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily;
Like an actual color bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower,

If it rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us the sweet looks,
I can love thee in the poet's wages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letter over,
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever,
May will part from Spenser never
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if you will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather thou, good weather!
And find us in the fields together.

The following is from a tombstone on Fish-
ers Island;

"Here I am,
Boxed like a clam;—
My boat upset,
And I got wet
In the water,
As I hadn't orter,
And was drowned
When found.

My boat drifted out to sea,
And that's the last that was ever seen of me.

Miscellany.

THE POT OF GOLD.

A PRETTY 'CUTE STORY.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centreville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a 'pretty sharp eye to the main chance'—a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well-to-do, having inherited a rich farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances, the Deacon who was fully able to do so, would have found a help-mate to share his house and name. But the Deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter-o'-money, and it was his firm resolve never to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village Centreville, and the towns in the immediate vicinity, contained few marriageable women who were qualified in

that important particular, and of those, there were probably none with whom the Deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five, or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind, they reckon ill who leave widows out. Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The Widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite a buxom, comely woman, as widows generally are. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small, old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as 'productive'—of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which of course imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

Is it surprising then that under these circumstances she should now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage as a method of bettering her condition? Or need we esteem it a special wonder if in her reflections upon this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The Deacon, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages of the village, could accord her a prominent social position.

He was not especially handsome or calculated to make a decided impression upon the female heart. But he was of a good disposition, kind-hearted, and would no doubt make a very good sort of a husband. Women are less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second alliance than a first, and so in the widow's point of view, Deacon Bancroft was a very desirable match.

Some sagacious person has, however, observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered; for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy Deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next door neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him.

Here was a chance for financiering, wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be very expert.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, the Widow Wells sat at her fire in the sitting room with her feet resting on the fender.

'If even I am so situated as not to have to work so hard,' she murmured, 'I shall be happy. It's hard life, keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as Deacon Bancroft!'

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by-and-by her face brightened up. She had an idea which she was resolved to put into execution at the earliest practicable moment.

'Henry,' said she to her son, the next morning, 'I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's, as you go along to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient.'

Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at the summons. However, about eleven o'clock, he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

'Henry told me that you would like to

see me,' he commenced.

'Yes, Deacon Bancroft,' very much afraid you would it, at least, of what I n- you.'

The Deacon very politely not to be surprised, though time his curiosity was vis-

'Suppose,' said the widow, 'her eyes—'mind I am on the case—suppose a person should full of gold pieces in their the law have a right to take it belong to them?'

The Deacon pricked up his ears. 'A pot of gold pieces, was questionably the law would have to do with it.'

'And the one who had found the house couldn't come forward it, could he, Deacon?'

'No, madam, unquestionably the house went everything went as a matter of course.'

'I am glad to hear it, Deacon, think strange of the question, but it opened to occur to my mind, and I would like to have it satisfied.'

'Certainly, widow, certainly,' Deacon.

'And, Deacon, as you are here, I thought you'll stop to dinner with us, it will be ready punctually at twelve.'

'Well, no,' said the Deacon, rising, 'I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be waiting for me at home.'

'At any rate, Deacon,' said the widow, taking a steaming mince-pie from the oven, 'you won't object to taking a piece of my mince-pie. You must know I rather pride myself on my mince-pies.'

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor that the Deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, 'Well, really,' with the intention of refusing; he finished the sentence by saying, 'On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice.'

The widow was really a good cook, and the Deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after some more chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

He thought, 'Was it possible that the widow could have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety concerning the proprietorship of treasure thus found?'

To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It may be that the widow's manifest desire to have him think that her questions were prompted only by curiosity, gave additional weight to the supposition that she had really discovered the treasure of which she spoke.

'I will wait and watch,' thought the Deacon.

It so happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the Directors in a Savings Institution, situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board.

On the next occasion, the Widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business to transact there.

The request was readily accorded. When they had arrived at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the Bank.

'Ha!' thought the Deacon, 'that means something.'

He said nothing, however, but resolved



C. HOBBS, THE YANKEE LOCKSMITH.

Hobbs is a real live Yankee, and though but an humble mechanic, making no extraordinary claim as a machinist or otherwise, has suddenly become the lion of the metropolis and the puzzle of all workers in locks, throughout the British dominions.

'No, she said she only asked from curiosity.'

The Deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this 'curiosity' only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was equal to five thousand dollars.

'I rather think,' said the deacon, complacently, 'that I can see into a millstone as far as most people'—a statement the truth of which I defy any one to question, though as to the prime fact of people's being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded on my mind.

Next Sunday, the Widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

'How much vanity some people have, to be sure!'

'How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet is more than I can tell! I should think she was old enough to know better.'

This last remark was made by a lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempts to catch a husband had hitherto proved utterly unavailing.

'I suppose,' continued the same young lady, 'she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I would condescend to such means I'd—drown myself.'

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet not because she thought he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth.

The widow had calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated.

Monday afternoon, Deacon Bancroft

found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be about tea-time. He was importuned to stay at tea, and, somewhat to his surprise, actually did.

The politic widow, who knew the Deacon's weak point, brought on one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with zest.

'You'll take another piece, I know,' said she, persuasively.

'Really, I am ashamed,' said the Deacon, and he passed his plate. 'The fact is,' he said, apologetically, 'your pies are so nice I don't know where to stop.'

'Do you call these nice?' said the widow, modestly. 'I only call them common. I can make mince pies when I set out to but this time I didn't have such good luck as usual.'

'I shouldn't want any better,' said the Deacon, emphatically.

'Then I hope, if you like them, you'll drop into tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, Deacon Bancroft.'

Deacon Bancroft assented, and meant what he said. The fact is, the Deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook! Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this question before her one evening. The widow blushed—professed to be greatly surprised—in fact she never thought of the thing in her life—but, on the whole, she had always thought highly of the Deacon, and, to cut the matter short, accepted him.

A month afterwards she was installed as mistress of the Deacon's large house, much to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the Deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in her cellar.

'Pot of gold?' she exclaimed, in surprise, 'I know of none.'

'But,' said the Deacon, disconcerted, 'you know you asked me whether the law could claim it.'

'O, lor, Deacon, I only asked from curiosity.'

'And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?'

'Certainly. What else could it be?'

The Deacon went out to the barn, and for about an hour and a half sat in silent meditation. At the end of that time he ejaculated, as a closing consideration, 'After all, she makes good mince pies!'

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the Deacon and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about the 'Pot of Gold.'

GOING A'TER RECRUITS.

Captain Wallen started down from the Dalles to Vancouver, to bring up a party of recruits to fight the locomotive Indians. He stopped for the night at the Cascade, putting up at the house of an old man called 'Uncle Sammy, an inquisitive old fellow, about eighty-six, and deaf as a haddock. After supper, the old man, old woman and Wallen drew up their chairs around a blazing wood fire. The old man immediately commenced applying the brake, (good expression for pump!)

'What are ye goin' daown to the maouth of the river for?'

'After recruits,' replied Wallen, at the top of his voice.

'Hey?'

'After recruits!' roared Wallen again.

'Can't hear ye.'

Then the old lady moved round, and putting her mouth to the old man's ear, shouted, in a voice that would have done credit to Stentor, after he'd got a little in years:

'He's agoin' down—arter re-cruits—sugar—and coffee—and sich!—Syracuse Eagle.'

THE CAPTAIN'S PASSAGE.

A STARTLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

A Sketch from an old Shipmaster's Log-book.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the spring of 1836 my ship was lying at Diamond Point, on the river Hoogly, where I was receiving a cargo from Calcutta. One day, after my cargo was nearly all on board, I went on shore to spend an afternoon and evening with a party of English officers. Just after supper, while the wine and the wit were flowing in abundance, I was seized with a sudden faintness, and with a whirling brain I sank to the floor. I remembered nothing more until the next morning. At that time I found myself in a comfortable bed, with an old English physician by my side; but I was so weak and exhausted that I could speak but with difficulty. My whole frame was seemingly palsied, and a hot, suffocating sensation pervaded my head. On the following afternoon I again lost my recollection, and when reason next visited me I was informed that I had been sick over a week. My first expressed wish was to be conveyed on board my ship, but the old doctor would listen to no such thing. He told me that I had the most malignant form of an Indian fever, and that to move me would be sure death; and he furthermore conveyed to me the disagreeable intelligence that it would be three weeks, at least, before I could leave my bed.

I knew that my owners were very anxious that their cargo should be delivered as speedily as possible, and I dared not have the ship remain for my recovery, so I sent for the supercargo and mate, and after a short conference—for I was too weak to hold a long one—it was arranged that the mate should take charge of the ship and start at once for home. I supposed there would be plenty of chances for me to get a passage to the United States when I should have recovered, so I gave myself no uneasiness on that score. My ship sailed, and I was left in charge of the English physician, who proved himself a whole-souled man and a friend. It was a month before I could get out of doors, and even then I could not walk without support; but after this I gained rapidly, and in a month more I was quite strong again. In fact, I thought I felt better than I had for a year previous.

As soon as I was able to be out I began to look about me for the purpose of securing a passage home. There were several ships at the Point, but they were all going around to Canton, and thus three weeks passed away without any sign of the chance I sought. At length I learned that there was a Spanish brig down at Rangafalla which was bound for the Mediterranean, and knowing that if I could be landed at Gibraltar I could easily get a passage from thence, I resolved to go down and see the captain of the brig. To this end I hired a boatman to take me down the river, and having got all my luggage together I set off. I found the brig anchored off the northern point of Sugar Island. Her captain was a Spaniard, but spoke the English language well. He was a tall, pale looking man, with the strangest black eye I ever saw. It seemed to be a cold, icy eye, shooting forth sharp rays of light that possessed a sort of freezing power. I asked him if he was bound for the Mediterranean, and he told me yes. I then asked him if he could give me a passage as far as Gibraltar, at the same time stating the circumstances under which I had been left behind by my ship. At first he was unwilling to answer me. After thinking for a few moments he called some of his officers one side and conversed with them in a tone too low for me to hear; yet I could see that the discussion was quite animated, and that there were differences of opinion upon the subject. At length the captain turned to me again.

"What is your name?" he asked, very coolly, and at the same time eyeing me sharply.

"John Barclay," returned I.

"Well, Mr. Barclay, do you think you can keep a secret?"

"I think I have followed the sea long enough to understand the value of such a trait as that," returned I, without hesitation.

"Well, then," returned he, "I will tell you that we sometimes lay ourselves liable to the penalties of the revenue laws."

"Smugglers," said I.

"Yes—exactly," responded he, with a sort of cold smile about the corners of his mouth. "We do considerable in that line, and you must of course know that we wouldn't stop at any ordinary measures to secure ourselves against betrayal."

I well knew the meaning of that remark—I knew that my life would answer for my secrecy; but I had determined to go, and I would not now be put back. I had laid too long already upon my oars, and as there was likely to be no other chance for some time to come, I resolved to take up with the present one at all hazards. If they could turn a penny by smuggling, and were willing to run all the risks, why, it was none of my business. They did not defraud me, nor my government. So I told the captain I would go with him, and pay him what was right. My luggage was accordingly brought on board, and I was allowed a berth in the cabin. I could see that there was some dissatisfaction on the part of the other officers, but they yielded to the decision of their commander.

On the following morning the brig got underweigh and passed out through the eastern channel. She was a staunch craft, of about three hundred tons burden, with a raised quarter-deck, and with no house upon it. Her cabin was well-furnished and had six berths,—the captain and three of his officers took up four of them; I took the fifth, and the sixth was unoccupied. The brig's crew consisted of about forty men, more than half of whom came on board after I had taken my berth. They were stout, rough looking fellows, though they would compare well with the average of ships' crews. The captain's name I found to be Modiego, and I never before, nor have I since, witnessed such perfect discipline as there was on board that brig. Modiego could speak with his eyes, and I never saw a man disobey them.

On the third day out I found that some of the crew were making arrangements to set up the cook's range in the fore-peak, and after the culinary implements were all removed thither, the galley, which had been standing amidships, was taken to pieces. This movement was of course strange to me, but there was a stranger scene in store. This galley had a floor to it, and when this floor was removed I saw a circular railway of iron, in the centre of which was a massive steel pivot. Once or twice I found Modiego's eye fixed searchingly upon me, but if he thought to read my emotions in my face he was much mistaken, for few men possess more control over their features than I do. Yet I was glad that I had noticed the captain's look, for it placed me on my guard.

After the deck was cleared of the last vestige of the galley, sheers were rigged over the main hatch, and in half an hour afterwards a long, heavy brass gun had been hoisted out from the hold and placed upon the afore-mentioned pivot.

"We smugglers need something for protection," quietly remarked the captain, as he approached me after the gun was rigged.

"O, certainly," said I, with a smile. "I wondered before that I saw no implements for such a purpose."

Modiego gave me a searching look, but he found nothing but honesty in my countenance.

"Yes," he uttered, "we are obliged to be prepared for emergencies, for our's is a dangerous business."

I believed him! And I began to wish that I had not been in quite so much of a hurry to secure my passage. But it was too late now—I had forced myself into the plight, and I had only to make the best of it. Of course I had begun to think that my companions were men who smuggled at both ends of the bargain—that the revenue was not the only institution against

which their hands were raised.

For fourteen days the brig kept on her course to the south'rd and west'rd, and during that time I had been on very fair terms with the officers, though none of them seemed inclined to familiarity. Once or twice I thought the captain seemed inclined to make some overture to me, but whatever may have been upon his mind he kept it to himself. On the morning of the fifteenth day I heard an unusual bustle upon deck, and on going up I found that the tarpaulin had been taken from the long gun, and that the men were bringing small arms up from below. Modiego was at the starboard rail with his telescope to his eye. I looked in the direction indicated by his glass and saw a ship not more than four or five miles distant. She was evidently a merchantman, and bound up the ocean. Modiego at length lowered his glass, and as he turned he saw me.

"Ah—Mr. Barclay," he said, showing not the least hesitation, "you had better go below, for we are likely to have business that may not be agreeable to you."

This order was not to be mistaken, and simply bowing an acquiescence, I turned and went back to the cabin. I will not attempt to tell what were my feelings at that moment. Of course I knew now that I had taken passage in a pirate, and I only wondered that I had been allowed so to do; but I subsequently learned, from a conversation that I overheard, that Modiego had allowed me to remain on board through fear that I might be the means of exciting suspicion against him if he sent me off. It seemed that he feared that if I told the officers on shore of his refusal to take me, that it might, in some way, subject him to an examination, at least. So he thought it best to take me, and, if I was likely to prove a dangerous passenger, to dispose of me in a method peculiar to individuals of their profession.

When I reached the cabin I seated myself near the table and awaited the result. My feelings were various and changing. I had sorrow, disappointment, regret, and anger, though I think that the latter emotion was the most prominent. In fifteen minutes I felt the shock of our long gun. Then it boomed again—and again. Then I heard the voice of Captain Modiego as he called away his boarders. All was now bustle over my head. I heard the rattle of the small arms as they were being distributed, and the clanking of the grappling chains as they were dragged over the deck. Next I felt a shock that came nigh throwing me from my seat—and I knew that the vessels had come together. I expected to have heard loud, fiendish yells of onset, but in this I was mistaken. I heard Modiego give the order for boarding, and then I heard the sharp cracking of musketry. Now my blood was up, and at the head of a dozen good men I would have attacked the pirates with a good relish. I could hear the groans of those who were wounded, and now that the heat of battle had loosened the restraint of subordination, I could hear the yell of the pirates. But the conflict soon ceased, and then I knew that the pirates were overhauling the ship's cargo.

At the end of two hours the ship was allowed to proceed on her way, and shortly afterwards Modiego was assisted down into the cabin by two of his officers. He had received a musket ball in his thigh, but he would not leave the deck until he had seen the ship off.

"I shall soon get over it," I heard him say, as his bearers settled him upon a stool. And then noticing me, he added, "Ah, Barclay, wish you'd go on deck and lend a hand at stowing away some of our poor chaps that have been served with the same sauce I've got. We had a short fight, but 'twas a hard one. Them Yankees did us more damage with their first musketry than I could have believed. But they suffered for it. San Pedro! but this thing hurts."

I stopped not to hear more, or to make any answer to what I had heard, but hastened at once on deck, where I found part of the crew engaged in lowering various boxes and bales into the hold, while near the wheel I saw several



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

OF THE HOUSE.—“Oh, Fred, my boy, when dinner is announced, give Miss Furbelow your arm?”

“Well, I’ll offer her my arm, but I’ll be whipped if I see how she’s to get hold of it.”

I knew to be on deck. I went down into the cabin and found the captain asleep. In a small chest lashed under the table were two spare compasses, one exactly like that in the binnacle. This compass I took out. It had a copper bowl, and the rim that held the glass top was fastened on by a screw. I took the rim off and took out the card. Then I concealed the small box in which the whole hung beneath my bedding, keeping only the card by me. I listened a moment to be assured that all was safe, and then I took my pocket-knife and loosened the magnetic needle from the bottom of the card. The course through the night I knew would be nearly due north, so I swung the needle round until the magnetic point was directly under that point of the card indicated by N. W. by W. This brought the north point of the card around to N. E. by E., so that were the brig to be steered by that compass as I had fixed it, and her head kept where the compass indicated north, she would in reality be going N. E. by E. I secured the needle to the card again by means of a little wax, and having placed it back in the bowl and screwed the top on again, I hid the whole once more in my bed.

And now the most difficult part of the task was to come. I must exchange compasses with the binnacle; and how was this to be done when the helmsman’s eye was never off from the spot? But my life had been pledged, and I took courage; and I should have surely failed had not a lucky idea come to my assistance. I took the compass from my berth and put it back into the chest from whence I had first taken it, and then I nervously waited for the moment when I could carry my plan into execution.

The night came on dark and early. Not a star was to be seen, and the atmosphere had grown damp and cold. As soon as it was fairly dark I possessed myself of a small, single block I found in the stern-boat, and then I moved cautiously about the deck—anywhere to escape observation. At eight o’clock the watch was changed, but before the off-watch went below the officer concluded to take a reef in the top-sails, so as to be on the safe side in case of a blow. Providence seemed to be with me, for at that moment the wind began to veer to the westward.

“Stand by the braces!” shouted the officer; and as he gave the order I could see the dusky forms of the men as they moved through the thick darkness.

I crept as near to the binnacle as possible without being noticed, and there awaited my opportunity.

The top of the binnacle was in the form of a pyramid, so that the glass was exposed to anything that might chance to fall from a point above it. Just as the men commenced to move the braces, I poised the block that I had secured, and aimed it at the top of the binnacle. I was sure of my mark, and I let it go. I heard a crashing of the glass, and on the next instant I glided unperceived down the companion-way into the cabin, and leaped into my berth. It was not more than a minute before the second officer of the deck came down literally overrunning with curses.

“What’s the matter?” asked the captain, who had been awakened by the rumpus.

“Some lubber left a loose tail-block aloft, and it fell upon the binnacle, and smashed in the compass-glass,” returned the officer, as he stooped down to get at one of the compasses in the chest.

“Find out who left it there, and have him put in irons,” said Modiego.

I looked out from my berth and saw the mate take the compass I had altered. I knew he would take that one, for the other would not fit the binnacle. I went up after him. The compass was placed in the binnacle, and the pyramid top was turned so as to bring a side with a whole glass next to the wheel, the broken part having been covered up.

“San Jago, how the wind has hauled!” uttered the officer of the deck, as he looked at the new compass. “Here we are clear way round to the west’rd! Jump to the braces! Port the helm! Larboard braces—round in!”

“It has changed,” said the helmsman, as he threw the wheel over.

“Let her be steady at north.”

“Steady it is. You’re up.”

“Belay all!”

And all was accordingly belayed. According to the compass the wind was now southwest, and the brig was heading due north; but I knew that the wind was nearly west by north, and that the brig headed northeast by east!

It was now half-past eight, and the brig was running off ten knots clear. As soon as I had seen my plan thus begin to work, I went below and turned in; but I did not sleep. I lay there in my berth listening to the blowing of the wind. At midnight, when the first watch was relieved, the officer of the deck reported that the wind was steady, and that the brig was *running it off finely!* Yet it was hazy, and no stars could be seen.

At four o’clock I went on deck, and I knew in an instant that we were near land. I could tell by the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere, for it had lost its chill, and was becoming more dry and warm. Yet the pirates mistrusted nothing. The mid-watch had been relieved and gone below, and it would be nearly an hour before daylight could open its windows upon the true state of the vessel.

I was now more nervous than ever, but yet I had a hope that the brig would strike before daylight. I went below, and having secured my life-preserver under my arms, I once more got into my berth. I had been there perhaps fifteen minutes, when I heard a loud shout on deck, quickly followed by an order from the officer of the watch to man the starboard braces and down with the helm. But they were too late, for just as the men began to move towards the braces the brig struck. She leaped at first, like a frightened stag, then she struggled on a moment through the pliant sand—and then she keeled over like a thing that had lost its life. While others were rushing for the deck I made for one of the cabin windows, which I threw open, and then leaped out into the sea. I swam several minutes, when, finding that my feet would touch the bottom, I commenced to walk, and in a few moments I was on the dry sand. I knew we must have struck to the northward of Fort St. Louis, so I turned to the right and hurried off to the southward. I could hear the curses of the pirates for a long while, but at length I got clear of the din. I knew they could never get their vessel off without wholly unloading her, so I had no fears of their speedy escape.

ERRANEAN!

1820

Dec

1821

Jan

April 29

April

Geor

that I join- then lying ars' cruise ough To loss' Joshua To sona James un. nity ge. ie Old blest, with Gentleman ert, and oth- ers of the like. renown. y some means we obtained the *entree* of the Green Room, and were kindly received, and had a good time of it generally in the indulgences of convivial hours after the performances were over. This was all very pleasant, and for fellows bound on a long cruise a little fun laid in for the voyage was not amiss; but ere our anticipated pleasures had run half their course, the spirit of mischief inoculated one of our party with the desire to make a 'first appearance' on the boards. No sooner suggested than we were all 'in for it,' and no sooner proposed than our professional friends made arrangements to gratify us with as little danger of disturbance to the regular programme as possible. The opera of 'Gustavus' was then having a run, and it was agreed that we should go on as supernumeraries in the 'masked ball' scene. Suitable portions of the wardrobe were placed at our disposal, and by the time the call-boy summoned us, we were covered with dominoes, and duly masked. It is no trifling thing to face the foot-lights, even when you know you are hidden from recognition and have nothing to say; but we managed to get along pretty well, and were soon over the fright. The fates had arranged a catastrophe for us, however, and it came to pass. It happened on that particular evening that our captain, who had arrived the day before, attended the theatre with a party of friends, and occupied one of the stage boxes. We had all called on him in the morning, and been graciously accorded continued leave for a few days. Now when the scene was about half through and we had begun to acquire confidence, it so happened that through ignorance of stage business, I contrived to get in the way of one of the principal actors just as he was making a decided 'point.' Whether he was conscious of my identity I cannot say; but he certainly ignored the naval officer, and treated me as nothing better than a professional

'supe,' by thrusting me aside with such emphasis, that I had to catch at the nearest object to prevent falling—this happened to be one of my comrades, and it again chanced that we were right in front of the stage-box where sat our captain, little dreaming whose faces the masks before him covered. My grasp was sudden and unexpected, and tore away the upper part of my friend's domino, displacing also his mask. The audience laughed at the *contre-temps*; not so my comrade who found himself face to face with his captain, *not ten feet distant*.

How we both hustled off at the sides, I never exactly knew; but I perfectly understood the order which we received to report for duty to the commandant of the Navy Yard next morning. My friend took his reprimand 'like a trump,' refusing to implicate anybody else, so that the curtailment of our 'leave' was all we suffered.

As soon as our frigate was in a plight to receive visitors, they flocked on board in numbers. The politeness of our captain and first lieutenant was inexhaustible, however, and the only persons who felt like complaining, were the midshipmen and the boats crews, who were constantly employed in bringing them to and from the ship. I had my full share of this duty, and while in charge of a boat one day, I enjoyed my first opportunity of seeing and speaking with that great American Statesman, Daniel Webster.—He had been invited on board with John Quincy Adams, on a certain day, but did not arrive in time to take the boat with his distinguished compeer which had been sent for them. An hour later, one of the cutters was lying alongside of the wharf under my command, and an eager party, from whom I was endeavoring to select a load, were pressing upon me, when a few rods distant I espied the never-to-be-forgotten form of the immortal New Englander. I had never seen him before, but there was no mistaking him for any other man. Ordering my crew to keep every person out until I returned, I stepped up to him, and touching my cap, said,

'Mr. Webster, the boat which came for you has returned, but I have one at your service, if you please.'

'How do you know I am Mr. Webster?'

'I have never seen you before, sir, but I have seen your likeness,' I replied.

'And are you authorized to put your boat at my disposal?' asked he, smiling.

'Yes, sir; and I will keep everybody else out of it, if you will go off.'

Now it happened that there were a number of ladies, and some very pretty ones, too, waiting to go on board. They all very promptly gave way as Mr. Webster approached, but he did not seem to appreciate the exclusive honor extended to him, and before stepping into the boat, he said—

'These ladies appear anxious to visit your ship. Are you authorized to take them in your boat?'

so we... you.
'My young friend wait—particular boat with them shall have room.'

In a few moments of beautiful turn for those we left, were soon alongside.

In an hour after term of duty had ed on deck, and ordered of a boat to set M. The impression kindness made upon gotten; for something to be pulled about the best of my abilities requested me the Frigate Con in ordinary.

after the figure had been mutilated redator, and I soon object of ever forgotten with

cut off, save by the booger to take taking years us from the thing even to night; but an which blun the liveliest for others

W ho 300 many days with a

By the time it came mental ailments had into bodily sickness hammock to the ocean, my blood recked of what trans my fever, and passed, when the bos's-pipe ber, and the saddere ears. I asserted as I raised and a sense of unutter stealing over me, when a tones greeted me, a noble bent over me, and an arm laid gently

Sea-Shore Scenes..



LAST RESORT OF THE MASCULINES.

Figure, indeed! What's a fellow to do? A man must wear something. Hats
out of the question—they are really now-a-days so very effeminate."

The Ruling Passion.

'Oh, massa, please give me a penny or two, for I'se a very poor, destitute man.'

Such was the exclamation that saluted the ears of a store-keeper, busily engaged in waiting upon a lady; and looking toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he saw about as miserable as looking a darkey as one would wish to look at. His clothes were old and tattered, and greasy and dirty in the extreme, but around his neck, and worn with considerable taste, was a very handsome and nearly new tie, of a fashionable pattern. The store-keeper, anxious to save his lady customer's rich dress from getting in contact with his greasy habiliments, hastily gave him a small pittance, and the lady, moved by his miserable appearance, added her mite also; and the darkey moved toward the door. Something in the shop window seemed to attract his attention, and he stood looking therein, until the store-keeper was disengaged, when he inquired the price of a very handsome cravat hanging there. Seven shillings he told, when he said, 'Dat's a werre some tie, and jest soon's I git enough of m' gwine to hab it.'

He went to the store, and the store-keeper, seeing the darkey's cravat; and

afterward, the darkey came with another moving appeal for charity; and receiving his small donations, which he, as he gazed anxiously at the cent piece in his hand, and the cravat he coveted, 'what's de

werry lowest price you mought any way manage to take for dat ere neck-tie?'

'Six shillings,' said the store-keeper, not supposing for an instant the applicant had any intention of transforming himself into a purchaser, 'you are a poor man and you shall have it for six shillings.'

'Is dat the werry lowest, massa!' was the anxious response.

'That is the very lowest.'

The darkey heaved a heavy sigh, and left the store.

A few minutes after, the store-keeper had occasion to step into a neighboring store, and there found the darkey telling a moving tale of poverty and destitution, and receiving his small donations.

Half an hour afterwards, the darkey came rushing in, and exclaimed:

'Now, boss, I'll take dat ere neck-tie.'

The store-keeper was astonished, and tried to reason with his customer upon the absurdity of begging for a subsistence, and purchasing costly cravats, but all to no purpose, for have the cravat he would and did.

A morning or two afterward, he made his appearance, resplendent in the glory of his new cravat, and made the same moving appeal for charity; and as often as once, and sometimes twice a week he becomes the purchaser of a new cravat, and invariably the handsomest one in the store; and he says he has a large trunk packed full of expensive cravats, purchased with the proceeds of his beggary.

At daylight I found I was on the seaward side of a vast ridge of sand, and I determined to go to the top of this ridge and take an observation. When I got up there I saw a deep, wide river over upon the other side that ran nearly parallel with the coast. This I at once knew to be the Senegal. Behind me I could just see the brig, and on ahead I saw a glimpse of something that looked like buildings. So I pushed on, and by ten o'clock I reached Fort St. Louis, some friendly Foulahs rowing me to the island. I at once made my statement to the French governor of the fort, and he sent a company of seventy-five soldiers to accompany me back. We reached the brig about four o'clock in the afternoon. The pirates had begun to get out her cargo, but she was nowhere near floating. We boarded the vessel by means of canoes that had been brought around by the Foulahs, and though the pirates made a desperate resistance, yet they were captured without much spilling of blood. They had discovered the trick I had played on them with the compass, and, as may be supposed, I was the recipient of any quantity of threats and curses.

But they had no more power to harm me. They were tried by the French authorities of St. Louis, and answered for their crimes with their lives, and in one month afterwards I obtained passage in a French barque to Gibraltar, and from thence I came home in the ship "Farewell" to New York.

Thus ended my *Passage*, and though I often take pleasure in thinking how I conquered my enemies, and also in relating the incidents to my friends, yet I should prefer that the next passage of the kind should be undertaken by some one beside myself.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases that the former have been better sheltered from temptation.—*Davies*.

When a man sounds his own trumpet be sure there's a crack in it.

How few women deal in more than the bare necessities of conversation.

There are minds, as well as streets, that want draining.

The glove that a duchess wears to-day may cover the hand of her housemaid to-morrow, cleaning the grate.

The best word in many books is "Finis."



JAMES BUCHANAN.

As Mr. Buchanan is now occupying a considerable share of public attention, as a conspicuous candidate for a Presidential nomination, we have thought that the accompanying likeness would prove of interest to all parties.

Mr. Buchanan was born on the 23rd day of April, 1791, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of an industrious farmer of that county, who had little to leave his children, except a good education. James was his eldest son. His collegiate education was received at Dickinson College, where he graduated in 1809. He selected the law as his profession, and studied in the office of James Hopkins. His political career commenced in the year 1814, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in which body he soon became distinguished for his zealous advocacy of the war in which we were then engaged with England. After serving two terms he returned to the practice of his profession. In the year 1821, he was elected to Congress by a large majority from the district composed of the counties of Lancaster, Chester and Delaware. He continued in Congress for ten years, having been elected for five consecutive terms, during which he became conspicuous for his eloquence and ability. During the session of 1824-5 he espoused the cause of Andrew Jackson, as a candidate for the Presidential chair, and was a prominent actor in the stirring scenes of that eventful session. From that time forward, he continued a devoted and unwavering supporter of General Jackson. It was during the first two years of Jackson's administration, that Mr. Buchanan served his last term in the House of Representatives; but his relations of confidence with the President did not terminate with the conclusion of his term of service in the House; on the contrary, they continued undiminished not only to the close of Jackson's term of office, but even to the hour of his death. The limited space at our command does not permit more than this brief allusion to Mr. Buchanan's career as a member of the House. Mr. Buchanan's service in the House terminated on the 4th of March, 1831. On the 4th of January, 1832, he was appointed, by President Jackson, Minister to Russia.

At the session of the legislature succeeding his return from Europe, he was elected a Senator in Congress, and presented his credentials in the United States Senate, on the 8th of December, 1834; where he was continued, by the unanimous vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature, until the 4th of March, 1845. In that year he was appointed by President Polk to fill the first place in his cabinet, as Secretary of State.

At the close of President Polk's administration, Mr. Buchanan retired to private life, at his home of "Wheatland," in Lancaster county, where he remained until called by President Pierce to serve as Minister to England, which position he has recently resigned. His friends are now pressing his claims to a nomination for the Presidency, by the Democratic party.

WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE KEYSTONE MINSTRELS, NEWPORT.

Air—"New England."

O, welcome, welcome, home again!
To neighbors, friends and kin,
We've held thee in our heart of hearts
Wherever thou hast been.
O, welcome to our Granite Hills,
Our bounding streams and free,
From lavish hearts and eager hands,
Our welcome come to thee.
Chorus { And joyous voices send their songs
Of gladness o'er the lea.
O, welcome, welcome home again!
As Germans love the Rhine,
Thy native state, thy honored state,
The Granite State is thine,
Shrined in the honest yeoman's heart
Thy memory slumbers still,
Glad welcomes greet thee home again
From every Granite Hill.
Chorus { And many a heart beats joyous now
While envious tongues are still.
Then welcome home the President.
What though our noble state,
Yields not the orange or the lime,
The bread fruit or the date?
We've noble hearts, and daring hands,
In many a mountain home,
And o'er our heads, no clearer sky
Has stretched its lordly dome.
Chorus { And true hearts welcome, welcome thee,
To this our mountain home.

The following is the President's speech entire, made

[illegible]

Nine mustachios were singed by premature sky rockets, and two standing collars completely decapitated.

Dr. Scoresby, in an account he has given of some recent observations made with the Earl of Rosse's telescope, says: "With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of 100 feet was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt that under favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects 60 feet in length. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by those instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours, no vestige of architecture remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance that could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea or river, nor even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory—all seemed desolate."—*London Leader*.

Reuben G Folger

from old acct
Dec 11th 1819

William P Stanton Dr

"	27 th	To Mahogany Bureau	22.00
"	"	Stand	5.50
1821 June	11	" 1 Grogs 13/4 on screws 25/	84
"	"	Seal	2.50
1822 th April 8	"	Paid Cash to Balance	12.47

\$43.31

		William P Stanton Dr	
April 30 th	27 th	To 9 th Bay Mahogany 2 1/2 ft	81.50
May 1 st	28 th	" 2 nd Dr Screws 2 1/2 ft	12
July 3 rd	28 th	" Old Silver	35
1823 Jan 4	29 th	43 " making a Bench and drawers	4.00
Feb 7	3 rd	44 " Paid Cash to balance	6.38

15 35

David Cottle Dr

1823	47 th		
May 22	52	To make 3 Curtain rollers and fitting the to the windows 2 1/2 ft	75
"	"	" Planing a Table 4/6	75

1 50



UNITED STATES NAVAL LYCEUM, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

UNITED STATES NAVAL LYCEUM.

The engraving herewith represents the United States Naval Lyceum, at Brooklyn Navy Yard. The institution was founded in the year 1833. It contains apartments for the various officers of the yard, with sections devoted to a very excellent museum, formed principally of gifts from returned officers and seamen from foreign ports and far-off regions. The whole of the upper story is devoted to this object, and contains a very valuable collection of geological and Indian specimens, the product of this country, with a great variety of models for ships of war, yachts, and vessels designed for the merchant service. The officers take great pride in the institution, and each one contributes his mite towards its improvement, and increasing the stock of valuable articles attached to it.

A WISH FOR ANNIE.

BY D. H. AUSTEN.

I wish that thou wert some fair stream,
Soft singing through the woodland way;
And I some star, whose loving beam
Might in thy bosom rest each ray.

I wish that thou wert like the dew,
Half hidden 'neath the rose's lip;
And I, the young dawn, trembling through
The fragrance none but I might sip.

I wish, like flowers that proudly meet
And cheer, to charm the humble spot,
Our lives might blend while life was sweet,
And even death divide us not.

Uniontown, Pa., Sept., 1851.

from my note to ...

11-18
\$149.78

of the amount turns to page 66

PETER SLADE'S NEW IDEA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

PETER SLADE was forty years old. He was a shoe maker by trade, and could make an excellent shoe, and moreover, his work was in great demand, for his shoes and boots always wore well, and he was faithful in matters of stock and manufacture, always pointing out all imperfections, and making deductions from the usual price, in accordance with the blemish. He was a short, fat, good-natured fellow, perfectly free in explaining his business to his friends, and honest to a fault. But there was one dangerous crotchet in Peter's head. He had a great penchant for speculation. He saw others about him making money thus, and as it appeared to be very easily done, Peter thought he would do it, too. This digging and pegging day after day, at his bench for a bare living, when others were making their hundreds without work, was not exactly the thing, and all his wife's persuasions could not deter him from his various projects and ideas.

One of Peter's particular friends had a horse to sell. Said friend was going off, and consequently must sell. No money would buy that horse were not such the case. A young animal—kind as a kitten—perfectly safe, sound and willing. Peter could make a cool hundred by the operation.

"What you goin' to do with that hundred dollars?" asked Mrs. Slade, as she saw her husband take the money from his old pocket-book, which he kept locked up in the secretary in the front room.

"Goin' to buy a horse," was Peter's reply.

"A horse? And what on airth do you want with a horse?"

"To make a hundred dollars on, Betsy."

"How so, Peter Slade?"

"Salter's goin' off—got to go, any-how—and must sell out. Nobody else has got the money to spare. He lets me have the beast for just about half what he's worth."

"Fiddlesticks, Peter! You know what a cheater Salter is. I should think you'd been sucked in often enough. I'll venture my old head that the horse aint worth a dollar."

"Pooh! you're crazy, Betsy. I have looked the horse all over, and I know just what he is. He's worth two hundred if he's worth a cent. Why, I tell ye, money wouldn't buy that horse of Salter if he wasn't a goin' off. An' ye ought to 've heard Salter beg of me to treat the animal kindly, and not sell him to anybody that would abuse him. I declare, the tears stood in his eyes. He loves that horse. I can just tell ye, Betsy, it's better making a hundred dollars so, than to hammer away four months for it on my old bench. Just mind that."

"Well, Peter, the money is yourn, and you can do as you please, but you'll find in the end that the money you make at your honest trade is worth the most—and you're a little more sure of gettin' it."

But Peter went and bought the horse, and brought him home. The beast was a bay gelding with very long teeth; but he was fat, and his hair was smooth. Peter had determined that he would sell him for two hundred dollars to anybody, but he would ride a little first. So he harnessed the new horse into a borrowed wagon, and bade Betsy put on her things. She liked to ride, and she made no objections. Peter helped his wife into the wagon, and having got in himself he gathered up the reins and started. The horse went off in fine style, and by way of a flourish Peter snapped the whip.

"O! Marcy!" shrieked Betsy.

"Bless me!" gasped Peter, tugging at the reins mightily. "What life! What a spirited animal. I tell ye, he won't stand no whip—he don't need it, Betsy."

Away went the horse, and away went Peter and his wife. At the distance of half a mile from the house they came to a hill.

"Why—my sakes—how hard the poor thing breathes, Peter."

"He does breathe hard, don't he?" returned the

husband. "Get up!—Gee-up!—G'lang!"

But the poor beast would not mind. About half way up the hill he stopped, and no persuasions could urge him on.

"Blast his pictur, he's contra'y," and Peter applied the whip.

The animal gave a spring ahead, and with a sidling motion he went down, breaking both shafts in his fall. Peter got out and with his wife's assistance, he succeeded in getting the wagon clear, and the horse up, and having hauled the wagon out to the side of the road, he turned and led the panting beast home. Peter kept the horse three months, and then sold him to a pedler for five dollars and took his pay in tin ware. For some months after that, Peter Slade worked pretty steady at his bench. But when the snow began to disappear beneath the warm breath of spring he had another "new idea."

"Where 've you been, Peter?" the wife asked, as her husband returned from an all day's visit.

"Ah, Betsy—I've got a new idea. You know old Brown's farm?"

"Yes," replied the wife.

"Well, me and Sam Walton have concluded to buy it."

"Buy it?" uttered the good woman in surprise. "Now what on airth, Peter Slade, do you mean now?"

"Why, I just mean that Sam and I are going to buy the farm."

"And who is going to carry it on?"

"We are."

Betsy began some remonstrance, but her husband stopped her.

"Now just look here, Betsy; we can have the place for eight hundred dollars; and Brown has made four hundred dollars off from it this last year."

"But you can't work on it, Peter."

"I don't intend to. I can hire the work done, and then realize something handsome. Now just look: For ten dollars I can hire an acre of corn planted, and hoed, and harvested. That'll turn out fifty bushels of corn, sartin. And then other things are in proportion. I tell ye, Betsy, it's a noble chance."

"Now don't ye do it, Peter. You don't know nothin' about farmin', and you'd better stick to your bench. You'll get cheated as sure as the world. I tell ye don't ye do it. Aint ye making money enough now? And why can't ye be satisfied?"

But it was of no use. Peter had got a new idea, and he must carry it out. He and Sam Walton had figured it all out, and they could not help making money. Walton owned a small farm adjoining the one in question, and he had offered to do Peter's share of the work cheap, and to return him his share of the produce. He was to have a dollar a day for all the work he did on the place, and a dollar a day for his oxen. Then at the end of harvesting he was to take his pay for Peter's share of the work in Peter's share of the crops.

It was all as plain as day. They could plant four acres of potatoes, two acres of corn, two acres of oats, and some wheat. And then there was the hay and the apples. Peter fairly danced with delight at the thought of the interest his four hundred dollars would return him, and he wondered how his wife could be so stupid.

On the next day Peter went and drew his money out of the bank—three hundred and seventy-five dollars—and the other twenty-five he had at home. It took all the money he had. But then what of that? He had only been having six per cent. for his money before, whereas now he should have nearer a hundred. And the farm was bought, Sam Walton giving his note for his half, and Peter paying the cash. Mrs. Slade—suspicious woman—flatly said, that she believed old Brown had offered to sell the farm to Walton for four hundred dollars, and that they had contrived it between them that her husband should pay the full price, and yet only get half the profits. She had heard from good authority, that Brown had offered the whole concern for five hundred dollars, and couldn't get it. But Peter was too indignant to reason this point.

He only passed it by in silent

Plowing time came, and he kept two big boys at work on the farm, while he devoted all his other place. Peter was much partner's fidelity—much pleasure spoke to his wife about it.

"He works just as steady, though 'twas all his own,"

"I should think he might, for it," was the cute reply.

"Of course I expect to pay for me. But you wait, old shall have a hundred bushels much as six hundred bushels of you wait, and you shall see."

"Well," returned the wife, "I will wait, but yet I don't believe it. Fact is, Peter, a man like you had his business. You have laid up money in boots and shoes, and you have by your pesky new ideas. 'I tell you mind that you'd better let 'em drop.'"

"Bets, you're a tarmal for. Wh gaged my share of the hay to a keeper, for sixteen dollars a tainly have six tons."

"Wait," said Betsy.

"We will wait," added Peter.

During the summer Peter Slade much he should have to sell for as near as he could figure his two hundred dollars in money, his own corn, potatoes, etc.

gust the hay was all cut, and Peter was slightly astonished there was only about seven tons a good part of that was of quality nominated "podgum." He Walton about selling his hay.

"What?" uttered Sam, "Sell off the hay? Why, h raise your dressing for the la course the hay must be eaten."

"But I haven't got anything suggested Peter."

"But you can buy some mind to, though I've got stock up. But then it don't make my cattle or yourn eats up the h it will go right back on the land. Don't you see?"

Peter at length comprehended it and it was all right, though one sou was gone, and his expected surplus ed about a hundred dollars.

Finally the h gathered in, and he was a little small and poor. Sampson's corn was satisfied. When many of them were for other folks' potatoes was all right.

On the first day of to Sam Walton and Sam's account been raised on the p. bushels of potatoes, worth cents a bushel. Then there good corn, worth fifty-f The pig-corn, some was worth about tw were fifteen b barrel. There oats, worth th fourteen bush twenty-five cen sauce had all been up, amounted to just Peter's half looked h

"That's a fair interes. self. But there was anot. Sam. Walton proceeded to stood something in this fashi

Peter Slade to Samuel V To one half of the following w

To 10 days' work of self on corn, ing, plowing, harrowing, hoeing,

To 6 days' work of oxen, plowing, ha rowing, hauling out manure, etc.,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We present herewith a correct portrait of Bayard Taylor, the poet and traveller, from a daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The determined expression of countenance is faithfully reproduced. Mr. Taylor's adventurous spirit, pleasing style and extensive wanderings, have won him an enviable name and popularity. As a poet, a writer of travels, and a lecturer, he is increasing his fame and coining money; for the age has passed away when rags were the livery of talent, and only mediocrity wore purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. But we are inclined to think that the subject of our sketch, however successful, will never surrender himself to Capuan delights, and that he would be happier under an Arab tent or in a boat on the Nile, than beneath a gilded ceiling on a French ottoman. Bayard Taylor was born at Kennet Square, near the Brandywine, in Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. At the age of eighteen he wrote a poem on a Spanish story called "Ximena," which, together with some smaller poetical compositions, was published in a volume, but did not produce any marked impression, though exhibiting a goodly promise. His genius, however, interested those who came in contact with him, and Rufus W. Griswold and N. P. Willis, among others, gave him counsel and encouragement. He had a strong desire to visit Europe; but how was this to be accomplished? His means were limited—and an extensive tour in the Old World is supposed to require a very considerable outlay. Not so, however, thought Taylor. Where there's a will there's a way. He had a little—a very little money; he could set type; he could arrange to correspond with an American journal, and these scanty means, eked out by rigid economy, he relied on to accomplish his undertaking. He accordingly took passage for the Old World in 1844, and remained abroad two years, visiting Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and France. He saw more than the majority of tourists do who go abroad with ample pecuniary provision. He studied not only works of art and nature and foreign languages, but he made himself acquainted with the people. Travelling on foot, he could diverge from the beaten highways whenever there was an object of attraction, while at the same time he hardened his frame, and acquired that vigor which has since supported him so well in his extensive tours. His whole expenses for those two years were, if we recollect rightly, \$480, for which he had lived comfortably and seen everything worth seeing. The fruit of the tour was a very capital book, to which Mr. Willis stood sponsor, giving it the title of "Views-a-Foot, or Europe seen with staff and knapsack." It had a great vogue, and its popularity is still undiminished. After his return, Mr. Taylor was engaged as one of the editors of the New York Tribune, and became also pecuniarily interested in that thriving journal. But his thirst for travel was not quenched. He subsequently visited California, which supplied him with materials for a book, Japan on the other side of the globe, Syria, Egypt, and the interior of Africa. He is at present engaged in another extensive tour in the Old World, travelling through the north of Europe, in the countries of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, etc. The critical views he takes of social and domestic life evince the same close observation of all that should interest an intelligent traveller, which characterized his former journeys. In one of his recent letters to the New York Tribune, he gives the following entertaining account of a visit he paid to Hans Christian Andersen, the well-known Danish writer, at Copenhagen, Denmark: "On the day after my arrival, I sent a note to Hans Christian Andersen, reminding him of the greeting which he had once sent me through a mutual friend, and asking him to appoint an hour for me to call upon him. The same afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, the door quietly opened and a tall, loosely-jointed figure entered. He wore a neat evening dress



BAYARD TAYLOR.

of black, with a white cravat; his head was thrown back, and his plain, irregular features wore an expression of the greatest cheerfulness and kindly humor. I recognized him at once, and, forgetting that we had never met—so much did he seem like an old, familiar acquaintance—cried out, "Andersen!" and jumped up to greet him. "Ah," said he, stretching out both his hands, "here you are! Now I should have been vexed if you had gone through Copenhagen and I had not known it." He sat down, and I had a delightful hour's chat with him. One sees the man so plainly in his works, that his readers may almost be said to know him personally. He is thoroughly simple and natural, and those who call him egotistical forget that his egotism is only a naive and unthinking sincerity, like that of a child. In fact, he is the youngest man for his years that ever I knew. "When I was sixteen," said he, "I used to think to myself, 'when I am twenty-four then I will be old indeed;' but now I am fifty-two, and I have just the same feeling of youth as at twenty." He was greatly delighted when Braisted, who was in the room with me, spoke of having read his Improvisatore in the Sandwich Islands. "Why, is it possible?" he exclaimed. "When I hear of my books going so far around the earth, I sometimes wonder if it can be really true that I have written them. He explained to me the plot of his new novel, "To Be, or Not to Be," and ended by presenting me with an illustrated edition of his stories. "Now, don't forget me," said he, with a delightful entreaty in his voice, as he rose to leave, "for we shall meet again. Were it not for sea-sickness, I should see you in America; and who knows but I may come, in spite of it?" God bless you, Andersen! I said, in my thoughts. It is so cheering to meet a man whose very weaknesses are made attractive through the perfect candor of his nature." Did space permit we could add other items of interest. Mr. Taylor is young for his reputation, and is still far from having reached the zenith of his fame. Wherever he goes, he is sure to extract something valuable from the book of nature, and from the manners and habits of the people. We observe by recent accounts, that he is about to be married to the daughter of the eminent German astronomer, Hansen.

ANGLO-SAXON WHITTITING.

["Your Yankee is always to be found with an old jack-knife, and when he has nothing to do, is eternally whittling."—*Growing Old*.
eller.]

In the olden times of England, the days of
man pride,
The mail-clad chieftain buckled on his sword
at his side,
And mounted on his trusty steed, from
land he strayed,
And ever as he wandered on, he whittled
his blade,
Oh those dreamy days of whittling!

He was out in sear
gris all,
He was up the great and small,
He broke through the castle gate,
And what he whittled was
less to relate,
Oh those foolish days of whittling!

But when the pomp of feud
had passed away,
And everywhere the knight
to decay,
The common people
another cause,
And in the place of gl
up the laws,
Oh those stern old days!

They whittled down the
its ancient might,
And many a tough old cavalier
of sight,
They whittled off the King's head,
the wall,
They whittled out a commonwealth,
not last at all,
Oh those fiery days of whittling!

There came a time when
iron band,
A solemn look on every
their hand,
They whittled down the forest
and the pine,
And planted in the wilderness the rose
the vine,
Oh those fearful days of whittling!

They whittled down the
their
And put their
a State,
They cut it round so
so "true,"
That "still stand
Oh tu

When England
gun and blade
To break and batt
The good men
The people
And whittled
them from the land
Oh the heroic days of whittling!

In men of Saxon blood
thing—still,
And something must
will.
When the old
back again,
They took to wh
vale and gl
Oh those days of whittling!

And these days of the railroad
Sails whittled
And the hum and roar
land was heard,
Oh those busy days of whittling!

But there long
hideous wro
Set round with
rammers
W
Shameless
bloody throne
The time draws

"Pride goes
said
In the
Freedom on
out the land,
Oh these grand rewar



BOWKER, who is fond of nice things for breakfast, and sometimes markets for himself, becomes an object of interest, from having laid in half-a-pound of fresh sausages—which sausages are in his coat-pocket!

A CHILD'S WISH.

BY ANN W. POPE.

spanying lines were drawn forth by the following
 A lady of Warrenton, N. C., preparing for a
 the Virginia Springs, said to her little son that
 ld take them over the mountains. The
 "Mother, what is a mountain?" "A hill
 sometimes to reach the clouds," was the re-
 little boy, in an ecstasy of joy, asked, "O!
 en get a piece of the blue?"

her, I'll go through the cloud with you,
 I then I can get a piece of the blue;
 the blue, blue sky which hangs so fair,
 Igh o'er my head in the radiant air.

er, we'll go through the cloud and see
 at this beautiful thing can be;
 en I've turned a curious eye
 to the blue and far-off sky.

thought as each white cloud I numbered,
 some pure angel on it slumbered,
 e round his bed a curtain fell,
 violet hue I love so well.

it surely can be no harm,
 should stretch my tiny arm,
 ke a piece to bear away
 e low earth, where mortals stay.

od spirits hover near me,
 them it would endear me,
 e for my cherish a prize,
 om their own bright skies.

In summit wild,
 rove, my artless child;
 the clouds our feet we wet,
 eek will be higher yet.

climb the loftiest peak,
 glow on your sunny cheek,
 will only serve to show
 e ef's trembling glow.

old fail to touch
 desires so much,
 hope deferred,
 my little bird.

my boy,
 promised joy
 ive in



MOUNT WASHINGTON, WITH THE PROPOSED NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

The White Mountains embrace the whole group of natural elevations in northern New Hampshire; the most attractive features, however, are within an extent of six or seven miles, and situated in Coös county, the range extending forty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. The name has sometimes been applied exclusively to the central cluster, including the six or seven highest peaks, and very properly, though in its comprehensive sense we think it should embrace the whole group. Mont Blanc and Mont Jura constitute not the whole of the Alps; neither do Mount Washington and Mount Monroe the White Mountains. Clustering around the central height, like children of one large family, no merely arbitrary division should ever separate them. Mount Washington composes, probably with one exception, the highest land east of the Mississippi river, and is about six thousand five hundred feet high. In clear weather, this and some of the other more elevated peaks, are the first land descried by vessels approaching our eastern coast; but, by reason of their white appearance, are frequently mistaken for clouds. They are visible from the land, at a distance of eighty miles on the south and southeast sides. They appear higher when viewed from the northeast, and, it is said, have been seen from the neighborhood of Chamblee and Quebec. During the period of nine or ten months, the mountains exhibit more or less of the appearance from which they are denominated *white*. In the spring, when the snow is partly dissolved, they appear of a pale blue, streaked with white; and after it is wholly gone, at the distance of sixty miles, they are altogether of the same pale blue, nearly approaching a sky color; while, at the same time, viewed at the distance of eight miles or less, they appear of the proper color of the rock. Light, fleecy clouds, floating about their summits, give them the same whitish hue as snow. The vast and irregular heights, being copiously replenished with water, exhibit a great variety of beautiful cascades, some of which fall in a perpendicular sheet or spout, and others are winding and sloping; others spread and form a basis in the rock, and then rush in a cataract over its edges. A poetic fancy may find full gratification amid these wild and rugged scenes, if its ardor be not checked by the fatigue of the approach. Almost everything in nature, which can be supposed of inspiring ideas of the sublime and beautiful, is here realized.

From the summit of Mount Washington, the face of the broad Atlantic, sixty-five miles distant, is in full view, and at favorable moments, hundreds of vessels have been counted on its mighty bosom. Turning round—cities, towns, rivers, lakes, mountain and valley, and all the gorgeous natural panorama, so enthusiastically described by aerial voyagers, come under our scope for enjoyment, which is accompanied with the consoling consciousness that we still embrace mother earth, and are not suspended in the atmosphere, in a frail machine, that an extra puff of air might destroy and hurl us into eternity. First among the varied list of natural curiosities of the White Mountains, is the celebrated "Old Man of the Mountains," a well defined profile of a human being, twelve hundred feet above the level of the pass; sculptured by nature in the solid granite, and of dimensions in proportion to her other grand works in the vicinity. The profile is on the south side of Cannon Mountain, facing Mount Lafayette. Said an eccentric speaker, at a celebration a few years since in Fryburg:—"Men put out signs representing their different trades; jewelers hang out a monster watch; shoemakers, a huge boot; and, up in Franconia, God Almighty has hung out a sign that in New England He makes men." The top of the mountain is about two thousand feet above the level of the road, and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Near the summit, an oblong rock, resembling a cannon, has given a name to the mountain. The sides are covered with a thick growth of maple, beech, birch and spruce. The Profile Rock itself is more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the road; it being situated far below the summit of the mountain. The profile is composed of three separate masses of rock, one of which forms the forehead, the second the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin. Only at one particular place are they brought into their proper position, which is on the road leading through the Notch, about a quarter of a mile south of Lafayette House. The expression of the face, as it stands out in bold relief against the sky, is quite stern. The mouth alone betrays any signs of age and feebleness. But the "Old Man of the Mountains" has never been known to flinch. "He

HINDOO BELIEFS.

In a recent address before a r York, Rev. Dr. Duff made some relations in reference to the physics which is laid down in the sacred Hindoos. They believe, for example, arises from the centre of the earth, a mountain, six hundred thousand miles its lower base being one hundred miles in breadth, and the upper surface are the trees of every species. The trees shades a territorial extent of miles. The apples which are large as elephants, and when the decay, there flows forth a river of is endowed with such virtues that drinks from it will receive the benefit of youth, and the sands which become pure gold upon being drunk.

The Hindoos have another concerning Cape Cormorin, where a mass of granite rock, rising above the southern extremity of India. books declare that many thousands of mighty king ruled the country, proaching marriage of his daughters, quantities of rice were cooked, make merry. The bridegroom, appearing in due season, the bride patient and cursed the rice, which immediately into rock.

Dr. Duff also remarked, among of this kind, that the religion would never allow them to touch and consequently they could know their own physical structure from revelation. Hence, their original are revealed by inspiration, and inner organs of the human body, revealed, is given in one of the. This plan places nearly all of which is the seat of some emotion or desire, in the body. one is shaped like a serpent; next a it This last is the and above it are success which a god is supposed to them a visit. Covetous sleep are represented among the whole number of organs eighty-six. The organ which is with them the king of us it is of no great reputation, be considered by most as a to the whole. It is the figure Boston Journal.

of Hudson Sea 198
in this 198
2 10 1
Corrected to P 118
38 26

SALMON FISHING.



The Old Man of the Mountains.

blinks at the near flashes of the lightning
his nose, nor flinches from the driving
and sleet of the Franconia winter, which
the memory of the thermometer shrink into
a "faint" "geat." Passing down the road
the spot where it can be seen to
Old Man's countenance changes
"thless old woman in a mob cap,"
profile is entirely lost. In passing
the nose and face flatten until the
s seen. The length of the profile,
the forehead to the lowest point
eighty feet. The face looks toward
and is perhaps half a mile distant
river in the road.

the legislature of the State of New
granted a charter to a company to con-
riage road, from the Glen House to the
nt Washington. Competent engineers
ace set to work, and the survey com-
ing the season. Early in the following
the construction of the work commenced,
that time it has been so assiduously
that the whole will be finished and
on the fourth of July next. The length
is about eight and a quarter miles, and
n feet broad in the clear; the average
about one foot in nine and a-half; and in
more it greater than one foot in seven. The
protected on the outside by a massive
; the surface is macadamized, and the
every respect, constructed in the most
and secure manner. The carriages of
any are of peculiar construction, the
ing command of levers that raise and
ody of the vehicle, so as to keep them
single novel feature, and the plan of the
ompletely illustrated in our engraving.

with the enterprise of building a
-st, had is another project. It is the erec-
-ed a company of a National Observa-
-ed by the government, on the summit of the
-ed in connection with a large and substan-
-ed to place so much of the house as
-ed together with the free use of
-ed at the disposal of govern-
-ed in man and conception is truly
-ed in objects. The edifice is to
-ed of stone and iron, and to be as
-ed as it is possible to bind
-ed together. The observatory is to
-ed square, with walls four feet in
-ed of less than forty feet above the
-ed to the main. It will have a solid pillar
-ed to the top; stone beams, and
-ed most approved conveniences for in-
-ed. A telegraph will be constructed
-ed the mountain, where it will connect
-ed and line; immediate communication
-ed with all sections of the country.

The salmon fishing on the coast of Antrim is different from any that I have seen. The net is projected directly outward from the shore, with a slight bend, forming a bosom in that direction in which the salmon come. From the remote extremity, a rope is brought obliquely to another part of the shore, by which the net may be swept around at pleasure and drawn to the land; a heap of small stones is then prepared for each person. All things being ready, as soon as the watchman perceives the fish approaching to the net, he gives the word, and immediately some of the fishermen seize the rope by which the net is swept round to the salmon, while the rest keep up an incessant cannonade with their ammunition of stones to prevent the retreat of the fish till the net has been completely pulled round them; after which they all join forces and drag the fish quietly to the rocks. Now that I am upon the subject of fishing, I may mention an instance of sagacity which I had an opportunity of observing a short time since, in a water-dog of this country, who had become an excellent fisher. In riding from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway with some company, we had occasion to ford the river Bush, near the sea; and as some fishermen were going to haul their net, we stopped to see their success. As soon as the dog perceived the men to move, he instantly ran down the river, of his own accord, and took post in the middle of it, on some shallows, where he could occasionally run or swim, and in this position he placed himself with all the eagerness and attention so strongly observable in a pointer dog who sets his game. We were for some time at a loss to comprehend his object; but the event soon satisfied us, and amply justified the prudence of the animal; for the fish, when they feel the net, always endeavor to make directly for sea. Accordingly, one of the salmon, escaping from the net, rushed down the stream with great velocity toward the ford, where the dog stood ready to receive him at an advantage. A very diverting chase now commenced, in which, from the shallowness of the water, we could discern the whole track of the fish, with all its rapid turnings and windings. After a smart pursuit, the dog found himself left considerably behind, in consequence of the water deepening, by which he had been reduced to the necessity of swimming. But, instead of following this desperate game any longer, he readily gave it over, and ran with all his speed directly down the river, till he was sure of being again to leeward of the salmon, where he took post as before, in his pointer's attitude. Here the fish a second time met him, and a fresh pursuit ensued; in which, after various attempts, the salmon made its way out to sea, notwithstanding all the ingenious and vigorous exertions of its pursuer. Though the dog did not succeed at this time, yet I was informed that it was no unnatural thing for him to run down his game; and the fishermen assured me that he was of very great advantage to them, by turning the salmon toward the nets; in which point of view his efforts in some measure corresponded with the cannonade of stones which I before mentioned.—*Hamilton's Antrim.*

A PUZZLE FOR A FOREIGNER.

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.

Now, I must be off to the plough,
And the boys, when they've had enough,
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

The following verse contains every letter in the English alphabet, except "E." It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced in print without the letter "E," which is a letter employed more than any other:

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

THE HEART OF "SEVENTY."

When our great mother's hand essayed
To whip and make us yield,
Our stubborn sires quick footsteps made
For camp and battle field!
The lawyer quit his client then,
The parson, wig and gown,
And hosts of panting husbandmen
Left plowshares in the ground.

Banners of snowy mist were hung
Over one Autumn morn,
When a matron and two maidens young
Went reaping harvest corn!
The maidens were of gentle blood,
Lofty that matron's brow—
"Thou wear'st no weeds of widowhood—
Where rests thy husband now?"

"Rests!" and she haughtily began:
"I joy to know that he
Fights foremost in the battle's van,
For home and liberty!
And I have taken in my hand
The sickle in his stead,
For patriot women of the land
Should reap the Winter's bread!"

"Thou elder maiden, thy fair brow—
Rivals our mountain snows,
And on thy cheek scarce lingers now
The faintest tint of rose!
I met thee, ere the Summer tide,
A dreamer light and gay;
A manly form was at thy side,
Where doth the loiterer stay!"

And proudly then that maid replied,
"My lover is not one
To linger at a lady's side,
While glorious deeds are done!
He stands where battle-thunder jars,
And plumes of warrior wave,
Bearing the 'Eagle and the Stars,'
The ensign of the brave!"

"And thou, my little maiden dear,
Thou hast not strength, I ween,
To bind the heavy bundles here,
Or urge the sickle keen!
Call thy young brother from his play!
Why doth that tear-drop start?"
She said—"He is a volunteer,
And bears a manly heart."

"We taught him lessons of the strife,
And how to use a gun,
And told him that a hero's life
Was best in youth begun!
And then he took the powder horn,
Which our dead grandsire gave,
Shouldered his gun, and one bright morn
Went forth to join the brave!"

"And are all gone—husband and son—
Lover and brother—all!
Ye lofty-hearted, still toil on!
No evil can befall
A country, struggling mightily,
To give young Freedom birth;
The unborn infant yet shall be
The Giant of the Earth!"

COMFORT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild,
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

No holy choir to sing so low—
No priest to kneel in prayer,
No tire-women to help me sow
A cap for his golden hair.

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
Not without Him who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died!

His grace the same, and the same His power
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

On the land and the water, all in all,
The strength to be still, or pray,
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May.

Reuben G. Folger

1851
Dec 21 13
April 19 19
" 26 20
July 15 24

To *Phogany* & *Bedstead*
" *Teaster*
" *Cot B*

sock for her
to hold up
the length of
ee a ghos
a loud rin
it was one of
ong attack
and the

"not," said
him as he
under the
gave you a com
ny power. You
will your husband
under these circum
prefers to go be

ynnotized then,"
he slipped her
me love
d not
red.
ohn

1828
May 22

James A. Pearson
To *Planning & Mending 2*
round Tables

BALTIMORE

This beautiful
the greater part
the warm and
the tropics.
imate there
richest plumage
song. This
even there.
tiful birds spe
at the South
Robin—for so
—pays us a s
seem to delight
mer home, a
around the ho
city and coun
their musical
tree top, and
branch to branch
more Oriole deriv
from the colors, wh
and orange, being
colors as those of
Lord Baltimore.
from seven to eight
length, and the stret
wings is from eleven
inches. The head, thro
part of the wings and back
black, and the whole under
part a bright orange. Th
colors of the female are d
than those of the male. Th
eggs are fine white, slight
tinged with flesh color, mark
on the greater end with pur
dots. The young birds
hatched after two weeks
ting, and are soon on the
Their flight is
lar. When they
rise in the air, fr
of the trees, and
long-continued flig
go in small flocks by
rest at night. Th
does not attract any
beautiful color, as in m
their third year
but few small
long. For
plumage increas
and they increas
Their nest is
is said the yo
ould so fine
hich are thr

utterances of approval on the part of Mr. Connellton, and an exclamation of annoyance from Dora when he gravely broke off a large fragment from the side of a fresh loaf of cake in her pantry and more gravely ate it, scattering crumbs as he went.

"We will go up stairs again," said Connellton when they came back to the sitting room. "I see from the arrangement

years old. It may be with these with men, all are not equally skilful from the limb of a tree. In their monkeys are their enemies, and to beyond the reach of the cunning ro from the limb of a tree entirely I may add, where it is beyond The nest is often a deep pouch, seven feet long up by a single thread in the wind, but the young are secure, and the wind only re pose. They collect long grasses, mosses make their nest. Often you will feet long woven into it. It is sometime that it resembles cloth. They gather kinds, and twigs from the garden. nest with a piece of candle-wicking long, and it was several days before in was and was left one end hanging from the nest, birds would pull away at it, and out would angry Oriole, and away would speed string. They rear only one brood du They are strongly attached to their young, and feed them with the most tender care, and peril their own lives in their defence, and when young are destroyed, nothing can exceed their They have a sorrowful wail, and day after day will flit around the spot where they were a loud chirp call their young, and si response. Day after day they will search is not abandoned until the laps them that all is lost. The male comes wards the female. They are mated to di ther come nor go in mates. They bo song of the male is much the fullest and They are a mocking bird, and seem to delig ing the notes of other birds. As the the song of the finest warblers, and lea hence it is that their song is so varied.—Transcrip

Wash the hair in
of "The Flag" our
lous Dollar Mon
using
founded, and
wash, applied w
the roots of the hair, w
Three parts of oil of almonds; one
water; to be shaken up well, and can be
cured of any chemist.—Lady's Book.

looked un
them with
vanced.
"Did you
asked.
The stranger lo
"Yes," he said, "I
am," said Dora w
Will you ask your
the room out of hearing.

THE DEACON'S ORDER.

but illiterate deacon, in a certain town of Worcester, Mass., gave to the ship of paper, upon which, he said, the name of a couple of books, and him to call for at Mr. A's. The driver called at the store, and the deacon called to a clerk said: "A couple of books, which Deacon B. to send him."

I then, after a careful examination of the unable to make "head or tail" of it, it to the book-keeper, who was supposed something of letters; but to him "Greek." The proprietor was also he also gave the thing up in despair; he finally concluded best to send the deacon back to the deacon, as it was supposed must have sent the wrong paper. As the deacon arrived at the village inn, the driver called on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my day?"

"No; and a good reason why, for couldn't a man in Worcester read your old books."

"Didn't read 'em? Let me see the driver drew it from his pocket, and passed the deacon, who, taking out and carefully his glasses, held the memorandum at length, exclaiming, as he did so, in a very tone:

"It's as plain as the nose on your face! 'Bux'—two psalm books! I guess he'd better go school awhile!"

Here the deacon made some reflections on "ignorance of the times," and the want of books by the "young generation," could have all been well, if said by

else.—*Manchester* or.

AN INTER-ELIC.

Mr. Johnson, at the Hon. John M. interesting relic of on which is very the courses of the etc., from Albany Oswego and Niagara, Saratoga, Champlain and Saratoga, Lake Ontario, 1759. From Albany Saratoga, Royal Block Lake George, South Bay, Champlain." The coat-of-arms, is very finely drawn; "Hieu et Mon Droit," on the qui-male-Piense." New York it also with shipping, fort and style the work shows it to person skilled in drawing. Botts obtained this horn a woodman's cabin, in who had received it from his ancestor, who obtained it in the early wars on

Journal.

THEIR HELPERS.

The European and the American have been remarked by probably in no country than as they presented (whose travels were on the road back to Tefis.—heard of several flocks he and on horseback, but the office which, in belongs to them, of six noble hounds, of a grayhound and the flock, but only for the them against wild beasts.—which fall to the lot of our deformed by goats. These attacked sheep, and form a ring around Within this they compel the butting at them whenever they return home, a stately buck-goat at the head of the flock, which is detained behind from any cause, goat in age and rank instantly takes his and becomes the leader.

THE BELLE OF THE CANDLES.

A beautiful young lady from another part of Massachusetts was making a visit at a friend's in the pretty town of New Bedford, famous then as now for whalers, rich merchants, spermaceti candles and winter-strained oil. One day this fair visitor was delighting one of the young dealers in these articles by allowing him to show her all over his well-stocked establishment, and by taking a very deep interest in all that she saw there. She was particularly pleased with the picturesque style in which the clear white polished candles were packed in their boxes.

In a tone of raillery the young merchant said to his visitor, "take one of the boxes you admire so much home with you." "Are you in earnest?" asked the fair belle. "Of course," was the reply; "if you will take one of them home, with your own hands, you shall have it." "That's a bargain," said she; "I'll call in half an hour for my candles." The box she selected weighed some fifty pounds.

Punctually at the time appointed, and it was midday, when everybody was astir in the pleasant town of New Bedford, the young tradesman was told by his clerk that there was a lady at the door waiting to take home the candles she had selected. "She is in a carriage, of course," said he. "No, sir, she is walking, and alone," was the reply.

He went down to the front door of his establishment, and there stood his fair customer, with one of those straw carriages that nurses take babies to ride in, and all ready to fulfil her bargain. "Come," said she, "hurry up my candles!"

The merchant saw he was caught in a trap of his own setting; so he put the best face upon the matter, and ordered the fifty pounds of No. 1 spermaceti to be delivered to the lady, who, having tucked up the box carefully with coverlid and blankets, as if it was a baby she was treating to an afternoon airing, drew it triumphantly through the streets to the house where she was staying, not one of the numerous acquaintances she met on the way having the remotest idea that her burthen was anything but her hostess's baby.

"What a pretty thing it was," said one of them, "in Miss ——— to take Mrs. ———'s baby out to ride to-day!" But the true story soon got out, and the laugh was decidedly against the gentleman who dealt in spermaceti. —*N. O. Picayune.*

POINTS IN A GOOD HORSE.

In purchasing a good horse, sight, wind, feet and limbs must be the uppermost objects of inquiry, for nine horses out of ten are defective in one of these particulars. First, then, examine his eyes, and do this before he comes out of the stable; see that they are perfectly clear and transparent, and that the pupils, or apples of the eye, are exactly alike in size and color. Next examine his pipes; if good and sound on being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows; but if his lungs are touched, and he is broken-winded, he will give vent to a dry, husky, short cough. Look to his limbs, also, and in passing your hand down his legs, if you find any unnatural protuberance, or puffiness, or if, feeling first one leg, then the other, you discover any difference between them, disease, more or less, is present; he may not be lame, but he is not clean upon his legs. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to almost anything. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white upon him. Many suppose that the parti-colored horses belonging to circuses, shows, etc., are selected for their oddity; but it is on account of their docility and gentleness; in fact, the more kindly you treat horses, the better you will be treated by them in return.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

Attends evening parties—and hands the muffins round. Smiles if he burns his fingers with the kettle. Plays the flute. Sings "Do you love me now as then?" Parts his hair in the middle. Takes an umbrella with him to an evening party. Wears goloshes after dusk. Has a secret passion for gruel. Writes acrostics, and contributes to ladies' albums. Curls his whiskers. Is the "Hon. Sec." to the "Ladies Benevolent Mangle Distribution Society." Keeps a cat and a regular account of his daily expenses. His greatest pleasure is to attend a meeting at Exeter Hall, and his next greatest pleasure is to have his name mentioned "among those whom we observed on the platform," etc., etc. His fondest tie, next to an aged grandmother, is that of his white neck cloth. Can hum the overture to *Der Freischütz*. Carries a pin-cushion, and acidulated drops about him, and is never unprovided with a scent bottle for fear of accident. Goes out in the rain to fetch a cab. Doesn't smoke. Helps mama's shawl on with the grace of one of Holmes's shopmen. Has his hair and handkerchief full of scents, and it is a pity the same cannot be said of his head. Holds a skein of silk with exemplary patience—turns over the leaves of music with great digital skill—reads novels in a clear, secretary-like voice—laughs *affettuoso*—lips *moderato*—jokes with the old maids *allegro*—quotes poetry *penseroso*—runs ladies' errands *prestissimo*—and makes himself generally useful. Such are the habits of the Nice Young Man.—*Punch.*

THE MAGICIAN'S ART:

—OR—
Hocus-Pocus Tricks Explained.

BY A PROFESSIONAL WIZARD.

THE SPECTRAL LAMP.

Mix some common salt with spirit of wine in a platinum or metallic cup; set the cup upon a wire frame over a spirit-lamp, which should be inclosed on each side, or in a dark lantern; when the cup becomes heated, and the spirit ignited, it will burn with a strong yellow flame; if, however, it should not be perfectly yellow, throw more salt into the cup. The lamp being thus prepared, all other lights should be extinguished, and the yellow lamp introduced, when an appalling change will be exhibited; all the objects in the room will be of one color, and the complexions of the several persons, whether old or young, fair or brunette, will be metamorphosed to a ghastly, death-like yellow; whilst the gayest dresses, as the brightest crimson, the choicest lilac, the most vivid blue or green—all will be changed into one monotonous yellow; each person will be inclined to laugh at his neighbor, himself insensible of being one of the spectral company.

Their astonishment may be heightened by removing the yellow light to one end of the room, and restoring the usual or white light at the other; when one side of each person's dress will resume its original color, while the other will remain yellow; one cheek may bear the bloom of health, and the other, the yellow jaundice. Or if, when the yellow light only is burning, the white light be introduced within a wire sieve, the company and the objects in the apartment will appear yellow, mottled with white.

Red light may be produced by mixing with the spirit in the cup over the lamp salt of strontian instead of common salt; and the effect of the white or yellow lights if introduced through a sieve upon the red light, will be even more striking than the white upon the yellow light.

CURIOUS CHANGE OF COLORS.

Let there be no other light than a taper in the room; then put on a pair of dark green spectacles, and having closed one eye, view the taper with the other. Suddenly remove the spectacles, and the taper will assume a bright red appearance; but, if the spectacles be instantly replaced, the eye will be unable to distinguish anything for a second or two. The order of colors will, therefore, be as follows,—green, red, green, black.

THE PROTEAN LIGHT.

Soak a cotton wick in a strong solution of salt and water, dry it, place it in a spirit-lamp, and when lit it will give a bright yellow light for a long time. If you look through a piece of blue glass at the flame, it will lose all its yellow light, and you will only perceive feeble violet rays. If, before the blue glass, you place a pale yellow glass, the lamp will be absolutely invisible, though a candle may be distinctly seen through the same glasses.

THE CHAMELEON FLOWERS.

Trim a spirit lamp, add a little salt to the wick and light it. Set near it a scarlet geranium, and the flower will appear yellow. Purple colors, in the same light, appear blue.

THE ELASTIC EGG.

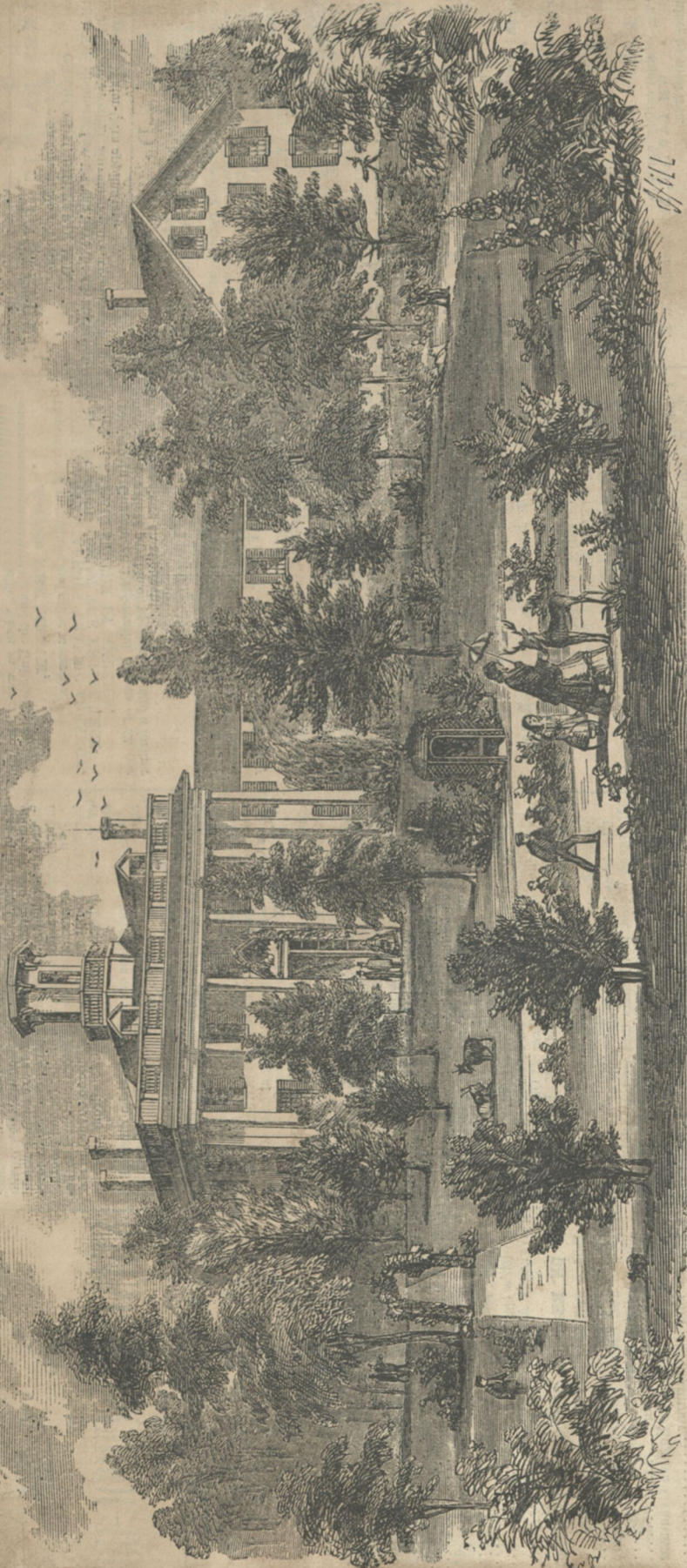
Take a good sound egg, and place it in some strong vinegar, and allow it to remain so for twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water having some soda in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried. Keep it as a curiosity to puzzle your friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in the bottle.

RATS.—Those whose houses are infested by that troublesome domestic animal, the rat, should heat plaster of Paris in an iron vessel until it is done boiling, then mix it half and half with Indian meal. It is said the rats will eat of this compound freely, and that it sets in their little stomachs and kills them without the danger of poison.

life in this truly philanthropic field. First, he endeavors to strengthen and develop the bodily functions, which are generally deficient. For this purpose he has six gentle horses, which the boys manage entirely, and thereby gain manliness, and feel that they have some responsibilities. He encourages the girls to ride, by setting out on the saddle, and allowing a boy to lead the horse around the yard, and thus they gradually learn self-reliance, and to trust in their own strength. We saw some beautiful white rabbits, which were the pets of the whole school, some fine gray squirrels, an old tame coon, wooden swings, from which they could not tumble, and all kinds of gymnastic appliances. We heard a class in music sing very well, and could scarcely have detected that they were idiotic. One young man played "music at sight," on the piano; another excelled in mathematics, but in every other respect was imbecile.

The teaching has to be very thorough; and if they learn but one letter, it has to be really learned before attempting another. Think of the patience it requires to drill a child every day for six months, or a year, to make it distinguish the difference between A and B, and, when this is done, to try six months longer to teach the dumb pupil C and D. You will not be surprised to know that the success will gladden a teacher's heart more than to hear a bright scholar solve a difficult problem in geometry, because it evinces that a gleam of light can pierce the dark caverns of the mind.

Dr. Brown aims to qualify his pupils to attend to their own animal wants, to form habits of cleanliness, to feed themselves; then to ascertain



VIEW OF THE ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF IMBECILE CHILDREN, IN THE TOWN OF BARRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

NOTES OF MY RAMBLES—NO. VII.

IMBECILE CHILDREN.

There is a greater trouble than death. The final separation from loved friends often paralyzes the human soul; yet faith whispers of a re-union beyond the dark valley.

But there is a living death, when the pulses of life beat uninterruptedly, when the body lives like a mere vegetable, has its animal wants to gratify, while the soul seems to be shrouded in darkness, and has no balance wheel; is like a horse without a rider, a ship without a compass.

In the beautiful town of Barre, Mass., there is an establishment where forty imbecile children

be found to be collected in one family; and, thirdly, that when gathered, *en masse*, that they could derive any advantage from such a course.

Some people live and die circumscribed by the influences that surround their birth, and vainly imagine that no skies are finer, that no water is purer than that which is at their own domiciles. Such a class would, when they looked at their own families with pride, where each child nestles in the bosom of love and affection, hardly realize that there were other firesides where the peace and happiness were daily disturbed by children, who, constitutionally or mentally, can never be a law to themselves—who are mental or physical monstrosities.

Dr. Howe, "Sovt" "was one of the first to conceive

ance, be transformed into an intelligent creature, and be taught to take care of himself. When he advocated the trial of it, he was regarded as a fanatical reformer; for wherever there had been such an unfortunate child born, it had been neglected, despised, and really suffered, in consequence of the sin or mistake of those who should have given to it a sound mind in a healthy body, instead of a weak constitution and impaired intellect. Some were confined in close, ill-ventilated rooms, or, on the other hand, were made more hopelessly imbecile by an undue indulgence.

The cut represents the school and its surroundings at Barre. The buildings are entirely secluded from the street by large shade trees, so much so that you are apparently about to enter a lovely grove. When you have passed the gateway, you find that this is a home for who

You do not feel that indescribable hospital air of chilliness or coldness that freezes your heart's blood; but there is a *geniality* in the aura of the place. We can not explain that metaphysical fact, why some people and places convey to us sensations of an iceberg, while, among others, we feel at home without an introduction.

Everything that can delight the eye or develop the kindest sentiments of the heart is profusely scattered over the grounds, some fifty acres in extent, which are everywhere beautified. There were evident indications that the moving spirit or genius of the place was deeply interested in his labors—that his mind and energies had been centered in this spot; and that, consequently, he could not fail in being pre-eminently successful in accomplishing what he undertook. When we saw the building, we were not disappointed to learn that he had won the mastery of the best years of his

their respective capabilities for usefulness. Some are improved so much, that they can subsequently earn a respectable living, either on the farm, in the shop, or at some industrial avocation. The girls are taught to sew, to do plain cooking, play on the piano, and though they can never be developed to be entirely harmonious, yet the condition of nearly all can be indefinitely improved.

Some children ought always to remain in an institution where self-sacrificing teachers are willing to sacrifice more pleasant and lucrative situations, that they may help along one of the most humanitarian projects of the age.

We think that those who are willing to live and eat with children whose habits, sometimes, are worse than the animals, must be actuated by a spirit something akin to that of our Saviour, "who went about doing good" to the sick, the halt, the lame, and the blind.

May success attend the enthusiastic efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Brown, and their faithful corps of teachers, who, sleeping or waking, have a strict surveillance over every pupil intrusted to their care.

MATER.

PROVINCIALISMS—REPLY TO A YANKEE.

Having just noticed an article entitled 'Provincialisms North and South,' I have deemed that a few further remarks on the same subject might interest your readers. Your correspondent, 'Yankee,' is in many respects judicious and correct in his observations on Southern provincialisms. As observed by him, the great sin of Southern colloquialism is negroism, both in pronunciation and phraseology. He has, however, been misled by mistaking some very odd and uncouth local and individual phrases for general usage in the South, or at least in that portion in which the writer peregrinates. The longer stay of your correspondent or his more general acquaintance would correct several misapprehensions. The desire of saving visitors South from falling into some ludicrous errors will plead sufficient apology for this effusion. The following phrases are, I think, employed only by a few very whimsical and odd geniuses, viz., 'thunder pole' for lightning rod; so 'struck with thunder'; 'great insurance, for assurance'; 'any dimensions of game' for 'any amount'; so 'powerful weak,' and 'whetrock,' 'grindrock,' and 'what "trick" is this?' for what thing is this? and others of the same kind, are as great a wonder and divertissement with us here as they possibly can be at the North. No doubt our friend was quizzed by a wag in some of these, and most likely, when invited to 'call often,' as his friend wished 'to use with him.'

'Heap' for 'much' or 'many'; 'right smart chance'; 'done gone' and 'done done'; 'heap of times'; 'tote' for 'carry'; 'crop' for 'crop'; 'inyun' for 'onion'; 'truck' for 'medicine,' and many others of the same category, are general among the illiterate, but not used by persons of refinement and education. Another class, such as 'carry my horse to water'; 'he hope me' for he helped me; 'raised' for 'reared'; 'crack a smile'; 'sort o' cloudy'; 'nary one' for 'none'; 'hand write' for 'handwriting' or 'penmanship'; 'sorry crop,' 'sorry horse,' 'sorry man,' etc., for 'poor crop'; 'bad man,' etc., are shamefully common, even among persons that make pretensions to learning and refinement. 'I reckon' in the South and 'I guess' in the North are for the most part improperly used for 'I think,' 'I suppose,' 'I conjecture,' etc. However, I deem 'reckon' sometimes correct. It is used by standard writers very much in the same sense as it is used in the South. So in the New Testament, 'I reckon' the sufferings of the present life are not worthy to be compared to the glory to be revealed.

In regard to the language of our physicians, I beg to set our friend right. Southern doctors are for the most part addicted to language too high flown. They talk like a book. They are often hifalutin and grandiloquent; albeit the patient may answer, 'I have a misery in my head,' or 'back,' or 'stomach,' as the case may be.

'Evening,' 'morning,' 'supper,' are in general use in the South for 'forenoon,' 'afternoon,' 'tea,' as used in the North. I must beg the liberty to contend, that in this the South is correct. I be-

lieve that not one standard English writer uses the Northern words above quoted, while the words as we use them are found everywhere in classic English authors. 'The evening and the morning were the first day.'—Gen. i. We deem 'afternoon' and 'forenoon,' and 'tea' for 'supper,' intolerable Yankeeisms. Our friend has misunderstood the use of the word 'patch.' It is not applied to 'a field,' but a small plot of ground, and properly so as 'potato patch,' 'watermelon patch,' 't. rnip patch,' etc.

The fact is, the negro element is very rife and influential in the Southern dialect. We have, however, many correct talkers in the South. Of one thing I wish to boast, that among our population, old and young, black and white, you will never hear one obscene or lewd hint or expression which, I believe, is not generally true of the North. Such is the force of female influence in the South.

D. S.

A LETTER FROM MOUNT MONADNOCK.

MONADNOCK DALE, August 2d, 1859.

Yesterday I climbed Monadnock, and to-day I must try to tell the readers of "LIFE ILLUSTRATED" something about the mountain, and what I saw, heard, and felt on the occasion; but a more graphic pen than mine would fail to do the subject anything like justice. From mine you must be content with the following imperfect notes. It is only by standing on its bald, storm-scarred summit yourself, that you can get an adequate idea of what Monadnock is, or what it reveals. It never disappoints the tourist, but rather transcends expectation. It fulfills all its promises and more.

I had been staying for several days at a farmhouse at the base of the mountain, waiting for a favorable day to ascend. Yesterday brought the desired atmospheric conditions, and I at once availed myself of them to make the excursion.

The ascent is usually made on the western side of the mountain; but as I was on the eastern side I determined to attempt it there, believing that, though difficult, it must be practicable.

I set out about nine o'clock in the forenoon, (the weather not having become clearly propitious before that hour) alone, and without any definite direction with reference to my route resolved to make the ascent in as nearly a direct line as should be found practicable.

Passing the steep, rocky pastures which form the first slope of the mountain, I entered a broad belt of woodland. Here the ascent, though steep, was comparatively easy, the small trees and bushes furnishing convenient hold for the hands, which were constantly called to the aid of the feet in the forward and upward movement. The solitude here was profound, and the silence broken only by the clear, sweet notes of the wood-thrush, the flutter of the wild pigeon, and the whirring of the partridge. I often paused to examine plants and flowers that I had not seen elsewhere.

Emerging from the forest, I began to realize how far I had already ascended. Far below lay the beautiful valley I had lately left, with its low brown farm houses, and its fields of waving grain, and beyond, lakes, mountains, and villages. This view alone was worth at least a day's journey. But above me rose the jagged cliffs and precipitous peaks of bare rock. Farther progress seemed at first impossible; but picking my way carefully up rocky ravines, where yawning chasms, half hidden by pendant bushes and weeds, often opened before me; creeping on my hands and knees under over-hanging rocks; clinging to the friendly shrubbery which found root-hold in the clefts of the granite, and making use, as I could, of any crevices or projections which might serve as a hold for either hand or foot, I found myself gradually nearing the summit of the nearest peak. The ascent was very laborious, and I often paused to rest and admire the prospect, or to gather the raspberries and blueberries which offered their delicious morsels from every patch of soil that found a place among the rocks.

At many points of my progress a careless movement or a slip of the foot would have precipitated me to certain destruction, and I would

not, for the price of my life, again attempt the ascent by the same route. A better way could no doubt be found even on this side of the mountain, though less direct.

Having attained the summit of the nearest peak, my course was clear, and, though toilsome, was no longer perilous. Ridges of bare rock, broken by chasms and ravines, and with here and there a swampy depression or basin, stretch between this point and the main peak, which lies at the distance of three quarters of a mile toward the northwest. The air was here cool and bracing, the prospect exhilarating, and my emotions such as can be conceived by those only who have been in similar situations. I felt no fatigue, and if ten miles had stretched between me and the point of destination I should not have hesitated about undertaking the journey.

The bald summit of the ridges of which I have spoken are strewed with decaying fragments of the trunks and roots of trees, although there is not at present a particle of soil there, and it seems almost impossible that any vegetable production could have even found a foot hold. Were these ridges covered with soil no longer ago than these fragments seem to indicate? or were the trees brought here on the wings of some terrible tornado and left at the mercy of the elements, up among the clouds? Who knows?

In the ravines, the mountain ash and other small trees and shrubs are found, and blueberries, raspberries, wild currants, and a species of cranberry abound on the margins of the swampy basins of which I have spoken. The berries are nearly two weeks later in ripening here than in the valley at the base of the mountain.

The main summit of Monadnock forms an irregular cone of bare rock. Standing on this the spectator's field of view is bounded only by the visual powers of the eye. The mountain is entirely isolated so that no neighboring heights shut out the prospect in any direction. There are hills and mountains innumerable in view, but they are comparatively far off, and rise one above another receding, meanwhile, till they are lost in the blue distance. I have climbed many a mountain higher than this, among the rest, Black Mountain or Mitchell's Peak, in North Carolina, but never before commanded with one sweep of the eye so extensive, rich, and varied a landscape. But what can I say of it? No word-picture that my poor pen can sketch would convey to the reader anything like an adequate idea of the scene. Its vastness, its variety of forms, and its magnificent adornment of mountains, lakes, rivers, forests, towns, and villages admit of no description, or if they do, the work transcends my powers. I might, it is true, give a sort of imperfect inventory of what I saw, but that would not be a description, and would only mislead the reader. I prefer to leave all the details to the reader's imagination, advising all who can to see for themselves.

Picture to yourself an irregular isolated mountain with several peaks of bare and jagged rock, the highest of which is between three and four thousand feet high, standing in the midst of a hilly and picturesque country, checkered with farms and forests, abounding in mountains, lakes, rivers, towns, and villages, and yourself standing on its summit. You might stay there for days, encamping among the rocks, and seeing the stars as well as the sun rise and set, and you would every hour discover some new beauty—some object or some effect unseen before; and you would go away full and overflowing with the ocean-waves of beauty and sublimity poured into your soul, but unable to impart of your superabundant wealth of delight to others. So it is with me; and I will not attempt what I know I should fail satisfactorily to accomplish—a description.

To give an idea of one of the most beautiful features of the scene, I will just remark that I counted more than twenty lakes and ponds, plainly visible to the naked eye. One of these—Monadnock Lake—washes the base of the mountain, and is one of the clearest and most beautiful sheets of water I ever saw.

A TIGER HUNT; OR, LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMES.

About forty miles from Manila, near a long range of mountains which take their rise on the sea-coast, and extend through the island of Luzon, is an extensive jungle, which is thickly studded with a dense growth of small trees or brushwood, and long dried grass, where hundreds of animals lay secreted during daylight, and come forth at night to seek their prey, and make darkness hideous with their howls and roars of rage and hunger.

In this jungle, where none but the most adventurous sportsmen intrude, and never alone, a small species of *leopardo*, or tiger, finds a sure cover after a successful forage, during which the animal makes sad havoc among the cattle of the natives, destroying wantonly, even after its appetite has been fully satisfied by its thirst for blood.

The *leopardo* is a powerful animal; although smaller than the Java tiger, it possesses all of its activity and much of its boldness and ferocity. With long tusches, which look strong enough to masticate iron, and paws armed with terrible claws, capable of stripping the flesh from a limb with a single blow, it is no wonder they are dreaded by the natives, and suffered to continue their warfare unchecked, excepting through the agency of pits or a rude species of traps, made of wood resembling iron in its consistency. Even the latter are often torn to pieces by the fierce brute, who never ceases, from the moment he finds that he is a prisoner, to work with tooth and claw, to relieve himself from his unpleasant predicament. I have seen the hard wood splintered like a spruce log after being struck by a flash of lightning; and the mark of the animal's teeth resembled the work of a cross-cut saw.

The pits, or holes dug in the ground about ten feet deep, and covered over with light brush, upon which are placed pieces of strongly tainted meat, are the only sure means of destroying the pests; yet such is the indolence of the natives, they had rather suffer than incommode themselves by a few hours' labor, and so thin off the fierce denizens of the jungle.

My friend, Don Arturo, had, about three years before my arrival in Manila, purchased a large tract of land in the immediate vicinity of the jungle, where he planted about twenty thousand trees, for the purpose of raising coffee, an excellent variety of the berry being exported from the island. The Government, a few years since, offered a premium to any one who would engage in the speculation, hoping to be able to compete with Java, and perhaps drive the Dutch from the field.

The Don was enthusiastic in regard to his plantation, and at his pressing request Mr. Allen and myself one day offered to accompany him to the farm and witness the improvements. We were the more ready to go because we thought there might be a chance for a little sport in the tiger-hunting line; large stories of the animal's ferocity and daring passing quite current among the European residents of Manila.

A number of servants were ordered to pack up bedding, provisions, ammunition and rifles, and the whole was started off in a cart, drawn by four stout buffalo. We allowed them three days to reach their destination, and then, one bright morning, we bid our pretty hostess farewell, and started on horseback for the plantation, where we intended to remain a week or ten days.

We galloped that day over the most beautiful portion of the island—we forded the streams that ran silently by green banks whose bright verdure never faded from one year's end to the other; we halted under tall cocoa-nut trees, and tempted the monkeys to hurl the fruit at us by way of revenging themselves for the grimaces which we made at them; we plucked ripe bananas, and squeezed the juice of sweet oranges into our claret, each of us having taken the precaution to provide a bottle for the purpose of moistening our

lips on the way; and at length heartily tired of pleasure, we hailed with joy the keeper's house, and were welcomed to the coffee plantation of Don Arturo.

"Some supper," cried the Spaniard, as he dismounted from his horse. "Give us supper, you villains, and don't be fifteen minutes providing it. Something light—coffee, fried eggs, and tomatoes, curried rice and chicken, dried beef and shrimps, stuffed game, and don't forget the wine. Let it be cooling for the evening lunch."

"Everything is ready, señor," replied the overseer; "we have expected you for the last half-hour, and supper has waited that time."

"Ah," grunted the Don, as he limped into the house prepared for us—forty miles of riding having made the old man stiff—"Ah! there is nothing like sending word and provisions at the same time. But tell me, how comes on the trees? Do they flourish?"

"Exceedingly well, señor," replied the overseer.

"And the cattle; has the stock increased?"

"Not largely, señor. We have been unfortunate."

"How?" cried the Spaniard; "do you pretend to say that my imported cows are not well?"

"Until last night they thrived; but—"

"But what?" roared the Spaniard.

"The cursed tigers killed a cow and calf last night, señor."

The expression of Don Arturo's face at that moment was a puzzle. He wanted to scold the overseer for what the poor man could not help, and he longed to accuse him of cowardice, yet feared that the native would request his assistance in helping him to rid the plantation of the brutes.

"Why have you not built traps?" asked the Spaniard at length.

"I made two, but they tore them to pieces," replied the man.

"And pits—why have you not dug pits?"

"I feared that the cattle would fall into them instead of the tigers, señor."

"You feared no such thing," cried the Don. "You are too lazy to dig them, although I allow you a dozen men to attend to the trees."

"If the señor would but spend a few days in hunting the brutes while he is here, the plantation would soon be freed," the man said.

"Me?" queried the Don; "I come here to look after trees, not tigers."

"But the señor sent his rifle, and the servants tell me that he has killed a fierce alligator and a huge boa-constrictor without help."

"Well, well, I'll think about it," replied the Spaniard, considerably modified by the flattery.

The supper was served, and after a hearty meal, we strolled about the plantation until the falling dew warned us to seek shelter in the house.

During the night we heard the fierce roaring of a couple of tigers as they wandered around the cattle-pen; but we were too tired and sleepy to pay that attention to them that their merits deserved. Allen, to be sure, raised his head and listened for a few minutes, as though undecided whether he should risk a shot; but before he could make up his mind, he again dropped off to sleep, and did not wake till morning.

At daylight we found that a young heifer had been killed and partly eaten. The sight rendered the Don furious. He swore by all his patron saints that he would dig pits on every rod of his land, and use up all the wood on the island building traps, but that he would exterminate the tigers from the jungle.

"Now is our time," whispered Charley. "Let us ask him to accompany us on a tiger-hunt while he is in his present humor."

"But he will refuse."

"No, he won't; his blood is up, and until he gets cool he will not care for fifty tigers."

"Why not organize a band of the natives, and have a hunt to-day. We can accompany them, and perhaps with a few lucky shots prevent your cattle from being troubled for some time to come," I said, speaking in a loud voice, so that the overseer and his assistants could hear me.

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"An excellent plan," replied the overseer; "I can spare eight or ten of the men."

"But you shall go also," cried the Spaniard.

"The trees require attention just at the present time. The moon is in its full, and not a day should be lost," the overseer said, attempting to frame some excuse to stay at home.

"The trees may suffer," exclaimed the Spaniard, who was glad to find somebody more reluctant than himself. "Get my rifle ready, and see that we have refreshments. Go you must, and every one on the plantation accompanies us."

The overseer would have further remonstrated, but an impatient look cut him short, and with a long face he started off to obey the Don's orders.

In an hour's time we were armed, and ready for the hunt. Our rifles were tried, to be certain that they were not injured by their rough ride on the team, while the natives were armed with their long sharp knives, and poles about twelve feet in length, terminating at the end with points of iron, which they used as spears, and could throw with wonderful accuracy, hitting a mark the size of a man's hand at the distance of thirty paces, so that a tiger, we thought, would stand no kind of a chance, if one showed itself.

By the advice of one of the men, who had the care of the cattle, we struck across the plantation, and emerged near the edge of the jungle. Trails of the brutes were quite distinct; and a tolerably good dog, a cross of the hound and mastiff, which we had taken with us, began to exhibit signs of impatience; while the natives hung back and declined to enter the thicket. Even Don Arturo, whom we had by acclamation elected leader, thought we had better postpone the trip until the next day, when he said we should feel more fresh, and in better hunting humor; and, if the truth must be told, when I saw the prints of the tiger's claws, I wished that the Spaniard's advice might be taken, although I didn't dare confess it, for fear of being ridiculed by Allen, who pushed on ahead, and encouraged the Don and natives, by declaring that a tiger would never dare to face such a formidable body of men.

With some difficulty he managed to get the men to separate, and advance into the jungle, in the form of a crescent, intending to drive the game before us, until we reached an open place, where the herdsman informed us we could sit and shoot as many of the animals as we pleased, provided the natives would only beat the bushes, which I was strongly inclined to think they would not do. We had not advanced more than twenty or thirty paces before the dog commenced barking; then we heard the crackling and rustling of dried grass; and presently a roar, that caused us to look to the priming of our rifles, and made our blood boil through our veins, and glance with some slight degree of apprehension at each other, as though requiring support in case of necessity. The dog answered the roar with a howl, and then came limping towards us with a frightful wound near his fore-shoulder. The skin had been stripped off nearly a foot square, as clean as though a knife had been passed over the parts, and the raw flesh and sinews were laid bare. Singular as it may appear, but little blood flowed from the wound, and the poor dog, with a whimper, seated himself, and tried to lick the spot where the tiger's claws had torn him.

"Let us order on this," cried Don Arturo, suddenly!

The Spaniard was but a few paces from Allen and me, while the natives, as we thought, were on each side, having been beating with their long poles, although for minutes we had heard nothing of them. It was time to answer Don Arturo's repeated roars, which followed each other like the roll of thunder, came directly from the side; and then he saw a pair of eyes peering through the grass that looked like green emeralds just below the eyes was a mouth with long white tusks, and a long white beard, with foam.

"¡Dios preservar!" muttered the Spaniard, holding his gun, and staggering towards us as

though intoxicated, while his face turned pallid with fear.

He had hardly uttered the last word before I saw the tiger make a bold leap, high in the air, and alight within a few feet of the Don. With another roar, that awoke the echoes of that vast jungle, and which was answered by a dozen animals of the same species, apparently within a few rods of us, the tiger crouched for a spring upon the luckless Don. For an instant, I would not have given a farthing for his life. I forgot that I carried a rifle—I could think of nothing but the terrible leap and fierce eyes of the brute, as he crouched there, with his legs drawn well under him, and his glistening teeth displayed through his half-opened mouth; and then I was awakened from my stupor by hearing the report of Allen's rifle—and I saw the tiger roll over and over, beating down the dry grass and stunted bushes, in his struggles, and biting his thick hide in his fury.

"Thank God, Charley, you have saved the Don's life," I cried, while the Spaniard only crossed himself, and muttered confused prayers.

"There's another one to come," Allen shouted, ramming down a bullet hurriedly.

Sure enough, the cries of the wounded animal started the mate from her lair; and with an angry roar for revenge, she broke through the grass, and crouching by the side of her nearly lifeless mate, surveyed us for a moment, as though demanding who had inflicted the injury.

"Fire first," I heard somebody whisper at my elbow, and I drew up my rifle and let drive. A shriek of rage and pain came from the brute; she struggled to her feet, and strove to draw herself towards us, but failing to do that, she rested upon her belly, and looked the rage she felt. The bullet had broken one of her fore and hind legs.

In a few moments we gazed at each other; and then Allen, moved by compassion, put an end to her sufferings. The death of the female ended our tiger-hunting expedition for that day. We found in the lair of the animals, three young tigers, not much larger than lap-dogs, and playful as kittens. They were taken to the plantation, and for some time remained on the estate, but at length getting too ferocious, they were sold to an Englishman, and went to London, for the Zoological Gardens of that city. The Spaniard recovered his presence of mind as soon as all danger was over, and soundly rated the natives for running at the first growl of a tiger, although for the life of me I couldn't blame them.

ton.

"Well, I'll tell you what we will do for you," said Dora, "for really it is too cold weather to turn even a ghost out of doors; if you will make yourself invisible you can have the use of this room free until spring. You don't mind renting out a room, do you, John, so long as we don't get any pay for it?"

"Yes I do, Dora," said Lindsay. "It's just like your generous heart to offer to keep Connellton, but we can't afford to do it. Now be off with you."

So Connellton arose and his lessened figure crept dejectedly down stairs and out of the house.

Just before he opened the front door, he gave Mrs. Lindsay one of the large sealskin gloves. He threw it down at her feet. "It's a trophy," he said mournfully. "Keep it for my sake."

Dora Lindsay put a big bow on it and tied it around the middle with a piece of ribbon, and keeps it up over one corner of the mirror in the dining room chamber, as a souvenir.—Minna Smith in Boston Commonwealth

Never Reads.

Green—Old Scroggs says he never reads what the papers say about him.

White—I notice that his replies always begin, "It having been called to my notice."—Lake Shore News.

Great Progress.

"How are you progressing, French?"

"Well, I am getting myself misunderstood at the Bazar."

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FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

"While yet you breathe, away; the rural winds
Invite, the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky;
A kindly sky, whose fostering power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign."

In Fauquier County, Va., on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, are the celebrated springs whose name stands at the head of this article. But fifty miles from Washington, they are reached from that city in about three hours by the Alexandria and Lynchburg Railroad and six miles of staging over a graded road. Travelers leaving Richmond or Staunton in the morning, may dine at the Fauquier Springs.

The situation of this popular resort, in the heart of the Old Dominion, is unsurpassed in beauty. The noble avenue by which one reaches it, six miles in length, is fringed and shadowed with stately trees, seemingly proud of guarding the approach to so lovely a spot. The first sight of the hamlet, nestled so quietly among the hills of Virginia, so isolated from the busy world, delights the arriving visitor, but he must ascend to the top of the Pavilion for the complete enjoyment of the view. The eye drinks in the soft charm of the lovely landscape. At our feet are the spacious grounds attached to the establishment, tastefully laid out with groves and leafy walks. Eastward, the view embraces a broad expanse of country rich in agriculture; in the opposite direction the horizon is bounded by the Blue Ridge, rising proudly against the sky, not broken into rugged peaks, but waving in gentle undulations, as if the loving hand of a painter had portrayed the glorious scene.

In yonder valley, calling to mind the fabled charms of the valley of Rasselas, winds the Rappahannock towards its ocean home, now overshadowed by lofty oaks and sycamores, and now showing itself behind some bold, green prominence as modestly as the lovely Virginia maidens who sport upon its banks, from beneath their flowing vails. Such a scene, when the sun goes down in splendor beyond those grand old mountains, would delight a Poussin or a Claude Lorraine.

"The sultry heat of summer," says the author of *Outre Mer*, "always brings to the idler and the man of leisure a longing for the leafy shade and green luxuriance of the country. It is pleasant to interchange the din of the city, the movement of the crowd, and the gossip of society for the silence of the hamlet, the quiet seclusion of the grove, and the gossip of a woodland brook." And where, reader, shall we enjoy sylvan sights and rural sounds, the pure elastic atmosphere, and the fresh green sward, with birds and brooks and rustling leaves for music, better than in the leafy groves of Fauquier on the Rappahannock?

Long before the resort was opened to the public, such was the interruption to the farming operations from the crowd of visitors, that the proprietor is said, as a last resource, to have filled up the spring.

It could not, however, remain in this condition, and soon there rose upon the spot one of the most beautiful establishments in the land. The springs are held under an act of incorporation, and are at the present time under the management of Messrs. J. B. P. Ingram and Alexander Baker, the latter gentleman being also postmaster of Warrenton Springs, the name of the village.

There are accommodations for several hundred guests. The piazzas, the ball-room, and dining-room of the brick Pavilion are spacious and airy. The fountain is opened to all who wish to partake of its waters, whether rich or poor, and although the guests are generously supplied with substantial comforts and all the luxuries of the season, there is an air of home life about the Fauquier Springs which we have nowhere else enjoyed in such perfection.

In the rear of the main edifice, and partially surrounding the elegant octagonal pavilion erected over the principal fountain, are two long rows of cottages, in which families reside during the season. Surrounding them is the magnificent park, to which we have already alluded, the pride of the broad domains of Fauquier Springs. In these leafy and grassy retreats is permitted to



VIEW OF THE SPRINGS WHEN APPROACHING FROM WARRENTON.



REAR VIEW—PAVILION AND PARK.

roam a large herd of deer, not too wild to eat dainty morsels from the hands of the children, whose great delight is to feed them. Aside from those who make the prosecution of health a business, people appear to go to the Fauquier Springs for enjoyment rather than display. There is less parade than at Newport and Saratoga, but far more sociality and genuine comfort. Among the guests are usually a large number of officials from Washington. At the Fauquier the charming ladies of the South meet the belles of our Northern cities, and the courtly bearing of the sons of the "Old Dominion" finds its counterpart in the gallantry and intelligence of guests from all portions of the country.

The days are spent upon the grounds of the establishment in walks or drives along the winding Rappahannock, or in a deer hunt, one from the herd in the park being selected for that purpose. In the evening come music and the dance, but after the hour of eleven all is as quiet as the old forests which embosom this lovely retreat. The season at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs begins in June, and does not terminate until the last of August. At the latter time a grand tournament is held in the grove on the bank of the Rappahannock. The feat consists in bearing away a ring on the point of a lance when riding at full speed, and the successful competitor receives the smiles of the fair ladies and wreaths as in more chivalric times.

CARRYING OUT A METAPHOR.

"DANG me, if I don't believe the world's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly inebriate as he rolled along the pave, "and I'm the wheel, revolving on my axis. Now I'm in the mud," continued he, as he fell headlong into the gutter, "and now I'm on dry land," as he fetched up on the curb-stone. His concluding remark as his boots followed his head down an open cellar-way was—"now the wheel is broke and the vehicle is out o' repair." But the poor world jogged on without its "wheel," and a certain individual woke up with a scarred countenance and a slight headache.

Willie—Mamma, I want to go
at a creamery?
Mamma—Yes, Willie.
"And they sell hens at
they?"
"Yes. Run out and play.
"And they make can
they?"
"Yes. Don't bother mamma
just now, Willie. I am busy.
"You can buy pots and
you?"
"Willie, if you don't
punish you."
[Silence for about six
"Mamma, if I want to
I have to go to a doctor.
"William, I shall
"If I should go
tan would they
mamma?"
[Whack! Whack!
Tribune.

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NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 4.

On leaving Utica we had another long car-ride through the beautiful Mohawk valley, and beside the broad, bright Mohawk river. It was delightful in the beginning, and tiresome toward the end, being too much of a good thing. People are apt to feel and act very independently under such circumstances. They cease to do the agreeable, and simply try to be comfortable. After the first buoyancy of starting subsided, our party usually put on an aspect of patient endurance. Only one really good-tempered can show a cheerful front at the close of a day's weary travel—and only one really beautiful look so through a cloud of dust and cinders. For true beauty is a radiation from the heart outwards, instead of being skin-deep, as the proverb has it, and strikes you most as an indisputable reality when it has a cloud to shine through.

At noon we stopped at Schenectady, a poor little ugly Dutch town, where we could not even find a decent ice-cream with which to refresh ourselves. A short afternoon ride brought us to Saratoga, that little world of gaiety and fashion, like the great world of cities in all but size. We drank the waters, of course, and walked through the Park, which is really beautiful, naturally picturesque in the first place, and in the second tastefully improved and highly kept. In the morning, a carriage took us to Saratoga Lake, and we spent a few hours very agreeably in the neat and pretty pleasure grounds, stopping to rest at intervals on the shaded seats that were scattered about on the hills looking over the water. Returning, we drove round to all the famous springs, tasting of each. The most curious is High Rock Spring. You come across a large rock, standing like an island in a waste of sand, and climbing by a few steps to the top, you see the water some feet below bubbling up in its stony hollow, like a violently boiling pot.

Ascending the stairway of our hotel at luncheon time, we passed by a company in a small saloon, sipping wine, and among them, with her little fairy Alice playing round her, sat the beautiful lady who lights up for us the foreground of our memory's picture of Niagara. She had arrived before us, pursuing the direct route to this gay resort, apparently choosing to shine at Saratoga rather than to rusticate at Trenton Falls.

For our part, we did not wish to stay another night. Saratoga was not to us a friend to be loved and looked back upon with longing, lingering heart, like dear delightful Trenton, but merely a fashionable acquaintance, to be ceremoniously called upon. So we made ready for departure, though it was already sunset, and we knew that Lake George, our next point of attraction, could only be reached by staging over the hills after dark.

We were in for night-riding more deeply than we counted on, however, for time and the stage rolled on, and brought ten o'clock, but not even the middle of our journey. A fellow-passenger, easy and sociable, after beguiling an hour or two with stories of foreign travel, grew drowsy like the rest, and securing, in traveller fashion, all possible comfort under the most unpromising circumstances, settled down to sleep in a corner. So the stage lumbered on, as if it never would stop, in darkness and silence, until, somewhere in the small hours, we came to a sudden halt that startled all the uneasy sleepers, and looking about us, saw on one hand a wide, shadowy sheet of water, and on the other, a flaring light and the broad steps of Fort William Henry Hotel. The former was what we came to see, but the latter (let the truth be told) was quite as welcome, and had our first respects. Comfortable beds took precedence of romance.

This new hotel, the name of which suggests such thrilling memories, is generously furnished with the latest appliances for comfort and luxury, and is in most respects admirably conducted. It stands near the site of the old fort, at the head of the lake. A finer position could not be chosen. Mountains rise gradually on either side, and the far expanse of the lake stretches clear and beautiful before it—and wherever one may look are mountains, blue in the misty distance—encircling all the lake, with no apparent outlet.

The morning of our arrival rose clear, cool and bracing, and after rolls and coffee, and all the other etceteras of a first-rate breakfast, we sought the front piazza and took our fill of beauty from the ravishing view before us. "Of all lovely and delightful

places," we mentally exclaimed, "this is surely the loveliest, the most delightful!" The pure invigorating air was like a sense of wings. It was employment enough and pleasure enough to breathe and to look. The piazza runs the whole length of the building; from the western end your eye mounts up the steep height of the Rattlesnake hills, covered with thick woods; on the east are the French hills, so called probably from the time that the French and their savage allies lurked in ambush behind those very trees while they meditated their attack upon the fort.

In front of the house is a fountain, with gold fish in its basin, and at the wharf are lying boats for rowing and sailing over the lake. During our stay, we loved to walk on the clean sandy beach, and never ceased admiring the clearness of the water. It has an ideal purity, a sparkle as of something precious. The Indians called it Horicon, the Silver Water. While boating near the shore, we could see the bottom at a wonderful depth.

A member of our party, to whom all of us deferred as authority and guide, because he had gone over the same track a year ago, described his first view of Lake George at that time. It was much more impressive than ours. They traversed the lake in the steamboat, and approached the house as the sunset was glowing in the air and on the water, and the full moon throwing its witcheries over all the landscape. As they neared the shore, a band of musicians on the piazza struck up a martial air, and a cannon was fired, its echoes reverberating from rocky shore to shore with marvellous effect.

Dickens has his thrust at the huge dry goods bales which women make of themselves now-a-days, in the last chapter of *Little Dorrit*. He speaks of "A Countess who was secluded somewhere in the core of an immense dress to which she was in the proportion of the heart to the overgrown cabbage."

"When one is in Opposition," said the late Lord Bath, "it is very easy to know what to say; but when one is Minister it is difficult to know what not to say."

SETTING HIM RIGHT.—"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be mine arm if I desert 'em!" "You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford little nourishment, but if they happen to go the wrong way they give a great deal of trouble."

"Above all things, my son, avoid litigation, especially in small matters. If a man meets you in the street, and claims the coat you have upon your back, threatening to commence a suit of law for its recovery, strip it off and give it to him, lest, in defending the coat, you may lose your hat and breeches also."—*Chief Justice Coyle's Advice to his Son.*

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house and orderly house as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants? each other's tempers, as well as each other's health? each other's comfort as well as each other's character?

The Buffalo Republic rejoices in the possession of a poet of rare excellence, one Parin, who bids fair to eclipse Firmilian in the truly "spasmodic." The following is a sample:

O, Night! How black you are!
Specially when the moon don't shine, and there
Aint any stars! How you make folks play bil-
liards, and sleep, and go to concerts, and sich.
You are the coffin of the day—you are—
Which, like a pall, makes it a dark color.
Also, you are the time when the watchmen
Go to sleep, and the burglars are around
Some. And you are the time for benders and
Busts, and getting drunk, and took up, and get-
ting fined by a Justice.

Yes! You are some
About 12 o'clock—when the rooster-birds
Get a calling to one another, and make you
Hilicious, and feel bad. The day is pretty good
For doing business in,—but you, Night, are
Abed, 'cause you aint got no business, but
Fun! Hail! O, Night!

LAMENT OF THE IRISH GOLD HUNTER.

TUNE—"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary."
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Away up in the mines,
A looking out for lumps of gold,
And pockets all I find.
But the lumps I find is precious small,
And very few at that,
And I feel that I have been, Mary,
A most almighty flat.

There's lots of change up here, Mary,
Tho' you'll find none in me;
For I spent the whole that I was worth
In coming o'er the sea;
And though they says you've only got
To take your pan and pick,
A pocket full of gold you'll find—
It isn't quite so thick.

I bless you for that nice lung beef
You put into my trunk,
For when I got it 'tween my teeth
I felt that I was hunk:
I bless you for the sausages
That lasted me so long—
Tho' I'm thankful they are gone, Mary,
For they smelt a little strong.

I'm very dirty, now, Mary,
For water's hard to get
Unless it rains, and then you're sure
Of getting pretty wet;
For there are no umbrellas here,
And the rain comes through the roof—
And then you'll have a cold or cough,
Unless you're water-proof.

I bless you for the bottled beer
That you put in my head
To take, to keep my spirits up,
Though I found it very dead!
I bless you for the friendly cheese
You put into my locker,
But 'twas filled chock full with maggots,
And one a perfect whopper!

I'm bidding you to keep quite well
Until the time arrive
That I return again to you
If I should be alive.
For though there's bread and work
I would a great deal rather
Die in old Ireland once a week
Than live here all the year.

And often right into the woods
I'd go—if I could get—
For here it is so awful hot
I'm always in a sweat;
For—there is neither trees nor shade,
And I find but little gold,
And so, upon the whole, I think
I'm regularly sold.

Watch! Mother!

Mother! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.
Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.
Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prattling, eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspeak'd,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.
Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.



MASTER TOM.—Oh, Pa, Ma says you haven't left any money for groceries and marketing during the week you are to be gone.

TRAVELLER.—What! No! Well, here, give mother this quarter-dollar.

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A DAY AMONG THE PURITANS.

To rise early was not considered worthy of any remark; while not rising early would be deemed a crime. To be up by daylight was a matter of course with every family. The father was expected to move first; to strike a light with flint and steel; to kindle a fire under the kettle in which the water for the porridge was to be boiled. This done, he calls the boys, who soon appear, and, after them, the mother and daughter. One wooden wash-basin served each, in turn, for morning ablutions: and one roller sufficed for wiping all faces. Their dress is suited to their work. The father wears an old cocked-up hat; or a thick cotton hat, or thick cotton cap; no cravat, but a low shirt collar; a short frock of strongest warp; a pair of old leather breeches; and leggins which were confined above the knee, and tied over the shoe with a string round the middle of the foot. The boys had cotton caps on their heads, or the remnants of old felt hats; short jackets of the coarsest fabrics; and leather breeches with leggins.

By early dawn, the father and three eldest sons are in the cow-yard milking. This over, the youngest son drives the cows to pasture, and hastens back to the next duties. The hogs have received their allowance of buttermilk. The morning's milk has been strained and set for cream or heated to begin a cheese. Then comes the reading of the sacred Scriptures and the family prayers. Immediately afterwards following the breakfast, which in winter is by candle-light, and in summer by dawn-light. The breakfast is commenced by "asking a blessing," and closed by "returning thanks," consists of pea-porridge, dealt out before sitting down, in small wooden bowls. A small central dish has in it some shad and salted alewives; or, peradventure, some fresh eels, which the boys caught from the river the evening before. With these, brown bread and beer are served; and here ended the usual variety. Sometimes the children were regaled with samp and milk, and the father with boiled salt pork.

From the breakfast table, fathers and sons repair to the field, and are at work by six o'clock. With their tools they have taken the family gun—not so much from fear of Indians, as the hope of securing some valuable game. Sometimes a fine deer crossing their field, on his way to the river, and if they are so fortunate as to take him, it makes a feast at home; for every part is eaten.—Salted and smoked it was deemed a savory dish. By half-past eight o'clock, our laborers in the field are ready for the usual lunch, which consists of smoked shad, bread and cheese and cider.—Thus sustained till a quarter before twelve, they hear the dinner horn announcing—what the boys had been expecting with impatience—dinner. All hands break off and start for home, and are ready to sit down just as the sun is square on the window-ledge, and the sand in the hour-glass is out.

A blessing craved, they begin with the Indian pudding, and relish it with a little molasses. Next comes a piece of broiled salt pork, or black broth, fried eggs, brown bread, cabbage and cider.—They denominated dinner "boiled victuals," and their plates "wooden trenchers." Potatoes did not come into use till 1753, tea and coffee till 1700. Turnips, carrots and parsnips were cultivated. Dinner dispatched in fifteen minutes, the time till one o'clock was called "nooning," when each laborer was free to play or sleep. Nooning over, they repair to the fields, and find that a fox or a wolf has killed a sheep, and eaten his dinner. The father takes his gun and hastens in search, telling the boys "to keep at their work, and if they see the fox to whistle with all their might." The fox, that took great pains to be there when the owner was away, now takes great pains to be away when the owners are there. A drink of good beer all round at three o'clock, is the only relief in the afternoon's toil, which ends at five; at which hour the youngest son drives home the cows, and the milking is finished at six.

The hogs and sheep are now called to their enclosures near the barn, where the faithful dog will guard them from their night prowling enemies.

All things being safe, supper is ready. The father takes a slice of cold broiled pork, the usual brown bread and a mug of beer, while the boys are regaled with milk porridge or hasty pudding. In their season, they had watermelons and muskmelons; and for extra occasions a little cherry wine. Sometimes they had boiled Indian corn, mixed with kidney beans. Into bean and pea porridge they put a slice of venison. They had also succotash, which is corn and beans boiled together. The meat of the shag bark was dried and pounded, and then put into their porridge to thicken it. The barley fire cake was served at breakfast. They parched corn and pounded it, and made it into a *nocake*. Baked pumpkins were common. The extra dish for company was a cake made of strawberries and parched corn. The same religious exercises as were offered at dinner are now repeated.

At seven o'clock a neighbor calls, not to ask the news, for there is none, but to propose a change of work for Tuesday next. This was agreed to, and as our ancestors made up in hearty welcome what they wanted in luxuries, a mug of cider is drunk by way of entertainment; and half-past seven finds the neighbor gone, and the household ready for family prayers. The Scriptures are read in turn—the Old Testament in the morning, and the New at night. Eight o'clock records the entire family in bed, except one of the boys, who has an inquisitive mind, and has borrowed a book on witchcraft; and he is allowed to sit up till nine, and read by the light of a pitch pine knot stuck into a hole in the chimney.—*Brooks's History of the Town of Medford.*

"TROTTERING OUT" LONGFELLOW.

But to add to the zest of this up-the-Mississippi trip, you must know that the good boat Northern Bell also bore as one of her passengers the veritable Longfellow. The Historical Society had extended to the poet an invitation to be present at the cornerstone laying, and a distinctly marked trunk, "H. W. Longfellow," coming on board, settled the fact that the author of *Hiawatha* was one of our number. But which is he? was the oft repeated question; and none answered except to guess. At the table each one was looking most intently at the other, to divine which was the poet, and all wondered why every one stared so. This man was pronounced the poet because he wore a moustache; the one because he shaved clean; and we noted that the fact as to who was Longfellow, was settled either by the excess or lack of hair. This doubt in a few hours became unendurable, and the universal cry was to "trot out" Longfellow. Finally, by the aid of the clerk, the number of his state-room was ascertained to be 30, and a guard placed at either door of 30 so that no one could escape thence undetected. Soon the door opened, and Longfellow passed to the deck where were assembled the curious. It was arranged that an old Virginia Major, who had faced the red men in their most savage days at Fort Snelling, should draw from the mysterious passenger an admission that he was the poet Longfellow. The Major, by his age and fund of information regarding the Indians, was a privileged character on board, and stepping up to the occupant of 30, slapped him on the shoulder with—

"Well, old chap, they say you are Longfellow."

"That is my name, sir," was the answer.

"Well," persevered the Major, "are you H. W. Longfellow?"

"I am," replied the now observed of all observers.

"Well," continued the Major, "are you Longfellow, author of—of—of—, what do you call it?"

"*Hiawatha*!" replied a dozen voices.

"Oh, yes! are you H. W. Longfellow, author of *Hiawatha*?"

All eyes were now riveted upon him of state-room 30, for the answer to so direct a question must determine the interesting query. We leave our readers to imagine the scene, when the close questioned occupant of 30 said:

"I am H. W. Longfellow, a shoemaker at St. Paul."

You had better believe that curiosity was sewed up with a "waxed end" in a very short space of time by that reply; a shower of "lap stones" could not more effectually have scattered that party; they started to their feet as if sitting on a "bristle." The "*Song of Hiawatha*," of which at least twenty copies had, up to that moment been constantly open, vanished into satchels, and the poetry of the trip was suddenly changed into the matter-of-fact article of shoe-leather.—*Correspondence of the Cleveland Herald.*

THE BRIDAL CAKE for the imperial marriage in France is thus described in the *Lancet* and *Illustrated News*:—"The cake weighs 320 pounds exclusive of the decorations. The design consists of a group of eight splendid cornucopias overflowing with beautiful flowers, emblematic of Peace and Plenty, and surmounted by a vase of alabaster, elegantly carved, with the eagles of France for supporters. The bouquet for the centre of the cake contains the fleur de lis entwined with the Spanish mine and the Irish shamrock, overladen with the eagle's feather. The whole of the decorations of English manufacture. The entire cake, including the ornaments, was designed and executed within three days. The following are the ingredients of the cake: Dorset butter, 25 lb.; loaf sugar, 84 lbs.; currants, 30 lbs.; raisins, 20 lbs.; flour, 28 lbs.; Jordan almonds, 4 lb.; eggs, 332; lemons, 48; orange, lemon, and citron rings, 24 lbs.; 3 bottles eau-de-vie; 2 bottles creme de Noyeau." There, ladies, you have the recipe that we think you will vainly try to imitate, in view of its vastness. But that cake can produce as good a cake we have no doubt that we have that we shall not get any of the above rich compound.

How to Serve up "Owls"

In the Editors Table of the *Knight's* the annexed anecdote concerning owls, by a respondent:

"It seems that the law only allows parrots and quails to be sold, eaten, or held in possession in any way, from some time in October to January. Yet there are certain persons who are law, and serve the birds under the name of 'owls.' Well, not long ago, at one of these 'lawless' some three or four good fellows met accidentally 'with a view to a few.' Just as they were issuing the necessary orders, a gentleman from Tarrytown stepped in. He was hungry, and hearing Tom, Dick, and Harry, each call for a 'broiled owl,' he thought he'd try 'em' and were plenty about Tarrytown, and if they were delicacy in New York, he could 'get 'em' and shoot some, and pocket the cash for 'em. The owls were served: delicious!—young partridges; hot—on buttered toast! I can tell you, Louis, that they were enjoyed. The Tarrytown gentleman was in ecstasies. A few minutes afterwards he called at the same place, and quietly taking the landlord aside, said:—'How about those Owls? I have had 'em' the largest and fattest you ever saw cooked, and they were so 'all-fired tough' that I could eat 'em!' The landlord 'looked' at him. 'My dear sir, how long did you keep 'em' after they were killed?' 'Oh, I had 'em' right off.' 'Nonsense!' exclaimed the landlord. 'An owl, in order to be right juicy and should hang by his tail-feathers until he is on the ground: then he is in cooking condition. Do you know, sir, that the bird you saw in my house had been hanging by one feather for weeks in August before it fell?' The gentleman saw the gentleman from Tarrytown, he took as a secret in the preparation of game, and variably hung his 'owls' now!"

WELLERISMS.—"Come rest in this house as the turkey said to the stuffing."

"Ours is no common lot," as the turkey when they got into a clover field.

"That's my impression," as the duck said to the dollar.

"If you bite me I'll bite you," as the pig said to the boy.

"I believe there is nobody awake but me," as the cock said to the rising sun.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

"Stirring times," as the hasty pudding said to the spoon.

"I'm blowed if I do," as the trumpet said when it was asked to give a tune.

"I give thee awl," as the shoemaker said to the sole leather.

"Terrible pressure in the money market," the mouse said when the keg of specie reached him.

"Our nets are floating wide," as the fisherman said to their ribbons.



THE LITTLE SCARECROW.

Our picture is a sketch from a painting by T. Dicksee, an English artist of some celebrity. It may be regarded as, in some sort, a pendant to our recent picture of the boy and dog. Here we have a chubby, sturdy, sun-browned, wild-haired little gipsey of a girl—some poor

farmer's daughter—acting as sentry of the grain-field. In her hand she holds a sort of rattle, whose brisk clack scares off the robber crows, two or three of which may be seen in full retreat in the distance. The sunny air—the springing grain—the lush weeds and wild-

flowers around the careless, robust, happy little "nut-brown maid" all tell of the growing season, as she herself tells of the wild, free, merry days of childhood—the delights of tomboy life before pallid propriety has begun its reign.

A SOFT-HEARTED THIEF.

A certain celebrated painter of animals as they never were painted before, and may never be painted again, had painted the portrait of a splendid Newfoundland dog, but he strayed or was stolen as he was returning from his last sitting. His owner was inconsolable; but, knowing the distinguished artist's large and intimate acquaintance with persons who confidentially concern themselves with other people's dogs, repaired to him for advice, and authorised him of the magnificent palette to offer ten pounds reward for the recovery of the missing favorite. The artist soon put himself into communication with one of his private friends, who asked him what kind of dog it was? "Why," says the artist, "look here; this is his picture; should you know him again?" The fellow gazed at the vividly faithful representation for a minute or two intently; and then said, "I think I've got him now; I shall know him if I see him. But what's the tip?" "Ten pounds." "Werry ansome, indeed, and, worth a little trouble; but such a prime hanimal as that 'ere will cost a deal of trouble to get hold on, such uncommon care is taken on 'em by them as has got 'em. Howse'er, I'll do my best;" and again he glued his eyes on the pictured dog, and then withdrew. A month elapsed without tidings of the missing Ten Pounder; but at length, in the dusk of the evening, the great artist was summoned into his painting-room, and there found his confidential agent. "Well, Bill," quoth the former, "any news about the dog? I have given it up." "Oh, no, don't sir," was the reply, with a wink. "I do rally b'lieve I've got him at last. But is the tip all safe still, and no mistake?" "Ay—have it anyway you like." "It an't a check?" asked his astute companion. "No—a ten-pound note, two fives, or sovereigns." "Well—and no questions an't to be asked? lest I should get any friends into trouble?" "Only you bring the dog, my man, and you take the money, and all's done for ever. Honor!" "Well, sir, where that word's said by a gent, there's an end of everything; so the dog will be here in half-an-hour's time, and a pretty business I've had to find him." Half-an-hour's lapse saw this little stroke of business complete, and dog and cash exchanged. "Well now, my man," said the artist, "and it's all over, though I said I wouldn't ask you a question, I can't help it, merely out of curiosity. I give you my honor that I have no other motive, and will take no steps at all in consequence of what you may tell me. Did I ever deceive you?" "No, sir, you never did." "Well—do you know who stole him?" "Quite sure you won't do nothing if I tell you?" "Honor—honor!" "Well, sir, I was the chap as prigg'd him." "You!" echoed the artist with expanded eyes, uplifted hands, and a great start. "Yes, me, sir. I took'd the dog, and no mistake." "Whew! Well—but now I'm more curious still to know why you chose to be so long out of your money—your ten pounds? Why not have brought him back in a few days and got your £10 at once?" "Cos, sir, you see, I sold un to another party for seven pounds, who took such a liking to the creature, that I hadn't the heart to steal un from him, till he'd had a week or two's comfort out on him; but as soon as he had, I know'd how to prig the dog. I, as could do it once, could do it twice—and now you've got what you want; but it sartainly sounds coorions, don't it?" "Why you consummate scamp," quoth the artist, almost splitting with laughter—"you've got seventeen pounds out of the dog!" "Yes, sir, that's the figure, exact," replied the stolid Man of Dogs. "Well, but you impudent vagabond—if you could prig a dog, as you say, once and twice, you may thrice—" "Well, sir, so I may—but this here dog will be looked arter unkimmin close now, and I shan't run no risk." "Well, honor among thieves—eh?" "Quite correct, sir."—*Blackwood.*

Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

ATTEMPT TO TAME A SNAKE.—Of the common English snake, a writer says:—"I have been trying, a great part of this summer, to domesticate a common snake, and make it familiar with me and my children; but all to no purpose, notwithstanding I favored it with my most particular attention. It was a most beautiful creature, only two feet seven inches long. I did not know how long it had been without food when I caught it; but I presented it with frogs, toads, worms, beetles, spiders, mice, and every other delicacy of the season. I also tried to charm it with music, and my children stroked and caressed it; but all in vain—it would be no more familiar with any of us than if we had been the greatest strangers to it, or even its greatest enemies. I kept it in an old barrel, out of doors, for the first three weeks; during that time, I can aver, it ate nothing; but, after a very wet night, it seemed to suffer from the cold. I then put it into a glass vessel, and set it on the parlor chimney-piece, covering the vessel with a piece of silk gauze. I caught two live mice, and put them into it; but they would sooner have died of hunger than the snake would have eaten them: they sat shivering on its back, while it lay coiled up as round as a ball of worsted. I gave the mice some boiled potatoes, which they ate: but the snake would eat neither the mice nor the potatoes. My children frequently took it out in their hands, to show it to their schoolfellows; but my wife, and some others, could not bear the sight of it. I one day took it in my hand, and opened its mouth with a penknife, to show a gentleman how different it was from the adder, which I had dead by me; its teeth being no more formidable or terrific than the teeth of a trout or eel; while the mouth of the adder had two fangs, like the claws of a cat, attached to the roof of the mouth, no way connected with its jaw-teeth. While examining the snake in this manner, it began to smell most horridly, and filled the room with an abominable odor; I also felt, or thought I felt, a kind of prickly numbness in the hand I held it in, and did so for some weeks afterwards. It made its escape from me several times by boring a hole through the gauze; I had lost it for some days at one time, when at length it was observed peeping out of a mouse-hole behind one of the cellar steps. Whether it had caught any beetles or spiders in the cellar, I cannot say; but it looked as fierce as a hawk, and hissed and shook its tongue, as in open defiance. I could not think of hurting it by smoking it out with tobacco or brimstone; but called it my fiery dragon which guarded my ale cellar. At length I caught it, coiled up on one of the steps. I put it again into an American flour-barrel; but it happened not to be the same as he had been in, and I observed a nail protruding through the staves about half-way up. This, I suppose, he had made use of to help his escape for he was missing one morning."

The "refrain" of the popular song "Pop Goes the Weasel" is a complaint of some unlucky person who has been obliged to resort to the residence of my uncle, popularly known as a pop-shop. "To pop" is to pawn or hypothecate, and "weasel" is a corruption of *vaisselle* (plate), a word introduced simultaneously with the Lombard fashion of pawning.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—American literature is degenerating into a vast stream of milk and water. A great literary apostasy is demoralizing it. Authors write, not because they have a true or a beautiful word to say, and because the *astrus* of their conception drives them to speak, but because they see, with the sharp little eyes of business men, that the popular throat is agape for such a morsel, and that they can prepare the morsel. A whole book, whose staple is the unblushing narrative, by a discarded suitor, of the details of his chase! What a culmination of literary immorality.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

LORD HOLLAND.—The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their temper, and an eyewitness says that they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

SPONGING IT.

The last dodge we have heard of in connection with the State Liquor Law, occurred recently at one of our fashionable drinking saloons. An individual walked up to the counter, and demanded a dime bottle of brandy. Now the rule is to charge fifteen cents unless an empty bottle is furnished in return for the one received; and the consumer laid only a dime on the counter, the extra five cents was demanded.

"I don't want the bottle," said he, "I want the cork."

"The liquor can't be drank on the premises," replied the bar-keeper.

"I aint going to drink it on the premises," replied the other; and the bar-keeper, supposing that he had some vessel to pour it into, drew the cork, when the gentleman quietly pulled out a sponge from his pocket, and poured the liquor into it; then taking his seat, commenced sucking it.

"You see," said he, nodding complacently at the bar-keeper, "I aint going contrary to the rule, for the law says the stuff shan't be drank on the premises."

The bystanders came to the conclusion that a stranger would make an appropriate present for Illinois, being decidedly the greatest present of them all.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

LUTHER MARTIN AND THE YOUNG LAWYER. We heard an anecdote of this kind from a lawyer, a few days ago, which we remembered to have met with in print; but it is so good that it will do to tell again.

Martin was, on one occasion riding to Annapolis, in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer, just commencing the study of law. After some familiar conversation the young gentleman said:

"Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession—few men have gained so many cases—will you communicate to me, a novice, the secret of your wondrous success?"

"I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days in Annapolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "will be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely—*Deny everything, and insist upon proof.*"

On reaching Annapolis Luther Martin was a very self-denying in the enjoyment of a fine hotel. The substantial and generous refreshments were dispatched in a manner gratifying to mine host. The time for supper length came. The man and Martin stood up at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous; but on glancing at it he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who, running his eye over it leisurely, returned it to the utmost gravity.

"Don't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not go the route downward, that you would defray my expenses at the hotel?" "My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "I deny everything, and insist upon proof."

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and, giving his young friend a moment or two to look pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel, young man, you don't need any counsel," said he.—*Marlborough Gazette.*

As the polite omnibus agent of the Lexington and Louisville Railroad was passing through the ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to Louisville. She replied, "No, sir." The agent then asked her if she would take a bus. She gave him a very sweet smile and replied, "No, sir, I am not in a busing humor this evening." The agent dropped his memorandum book, and, returning to the baggage, said he felt unwell.

Mr. —, of the eating house, told me the other day because a waiter had put up the boiled potatoes, and after cooking them for an hour, he had to fry them to barbarism.

There is a paper cheese press. It is a small wooden box, it does not throw off a great deal of steam, it is a flea-bitten lodger in a cheap house, and it has six cylinder presses.

Letter from Nantucket.

Departure from Boston—Routes to the Island—
View from the Tower of the Unitarian Church—
The Town and its Institutions—Fishes—
The People—A Visit to Siasconset—Sharks.

NANTUCKET, July, 1855.

To the Boston Journal:

I address you to-day from the highest apartment of the tallest spire which rises above the chimney tops of the good old town of Nantucket. The town lies spread before me like a panorama, and after enjoying for the space of half an hour the extensive view which my elevated position commands, I have leisurely seated myself to jot down with pencil and paper a few reminiscences of the town and island. It is now two days since I responded to a call from a friend to fly with him for a brief period from the hurry and bustle of business in our goodly "city of notions," and hasten to some corner of the world remote from the smoky streets and never ceasing roar of the metropolis. Hastily packing a well-worn valise with a few necessary articles, I bade farewell to the city walls, and together we sought the far-famed shore over which in this high station we now hold watch and ward.

There are at present two much travelled routes from Boston to Nantucket, and both possess in pleasant weather many attractions. One of them is by way of the railroad and car to New Bedford, and thence by steamboat to this town, and the other is via the Cape Cod Railroad to Hyannis, and thence by steamer across the water a distance of some twenty miles. The Hyannis route has less steamboat traveling than the other, and the steamboat plies daily. The New Bedford steamboat plies but three times a week. The competition upon these routes is such that the through fare has been reduced to a dollar and a half upon each. Being a great admirer of steamboat traveling, I chose the New Bedford route, and arrived in that city at about ten o'clock on a beautiful, cool summer's morning. I was then conveyed in a hack to the fine steamboat Eagle's Wing, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, after brief detentions at Woods' and Holmes' Holes, was landed safely at Nantucket, and took up my residence at the Ocean House, the only hotel in the place.

The whole town is now, as I have said, spread out before me. The houses, some new and fresh, and some bearing the marks of extreme old age, are at my feet, and the five long wharves which project into the harbor seem from this lofty height like monstrous arms stretching forth from the town to invade the domains of Neptune. Behind me, to the southward, stretches for miles the "Nantucket Common," a great undulating plain, rising from thirty to fifty feet above the level of the sea, barren and sandy, and destitute of the larger varieties of vegetation. It is dotted here and there with little ponds, in some of which perch abound in great numbers. At a distance of two or three miles beyond the "Common," which although now so bare, was many years ago, like Cape Cod, covered with forest, the rays of the declining sun shine upon the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic Ocean.

Nantucket can hardly be considered one of the fashionable watering places of New England; nevertheless it is resorted to by many parties of ladies and gentlemen coming from all sections of the country, although chiefly from New Bedford and other neighboring cities. Many parties of young men also visit it for the purpose of enjoying the fine sea fishing which it affords. The town is nothing more than a large fishing station, having about eight thousand five hundred inhabitants. It has an excellent harbor which is nearly land-locked, and may be entered by vessels drawing eight and a half feet of water. It contains ten churches, and as many as twenty-five good schools. Two newspapers are published in the town, and it boasts a number of handsome buildings. The Nantucket Athenæum has a library of several thousand volumes, and museum of interesting curiosities, chiefly brought by whalers from the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The Coffin School is an institution which was founded in the year 1827, by a donation from Sir Isaac Coffin, of the British navy, who, finding upon a visit to the Island that a large part of the inhabitants were more or less remotely related to him, took this method of conferring upon his kindred a mark of his attachment. The Nantucket people take excellent care of the intellectual welfare of their children, and as for the poor—for there are some poor persons in Nantucket—they lodge them in one of the most stylish and imposing edifices in the town.

As a fishing town, Nantucket has acquired a world-wide celebrity. Its inhabitants are almost all fishermen, and during my very brief stay here I have met hardly a man who has not been around Cape Horn. Of late years, however, the glory of the town has, in a measure

departed, having been stolen from it by the young colony of whale fishers which it sent forth from its overflowing wharves to establish the whaling business in New Bedford. As has often been the case in the history of the world, the colony has outgrown its parent country, and is now to Nantucket what in ancient times the city of Carthage became to Tyre. Owing to this and other causes the population has considerably decreased within the past few years. Nevertheless a great whaling business is still carried on, and some seventy or eighty vessels are yet employed in the trade. Many of the resident fishermen are accustomed to go out daily to some neighboring fishing ground, and return towards the close of the day with a boat load of fish—usually either sword-fish or blue-fish. These are generally sold fresh to the inhabitants of the town. When there is a surplus quantity, the fish are salted and packed in kegs. It is interesting to visit the wharves in the afternoon and watch the boats as they come in. Towards sunset the market tables and booths in the streets always send forth on every side a fish like but wholesome smell, as the amphibious fishermen dress and display their wares to customers.

In passing through the streets of Nantucket the stranger is struck with the multiplicity of old Nantucket names, such as Coffin and Bunker which appear upon the signs. The most fishy sign which I have noticed as yet, during my stay, was that of "Bodfish & Fisher."

The people of Nantucket are noted for their hospitality and courtesy to strangers. I have been, since my arrival, treated with polite cordiality by all with whom I have been brought in contact, and I have invariably found every one ready to impart any information or render any assistance in his power to make the visit of the stranger an interesting and agreeable one. A little miss of four years, of whom I asked a question, replied promptly and prettily, and in response to my "Thank you my little girl," dropped a graceful courtesy, and said, in lisping accents, "You're welcome, sir."

The island of Nantucket is about fifteen miles in length from east to west, and nearly four miles in average breadth. It was formerly a great sheep raising place, and as many as five hundred cows and seven thousand sheep were wont to feed together on the Common. The annual sheep washing was a gala day among the people. Now, however, there are few cattle and scarcely any sheep. None are allowed to feed at large upon the plain.

I have remarked that the town of Nantucket, although an excellent place for fishing, and a glorious place for health, is not exactly a watering place. But upon the south-east side of the island, seven miles from the town, and easily accessible by means of a horse and buggy or by a "tillbury," as the little carts are called which are so much in use upon the island, is the village of Siasconset, where, near the sea beach is an excellent hotel, kept by a lady—Mrs. Parker. The village comprises about sixty houses, the greater part of which are fishermen's cabins. Some of the wealthy citizens of Nantucket have beautiful cottages here which they occupy in the warmer months as summer residences. I took a ride across the island to Siasconset last evening. The road across the plain is nothing more than a series of wheel tracks side by side. As fast as one track is worn through the surface to the loose sand, another one is made beside it, and so in some places there are as many as a dozen parallel carriage paths. Siasconset is a famous place for sharks, and during my tarry there a party of gentlemen landed from a whale boat with a cargo of five of these unsightly creatures, which they had captured at a short distance from the shore. Their length ranged from six to eight feet. Colonel Fremont, of Rocky Mountain renown, was one of the fishermen, and exhibited a shark of about seven feet in length as a specimen of his prowess. These sharks, which are often taken upon different parts of the New England shore, are called "sand sharks," and should not be confounded with the man-eaters of the warmer seas. Their physical construction is different, and their teeth are quite unlike those of their more formidable brethren, and are set comparatively loosely in their jaws. I believe that no case was ever known of a man being attacked by one of them.

There was quite a large party of ladies and gentlemen residing at the Siasconset hotel, and it was not until a late hour in the evening that I sprang into my buggy and turned my horse's head in the direction of Nantucket. After some slightly erratic wanderings from the road, to and fro among the bushes and bellows of the plain, to the evident astonishment of the unfortunate horse, who seemed to think that he knew the way better than his drivers. I arrived safe in town and retired to rest, firm in the belief that Nantucket was one of the pleasantest and most wonderful places in the world.

POOR PAY.

It is a fact not to be denied that among the odd millions of people who inhabit this world of ours, there are some who really deserve the name of mean. Among this number might properly be classed Farmer Holdfast. He was a rich man, the owner of many a broad acre, which yielded him annually a handsome revenue. It was Farmer Holdfast's motto that anything which he could get for nothing was so much gain. One day he was at work in the hay-field, when he chanced to see a Mr. Williams, a poor neighbor with a large family dependent on him for support.

"Halloa, neighbor," said Farmer Holdfast, "if you aint in a hurry, I should like to have you lend a hand for a few minutes. Nothing like being neighborly, you know."

Supposing he only wanted him for a few minutes, Williams jumped over the wall and went to work. He worked with a good will. The farmer was particularly facetious and whiled away the time by anecdote, so that the forenoon insensibly slipped away.

"Of course he wont let me go without paying me," thought Williams, as he laid down his rake, and said he believed he must go, as it was about his dinner-time.

"Why, bless me, so it is, Mr. Williams," said the farmer, as if he had just waked up to the fact. "I didn't intend to keep you so long. Hope it haint been any inconvenience to you. I'm very much obliged to you for what you have done. I'll remember you in my prayers!"

Williams left without a word. He thought it was rather poor pay for three hours' work in a hay-field beneath the hot sun of a July forenoon.

—Yankee Blade.

Jester's Picnic.

When Mr. Adam's dog Carlo was poisoned, Ike attempted an elegy upon him, and began thus:

"Poor Carlo, he is dead and gone,
And he wont come back any more;
I wish the fellow that plizened him
Could be served the same sauce."

The divine "flatness" here gave out, but as he read the lines to Mrs. Partington, her face lighted up with pride, like the bright bottom of her tin pail in the ruddy rays of the coal fire.

"There," said she, as she felt in her pocket for a cent, "that's what I call genius, and seems to warrant the predicament that you will some day be a learned man if you only know enough, and write minus poems, as all the great writers do. I would be more proud to have it so than to have you the dolphin of France, or the prince of whales."

She chased the cent into a corner, and Ike held out his hand to receive a large horn button that she had mistaken for a cent. Four marbles, and any quantity of subsequent winnings, faded from that young gentleman's mind as the valueless horn touched his waiting palm.

A Yankee gentleman, conveying a British gentleman around to view the different objects of attraction in the city of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the spot where Warren fell."

"Ah," replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

The native looked at him with an expression of fourteen 4th of Julys in his countenance.

"Hurt him!" exclaimed he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah, he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

CARPETS vs. BLANKETS.

There is a town up in New Hampshire, where so little is known of the appliances of modern days, that throughout the village, until the debut of Rev. M—, who had just moved in from Massachusetts, there was not a carpeted room. Of this the minister was not aware, or perhaps he would have hesitated at the idea of indulging in such an unwonted article of luxury. One day a young farmer, having occasion to visit the minister, was shown by the minister's daughter into the "best room."

When the minister came down to see him, he found him sitting on a chair on the door-sill, with his legs extending out into the entry. Amazed and somewhat puzzled at this unexpected sight, Mr. M., asked him why he didn't go into the parlor.

"O," said he, "I was afraid of spilin' your blanket by treadin' on it!"

His amazement may be imagined, when informed that the "blanket" was a permanent fixture at the room, and was kept for the very purpose of being trodden on. This anecdote which may appear a little like exaggeration, is, the reader may be assured, perfectly true.—Manchester Mirror.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.—Even at home there are few persons who have not experienced the necessity and convenience of having, at least, some slight knowledge of the French language, but, in going abroad, it is actually indispensable. Mr. Mason, U. S. Minister to France, has been the subject of a great many jokes on this account, as when he received the appointment he did not understand a word of French, and from all accounts, he has not made very wonderful progress in the new tongue. The last story is as follows:—The Minister, soon after his arrival at the Court in which he was appointed, was invited to a diplomatic soiree. At these soirees, no matter in what part of Europe, the language of etiquette is French. But our Minister knew but few words of that language, and, as English is but little spoken, he found himself in a very awkward position. The arrival of the English Minister naturally gave him great relief; but as this gentleman could not spend the whole evening with him, he was soon obliged to excuse himself, and leave our Minister again to his embarrassment. As he was leaving, however, he suddenly turned round on perceiving the Count B——, Minister from ——, and said to the American Minister,

"Oh, there is Count B——, who speaks English!"

This was a god-send for the gentleman in a dilemma, who immediately begged to be presented, and was in a moment in conversation with the gentleman who spoke his mother tongue only. The motive of the introduction not being understood by Count B——, conversation commenced and terminated as follows:

Count B.—"Mais vous parlez Francais Monsieur?"

(You speak French, sir?)

Minister.—"On peu!" (Un peu—a little.) "Vous parlez—English?" (You—speak—English?)

Count B.—"A small?"

BOILING A TEA-KETTLE.—Which is the most trying to a woman—a greenhorn of a servant girl, or a stove that "won't draw" the day she expects company?

Mrs. Jones hired, the other day, a Miss McDermott, just from Cork. Miss McDermott was ordered to "boil the tea-kettle."

"The what?"

"The tea-kettle."

"An' do you mane that?"

"Certainly—if I did not, I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it."

"Yes, marm."

Miss McDermott obeyed orders. In about half an hour afterwards Mrs. Jones resumed the conversation.

"Where's the tea-kettle, Bridget?"

"In the dinner-pot, marm."

"In the dinner-pot!"

"You told me to boil it, marm, and I've had a scald on it for nearly an hour."

Mrs. Jones could bear no more.

THE CENSUS.—The following colloquy took place between the census marshal and native of Germany:

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What's your name?"

"Sharmany, on the Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix fer Staw."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboats."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw—two barrels mit krout."

"How long have you resided in this house?"

"Two rooms and der basements."

"Who owns the building?"

"I pays noting. Hanse pays der same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you came up mit der market in your right hand, perhind der pump vat belongs to der blacksmid shops."

The peasants of Huntingdonshire are proverbial for their boorishness. One day a lady riding through the grounds of a friend to whom she was on a visit, found the gate closed which was the outlet from the fields to the high road; a peasant boy stepped forward, and bowing, opened the gate that she might pass.

"What is your name," asked the lady.

"Tummas," said the boy, with another bow.

"Ah!" replied the lady, giving him a shilling,

"I see you are not a Huntingdonshire boy—you are so civil;" to which the urchin quickly rejoined,

"Thee'rt a liar. I be."

THE CONCORD OF SWEET SOUNDS.

We find the following decidedly good story in the Paris correspondence of the New York Express. It will be appreciated by musical gentlemen with weak nerves:

The sleeping apartments of two gentlemen belonging to different grades of the upper classes, joined each other. M. de V—— passed his nights in amusing himself at his club, and came home to go to bed at 5 o'clock in the morning. M. de P——, his neighbor, rose at 6 o'clock, and, being an enthusiastic lover of music, commenced "practicing" at the piano. This arrangement not being precisely agreeable to M. de V——, that worthy entreated his neighbor to restrain his enthusiasm until four or five hours later in the day. M. de P—— coolly responded that his enthusiasm was of the nature of the "noon-gun," in the garden of the Palais Royal, and was "bound to go off" at the regular hour.

The nocturnal gentleman appealed to a neighboring Commissary of Police. He was laughed at for his pains, and advised to go to bed at a reasonable hour. He had a lease for six years; he tried to rent also the apartments of the musician, but found that he, too, had agreed with the landlord for a term of six years. That plan was, therefore, indefensible. Should he send the musician a challenge? Upon inquiry he learned that the object of his resentment was an invalid, and never quitted his room. As a sort of dernier resort, M. de V—— caused his walls to be lined with thick mattresses; but this did not exclude the horrible matinal music. M. de V—— concluded to commence the aggressive. He bought an enormous *cor de chasse*, and made his servant keep up a fearful din throughout the night. M. de P——, the piano man, cited his neighbor before a magistrate, and caused him to be fined for a misdemeanor—blowing the French horn for amusement being only permitted during the last days of the Carnival. M. de V—— bought a hammer, and pounded with all his might upon the wall. M. de P—— waited until he and the servant were both exhausted with their exertions and then recommenced his piano. All this time M. de V—— could get no sleep at all. The hammer wouldn't do—that was clear. The noise couldn't be kept up long enough. He must invent something that would be lasting and incessant in its din. The piano must be forced to capitulate. A hand-organ passed one day under M. de V——'s window. He called in the proprietor, a Savoyard, and purchased the instrument. It was an organ which had been frozen during its passage across the Alps, and had never since been tuned. M. de V—— bought a patent turnspit, which ran eight days without being wound up but once, and "adapted it" to his hand organ. When all was ready, he put his organ close to his neighbor's wall, and set the turnspit in motion. M. de P—— stood it bravely for nineteen hours, at the end of which time he concluded to send a bearer of a flag of truce. He was informed that M. de V—— had gone into the country for eight days, and had carried the key of his apartment with him. At the present writing the organ is in rapid motion, and M. de P—— is trying to underlet his rooms—though with small chances of success.

ABOUT POETRY.—We were conversing with a young lady, some few evenings ago, at a literary reunion, and as she had been introduced as a poetess, we of course touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she had run through the stereotyped list of favorite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred according that distinguished position to Shakspeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried, "Why, Shakspeare wasn't a poet; his plays don't rhyme."—Exchange.

FRANCE.—France is the empire of bagatelle. Its idea is amusement. Its pleasures are all refined, and are made the most of. The women are graceful and beautiful, but the control of a French Cupid is never longer than a few days at most. French life wants veracity; still, underlying all this levity, there is much of good in the French character. Nature has scattered generous and beautiful souls among them—Fenelon, Montesquieu, Pascal—and noble and beautiful women, who have made France the centre of letters. The sense they give to love is a bar to their civilization. They should cultivate sterner and haughtier virtues.—Emerson.

MRS. DOBBS AND MRS. HOBBS.

The other day, as worthy Mrs. Dobbs Was cleansing house, with sand and soap and water,

The door-bell rang, and in came Mrs. Hobbs And Miss Augusta, Mrs. Hobbs's daughter. Miss Bridget led the way into the parlor. And then returned her mistress to obtain. "T is Mrs. Hobbs, mem, that confounded amine! The one you wished would never come again."

Said Mrs. Dobbs, "It's true as I'm alive, I thought that pesky hussy would know better Than come in here to-day—but I'll contrive To be respectful—what on earth beset her— That good-for-nothing, tattling, meddling jade, To call on me again—but I'll be civil; I'll go and don my very best brocade— Indeed, I'd do no less, were she the d—!"

"I'll wager you a sixpence she has gone," Said Mrs. Hobbs, in private to Augusta. "To put her ribbons, gimp and feathers on. Did you observe the entry way how dusty? The dirty vixen, see the cobwebs there, Up in the corner, and such nasty widows; 'Don't stop to tea, ma, for I cannot bear To eat her cooking, more'n I could the Hindoo!"

The door swings in, and enter Mrs. Dobbs. Her face is changed to one not quite so crusty. "How do you do, my dearest Mrs. Hobbs. And also, how is pretty Miss Augusta? Take off your things and stop till after tea. Why do you make yourself so much a stranger? We fear we'll wear your patience, Mrs. D. I think of that there is no sort of danger."

"Come, Mrs. Hobbs, now do take off your bonnet. And you, Augusta, I am so glad you've come. Why, what a pretty hat you have, and on it These trimmings quite become you, darling. I must make some excuses, Mrs. Hobbs. We're cleaning house to-day, and dirty work. 'Nay, now you wrong yourself, kind Mrs. Dobbs. Your house is looking very neat and clean."

But we are in a hurry, and must go On farther down to do a little shopping— Whenever I call here, I hardly know, How fast time goes, it is so pleasant stopping. We're half inclined already to sit down And take a cup of tea with you, and risk Augusta says there never can be found The woman half your equal making biscuits. But we must go so, Mrs. Dobbs, good day. "Good day! you both must call again soon!" Said Mrs. Hobbs, "I'm glad to get away!" Said Mrs. Dobbs, "I'm very glad they're gone!"

PSALMODY VS. I.

Snooks had occasion to call Dominie Thomas Atrachard w Glasgow. "Is the Dominie in?" he a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at hame, but he's no in," lady. "He's in the yard, sooperintenders, the carpenter. Ye can see him your business is vera precise."

Snooks assented, and walked the door pointed to him into the yard beheld a carpenter briskly planing a air of "Maggie Lauder," and the wor standing by. Unwilling to intrude conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, better cask, and heard:

"Sauners!"—no answer from the "Sauners, I say! Can ye no hear?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye!"

"Can ye no whistle some mair goodly tune while ye're at your work?"

"A weel, minister, be ye'll do it." Upon which, he played a dead march in Saul, and what was now painful to him looked on some minutes.

"Sauners, I had anith' Did the guidwife hire ye by the job?"

"The day's darg was about it. Then on the whole, I just as weel gae back to w Lauder."—Scotch Guardian

"Charley," said a father, they were working at a saw-sesses you to associate with such do? When I was of your with girls of the first cut, always a slab," said the son, as old man in rolling over a log.

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentle whose husband was a brakeman, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones is on the cars?" "No, not at all, killed I know I shall be paid Mr. Williams got \$40 for his run over by the cars a few days."

A Chinese widow being found tomb of her deceased husband, asked the cause of so sing showing her grief, accounted for that he had made her promise again while the mortar of his and as it dried but slowly, she the operation.



ANCIENT OAK IN WESTPHALIA.

We present to our readers this week an engraving of a celebrated oak which is still flourishing near Korthingshausen Castle in Westphalia. It stands in the forest district of Birkenschlag, about ten minutes' walk from the castle, and is, according to connoisseurs, more than a thousand years old. This oak stands above seventy feet high, its trunk near the

ground measures 39½ feet round, and it exceeds both in height and girth the largest oaks of France and Sweden. Some years ago this oak was a favorite retreat of the foxes, but since they have been driven away and the inner surface has been preserved by charring, there is a space in the interior in which twenty-four persons can stand upright. This space is kept

locked, and an oaken staircase leading to two platforms with balusters, form resting places in the branches of the oak. Although there is a good deal of dead wood, still the oak yearly becomes green, and then forms a magnificent leafy canopy. The old tree still possesses so much vitality that the hinges of the door in the trunk have become embedded 3 in. in new bark.

Oct 9th	1/2 Handles 3/	Oct 11th	1/2 Handles 3/	Oct 11th	1/2 Handles 3/
" 15th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 15th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 15th	1/2 Handles 3/
" 29th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 29th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 29th	1/2 Handles 3/
Nov 6th	1/2 Handles 3/	Nov 6th	1/2 Handles 3/	Nov 6th	1/2 Handles 3/
" 8th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 8th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 8th	1/2 Handles 3/
" 29th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 29th	1/2 Handles 3/	" 29th	1/2 Handles 3/

5 24
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JACK'S ACCOUNT: AND THE WAY HE SETTLED IT.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE good brig Cynthia had already cast off her shore-fasts from one of the wharves in Norfolk, when Capt. Boltman came on board to take charge. The crew were all on deck when he arrived, and, as may be supposed, they exercised all their knowledge of physiognomy upon the person of the superior officer, but the result of their observation was far from satisfactory, for the captain was one of those rare exceptions who seem to be entirely shut up within themselves, and from whose quiet, unmoved appearance there is no judging of character. The owner of the brig introduced Capt. Boltman to the first mate, and the first mate, in turn, introduced him to the crew; but he made no remark on the occasion, and his eyes, which were very small, but of no particular color, merely ran along over the forms of the hardy tars with no other expression than might have been expected from pieces of glass.

"What might I call your name?" asked the captain, of the first mate.

"William Brewer, sir," replied the mate, not a little astonished at the question, seeing that the owner had given the name but a few minutes before.

"Well, Mr. Brewer, is the brig ready for sailing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may turn the hands up and get her out of this as soon as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the mate, and forthwith he commenced the necessary operations.

During the whole process of getting under way Capt. Boltman made no remark, nor did he issue any directions, but a careful observer might have seen, that, calm and quiet as appeared his eyes, they were nevertheless drinking in every movement of the crew, and ever and anon, as he turned in his bout upon the quarter-deck, those small orbs of his would fall towards his feet, as if to hide some sparkle of premonition that might for the moment be called up.

That night the appearance of the new captain was discussed at length in the fore-castle, and many and varied were the opinions advanced.

"Blow me, if I like the cut of his jib, any how," said Jack Danforth, a young seaman who knew a great deal more of his business than many who were older.

"Nor I, neither," returned Tom Dunlap, an old salt, and a good one. "I don't like the looks of his eye at all. It's just like our old fore-castle deck-light,—it lets in some light, but you can't see through it no more'n you could through a windlass. I tell you, boys, we shall have trouble afore the voyage is up, now mark me. I've seen just such a covey afore, and sailed with him, too."

"Well," replied Jack Danforth, "there's one comfort, at any rate. There's too many of us aboard the Cynthia for him, in case he should be ugly, and I, for one, will agree to stand by my shipmates to the last."

"Ye are right there, Jack," said Mike Mulvany, "an' it's meself that'll be after standin' by the side iv ye."

All hands agreed to stand by each other to resist any oppression that might be started, at the same time resolving that no act of theirs should give reasonable occasion for trouble.—For a week things went on pretty well, but still the crew were fully satisfied that Capt. Boltman was a "tartar." He had not yet spoken an angry word, to be sure, for he had hardly spoken at all, but more than once there had been seen a livid spot upon either cheek, and occasionally the sparkle of his eyes would show anything but a kind disposition. Had Capt. Boltman sworn a round oath when anything displeased him, and "ripped out" all that he felt, the men would have been very well satisfied,—but he never swore—never flew into a passion, and with the

exception of the livid spot upon the cheek, which was generally accompanied by a kind of ghastly smile, and the peculiar sparkle of the odd-colored eyes, his face always looked the same. The sails might flap against the masts in a dead calm, or the sheets might stretch and the yards buckle before the sweeping gale, but not a muscle in the face of the captain moved to tell that he noticed the difference.

One pleasant morning Capt. Boltman came upon deck, and after looking for a moment at the compass, and then up at the sails, he commenced his usual morning's exercise of pacing the quarter-deck. Perhaps he had walked thus for the space of ten minutes—it was not more than that—when he suddenly stopped opposite the belaying-pin of the maintop-sail haulyards, and after gazing several minutes at the turns of the rope he turned to his mate and said:

"Mr. Brewer, find out the man who belayed that haulyard and send him aft."

Jack Danforth proved to be the man, and he was consequently ordered aft.

"Did you belay that rope?" asked the captain, as Jack made his appearance.

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, as he cast his eyes towards the haulyards.

"Let's see,—your name is Danforth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Danforth, have you any recollection of my orders with regard to the method to be observed in belaying the running rigging?"

"Yes, sir. I remember that you wanted us to take two turns and stop with a half-hitch."

"Does that look like two turns and a half-hitch?" asked Capt. Boltman, in a kind of smothered, grating voice.

"'Twas dark, sir, when we shook out the reef," explained Jack, "and as I had to spring for the braces, I didn't stop to think of your little orders."

"Very well," returned the captain without giving the least intimation of what he was going to do. "Perhaps you will remember it hereafter."

As he spoke, and just as Jack was upon the point of making some answer, he doubled his powerful fist, and without even so much as saying "take that," he hit young Danforth a blow upon the face that laid him prostrate upon the deck. As the blood began to flow from the wound, the men, who had collected in the gangway, made a simultaneous move towards the quarter-deck; but Capt. Boltman was prepared for them, for very coolly turning towards the binnacle as though unaware that he had done anything uncommon, he drew a pistol from his pocket and faced his crew. He still wore that same bloodless expression of countenance, but yet there was something in his manner and position, and in the loaded pistol by his side, that warned the men not to venture too far.

From this time forward Capt. Boltman acted up to the *modus operandi* he had so summarily commenced in the case of Jack Danforth, and nearly every day one or more of the crew were made the subjects of his panther-like disposition. There is a peculiarity in the government of the sea-going vessel that pertains to no other system. The captain, from the very nature of his trust, must be clothed with supreme authority, and if, perchance, he be a tiger, there is but little hopes of overcoming his power by the crew, for few there be who can muster up the assurance to openly resist so important a personage as "the captain." Then Boltman always had a loaded pistol in his pocket, except, indeed, when he held it in his hand, and this aided him in his despotic sway. But for all his herculean strength and his vigilant eye, Jack Danforth determined that he would settle his account with the captain before he left the brig, and he watched narrowly for the means by which it could be done.

Day after day passed, and still Capt. Boltman went on with his heartless cruelty,—sometimes with his fist, sometimes with a rope's end, and often with a handspike, did he deal out his blows upon the persons of his sailors, and not until the brig arrived at Malaga was there any cessation of this continued tyranny.

The cargo was all consigned to Messrs. B. & Brother, and to them also was entrusted the care of procuring a cargo of wines for shipment to the States, so that in ten days after the Cynthia dropped her anchor in the harbor of Malaga she was ready for the return, but not so the seamen,—they had made up their minds that they would not return to the States under the command of Capt. Boltman, and under the direction of Jack Danforth they hoped to accomplish their object. They might have deserted the brig, but that they had no desire to do; for the chances of getting home by other shipments were scarce, and they therefore came to the determination that the tyrant captain should be left behind; but in order to do this it was necessary that the affair should be carried on secretly, for the mate could not well join in any plot, nor did the men dare to lay themselves liable to conviction of open mutiny.

The night before the brig was to sail was particularly dark and drizzly, and early in the evening Mr. Brewer took five of the men on board the long-boat and went on shore after fresh provisions, leaving the captain and the rest of the crew to take charge of the vessel. The mate had the most strict injunctions not to allow a man to leave the boat, and above all to be off as early as possible, as everything was in readiness to heave up the anchor by day-light. Of course the mate gave a kind of silent assent to these orders, but the men in the long-boat knew very well that he would never think of enforcing them, for Mr. Brewer would give his men liberty whenever opportunity afforded.

The huge bell of the old cathedral struck the hour of eight just after the long-boat put off from the brig, and as it struck nine Capt. Boltman was pacing up and down the quarter-deck anxiously awaiting the return of the mate. The last dull echoes of the old bell had hardly ceased reverberating among the surrounding hills when the captain was aroused from his reverie by the plash of oars directly under the bows of the brig, and reaching his head over the rail, he hailed:

"Boat ahoy!"

"Hallo!" returned some one in the boat.

"What boat is that?"

"From the police," returned he of the boat.

"Is this the brig Cynthia?"

"Yes."

"Is Captain Boltman on board?"

"That is my name," returned the captain, as the boat came alongside.

Before Boltman could fairly comprehend what was actually taking place, he found himself confronted by a Spanish officer and six soldiers, while in the rear stood an old man whose dress and beard betokened him to be one of those fishermen who live in their small open boats along the coasts. The lantern at the gangway did not give light enough to reveal countenances, but the officer soon produced one of his own, and throwing its rays full upon the captain's face, he turned to the old fisherman and asked:

"Is that the man, Antoine?"

"Yes, that is him," replied the fisherman, in broken English.

"You are sure of it, are you?"

"Yes, I am. That is the man who smuggled the goods."

"How? What does all this mean?" asked the captain.

"Simply that this fisherman accuses you of having used his boat for the purpose of smuggling," replied the officer, "and by command of the governor we are here to arrest you."

Boltman was in the act of springing back as the officer closed his sentence, but the old fisherman seemed to understand him, for with the quickness of lightning he sprang upon him, and with the assistance of the soldiers the captain was secured ere he could draw his favorite pistol. It would have been no easy matter for even the six soldiers to have overcome the powerful man had he been aware of their intentions, but as he was taken entirely by surprise he had little chance for resistance, and amid the most bitter threats of vengeance he was borne over the gangway. In vain was it that he called upon the

men on board the brig to help him, and in vain that he threatened to flay them alive; or they dared not resist the officers of the Spanish law, and, in fact, they did not feel much desire that way.

"You shall swing for this," muttered Boltman, as the boat shoved off from the brig. "You may treat your own people as you like, but by the mother that bore me, you shall not insult an American citizen with impunity."

"We bear your consul's orders," replied the officer, "and if you are an innocent man you have nothing to fear."

The prisoner had the will to do a great deal of damage, but he had not the power, and so he very wisely kept quiet; but nevertheless the occasional glances which he bestowed upon the old fisherman betokened that in case of his accidental freedom Antoine might do well to look out for "number one." The captain's attention was, however, very soon called in another direction, for, instead of going towards the town, the boat was being pulled off towards a point of land that makes out to the eastward, and ere long it became evident that the intended landing place was distant several miles from Malaga. Capt. Boltman asked, in no very pleasant manner, the meaning of all this, but the only answer he received was a slight chuckle from the old fisherman. He thought he recognized the sound of that chuckle, but then he knew nothing, and after asking many unanswered questions, and making many fearful threats, he at length leaned back in the stern-sheets and silently awaited the end of his adventure.

At the end of an hour the boat turned her head in towards a small creek that makes up between Malaga and Veloz, and by directions from the fisherman the oarsmen pulled within its narrow limits, and after having reached a distance inland of about half a mile, they stopped directly beneath the walls of an old, dilapidated stone building, and after securing the boat they assisted their prisoner to the landing steps.

"Now, Mr. Captain, you must just go with us," said the fisherman, as the soldiers seized the captain and urged him forward.

"No, no, villains," shouted Boltman, as he strove with all his power to break the cords that pinioned his arms—but they proved too strong for him.

"Aha, you are not on your own deck now, and so you may as well make up your mind to come along with us."

As the fisherman spoke, he led the way up the moss-covered stone steps, and Capt. Boltman, despite his exertions to the contrary, was obliged to follow. The entrance to the old pile was through what appeared to be a wide gap in the outer wall, and as they entered the main building they struck off towards the northern corner, where a flight of steps led them down to a kind of inner ballium, but only one or two rooms of which were in any kind of habitable shape, and here the party stopped while the fisherman withdrew a heavy oaken bar from a stout door that opened to one of the last mentioned rooms. As he did this he beckoned the man to lead the prisoner on, and in a moment more Capt. Boltman found himself within an apartment, the walls of which were composed of huge blocks of soft stone, with two small apertures to admit the light, the only means of entrance or egress being the way by which he had entered, and which was secured by two stout doors, the inner one being of thick plate iron. Upon a rough bench in one corner there were a hammer and several stone-cutter's chisels, together with a quantity of bread and water.

Capt. Boltman," said the old fisherman, "too good English for a very native." "You can stay here just as long as you are a hammer and chisels, and your way out just when you please,—must do it before your bread and water is gone. There is enough if you only make use of your time, and for three or four days, you will be obliged to make better use of your time than in abusing American seamen. The tools which we leave you, you can

easily cut the cord that ties your arms; so we will leave you, and we hope that you will be as happy in your own company as others will be in your absence."

For the first time since he had left the brig Capt. Boltman swore, but it was of no use, the doors were closed, and so securely fastened that the sand-stone of the walls offered a quicker mode of egress than did their iron surface. Until the men got out into the yard they plainly heard the cries and imprecations of the confined captain.

About midnight the old fisherman and the Spanish soldiers entered a small clothing shop nearly opposite the cathedral of Philip and Mary, but they came not out again in that guise, though in about fifteen minutes Jack Danforth came out, followed by seven more Yankee sailors, four of whom belonged to the "Cynthia," and three of them to a barque that lay in the harbor. Mr. Brewer had been waiting anxiously for the men, but when they returned he asked them no questions, only bidding them pull smartly for the brig. The next day the brig lay at her anchorage till noon waiting for the captain, but as he did not come off, and as no tidings could be gained of him, Messrs. B— & Brother ordered Mr. Brewer to take command and sail for home.

Capt. Boltman was just four days in getting out of duance, and though he always suspected the truth, still he never could prove anything; and when, after a lapse of six months, he applied to the owners of the Cynthia for another appointment, he was very politely informed that his services were not wanted.

The writer was one of a party who sat around a large table at one of the hotels in Malaga, and heard Jack Danforth relate, for the first time, how he settled his account with Capt. Boltman, and he may add, also, that he has seen the very wall through which the tyrant captain was obliged to cut his way to liberty.

THE LONDON POST-OFFICE.

This establishment is a plain, substantial stone building, some 400 feet by 130, supported by Ionic pillars, and having a large hall for the accommodation of the public; but it is one of the busiest places in that great emporium, and the individual at its head has under his direction an army of 20,000 persons. There are employed in London, 1380 letter carriers, for the accommodation of many of whom are provided rooms in the Post-Office building, where they sort and arrange their letters. There are 739 clerks, stampers, sorters, and subsorters engaged in the reception, delivery and dispatch of the mails, which are so arranged that all letters leave London, no matter in what direction, at the same hours—nine in the morning and nine in the evening. Men on foot, on horseback and in carts, are constantly engaged during the day, in collecting letters from the various sub-offices; and to induce publishers of newspapers to get their papers ready early in the day, mail carts are sent to their houses at certain hours to transport their papers to the central office. Each letter goes through from ten to fourteen processes, and the wonder is, how 500 men can handle 200,000 with so little confusion and so few mistakes. A spectator is always astonished at the rapidity with which the letters are made to pass under the stamp. An active stamper will stamp and count from seven to eight thousand an hour. The process of sorting is carried on at large tables, which are divided into apartments labelled, "Great Western," "Eastern Counties," "South Eastern," "Scotch," "Irish," "Foreign," "Blind," etc. Those marked "Blind" are carried to a person called the "Blind Man," who has more skill in deciphering bad writings than a Philadelphia lawyer. He will take a letter directed thus: "Srom Predevi," and read at once Sir Humphrey Davy; a letter superscribed "jonsmeet ne Weasal pin Tin," he sees, immediately, belongs to "John Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne." In short, he is such an adept in this business, that it is almost impossible to write or spell so as to be unintelligible to him. The mail bags are made of sheep skin, soft and pliable. They are sealed up with wax upon the twine that is tied around the top. This is thought to be safer than locking, although bags that have to go a great distance are secured with locks. The average weight of the evening mail from London is about fourteen tons. The number of newspapers sent from the office yearly is estimated at 53,000,000. The average number of letters sent daily is 267,521. The average number received is 283,225.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

ADVICE TO WATERING PLACE LANDLORDS AND COUNTRY BOARD DISPENSERS.—Now is the time to prepare for the summer season. To make your houses attractive, begin—

To bring out your Natural Curiosities. Rearrange your "Great Silver Lake Snake," and put a foot or two more to his tail, and give another touch of red to his eyes—in the paragraph discoursing thereof.

Look around for a rock in your neighborhood that will do for an Indian Tradition; call it the Lover's Leap, and get Miss Araminta Isabella Teaberry to write a poem about it in the Union Screamer. No country boarding place can be complete without an Indian Tradition.

Dig out a Hermit's Cave in the side of a hill. You need not arrange it with a rock or two so as to look natural, only make it very muddy and dark about two feet from the entrance, so that no one will be tempted to penetrate it all the way, and it will answer the purpose very well. A story about it from the pen of Lieut. Gabblesh, in the Flaunting Flag of Freedom, would pay well.

If you could possibly have a wild woman, or an entirely unknown animal in the woods around you, it would fill your house the whole summer. A wild woman would cost about a dollar and a half per day, and found in whiskey and tobacco. An extraordinary animal may be got up cheaper—say at a cost of fifty cents per night to somebody for making the tracks, and leaving bunches of its fur (plastering-hair) on the fences and trees, and for marking its devastating course with the blood of chickens.

After you have all or any of these arranged to your satisfaction, you may begin to set out your hen coops on your lawn, and advertise them as cottages to let to families at forty dollars per week—board included.

Of course these hints can be enlarged upon, but we think we have given enough to show the country landlord the path to fortune and to fame.—N. Y. Picayune.

AN AWKWARD POSTSCRIPT.—An amusing story is going the round of society in Dublin. A certain dean, who is desirous of standing well with the Castle, and who has frequent interviews with the Lord-Lieutenant (the Earl of Carlisle), gave his excellency a letter to read which he had just received from a gentleman in the Crimea, formerly his excellency's private secretary. His excellency read with much satisfaction till he came to a postscript, which it seems had escaped the reverend dean's notice, and then his face darkened, and he asked the dean whether he had read the whole letter. "Yes," replied his reverence; "very amusing, isn't it?" His excellency returned the latter, and the confounded dean then read, "Can it be true that the old ass Carlisle is going to marry Rose——?" naming a young lady, one of the belles of Dublin. Whether his excellency in anger, or the dean in distress, disclosed the story, is not known. We can only say that the tale is generally credited, and excites unbounded merriment in the gay circle of the Irish capital.

WASHINGTON'S KINDNESS.—Elkanah Watson, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," gives an account of a visit to General Washington, at Mount Vernon, in 1785, and relates the following incident: "The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at a table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies; but I declined doing so. As usual after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed curtains, to my astonishment, I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. This little incident occurring, in common life, with an ordinary man, would have not been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded."

ENTICING.—A sailor, giving testimony in a Boston court, about an assault and battery, stated that Jack (the traverser) had powerfully enticed Sam, (the complainant). Jack's counsel asked him to explain what he meant by the word entice.

"What do I mean, sir?" said the honest tar—"Why, sir, I mean this—Jack took a big handspike and drove it plump into Sam's back—that's what I call enticing."

THE REAL CREMONA:

—OR, THE—

Sharps and Flats of Musical Scores.

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

Two comedians whose names we do not feel at liberty to mention, some years ago found themselves in very "straitened circumstances" in the city of New Orleans. One of these worthies was great on broken French, and in fact, his little screwed-up phiz and black hair gave him a very favorable smatter of real *française*. The other was good in plain, blunt, and honest character, and had a smack of music in his soul and owned a *store fiddle*.

These two comic heroes sat in their lodging-room one warm spring morning, and cogitated over the sticking point at which they had arrived, when it struck them, that something must be done, and done quickly—weather was getting hot and unwholesome, and the theatres all closed.

"If we could only raise the wind to pay our bills here, and get up the river," says one.

"Yes, that is all very well, monsieur, but how is the wind to be raised?" responds the other.

"Ay, there's the rub, my lord!" says monsieur; "but let us pause; methinks your highness might sell that violin for something, then try thy credit, and I'll try mine, and so shall we leave this pestilential place for lands more congenial to native talent, my lord!"

"Well said, monsieur, that's a good idea; the violin of my soul must go, it looks ancient; ergo, I'll e'en swear me it's a Cremona and—"

"Should it be believed?"

"Twenty, ay, fifty *louis*—for *louis* read dollars, eh?—may be ours, monsieur!"

"Good, I like thy wit; to it, to it; now leave the rest to me."

The fiddle was taken from the peg on the wall and placed in a green bag, and with it his lordship started out to see who should require a real Cremona. His lordship found few willing to believe the instrument either very ancient or quite as *tuneful* as a regular built Cremona; and so, after a long and tiresome tramp, our fictitious lord was making his way towards his lonely or unsettled-for lodgings. Necessity is the mother of most inventions, and nearly all the rogues and villains, possibly—ever heard of. The force of his lordship's poverty seemed to hit him so forcibly in the knowledge box, that it originated the means whereby the wind was raised, and the comedians left town in good shape. Passing by a "ready-made linen store, kept by an old codger well known for his close application to business and parsimonious manners, which combined, those traits had made old Peter Stocking a rich man; his lordship espies a pair of *corduroys* of remarkably taking appearance and very low price, in the window, so he goes in.

"Allow me to look at those pantaloons, if you please?" says the comedian, placing his violin carefully upon the counter.

"Certainly," says the old man, placing the garment before the customer. "Got a violin there, eh?"

"Yes, sir, a fine instrument—been getting it repaired. How much are these pantaloons

TO A FRIEND,

ON LEAVING HER CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

Yes, thou must go; the outward ties
That bound thee here are broken;
Thy grief finds vent in heartfelt sighs,
Though not in accents broken.

For thou hast loved thine early home,
Each shady walk and bower;
The bright green field where oft thou'st ranged
To pluck the wildwood flower.

The purling brook that gently gleams
'Neath the pale moonbeams shining;
The sun's rich tint, the stars' pale beams,
These, with each thought are twining.

For they recall scenes long since placed
In memory's cells deep hidden;
Perchance thou'lt thought them all erased,
Now they start forth unbidden.

And now fond memories o'er thy soul
Are gently, gently stealing;
And childhood's dreams unfurl their scroll,
Each halcyon tint revealing.

But they have fled! and life to thee
Wears now a deeper shading;
Thy pulse throbs not so buoyantly,
The hopes of youth are fading.

Music wakes not for thee its strings;
Unheeded it is lying;
For clipped are fancy's golden wings,
Nearer the earth she's flying.

Severed must be the ties that round
Thy heart were fondly clinging;
On thy sad sense there strikes a sound,
The farewell knell 'tis ringing.

This world is change—it's well 'tis so—
Or here we fain would linger;
Raise thine eye upward—for there, lo
Faith smiling points the finger.

A WEDDING.

The day was bright and clear,
The air was soft and sweet;
I all forgot of sorrow,
Giving way to joy and cheer.
With the laughter of the bride,
We think it all so true.

But the kiss and the smile,
The kind words that were said,
Will the future come to mind,
And not appear in vain;
Will the viands be the same,
Taste the same as then;
Will the wine with out the foam,
Or be relished with the same?

Take the ring and the ring,
The woman with the ring;
The man with the ring of gold,
And the old man with the ring of iron.

Prof. ...
A new and old ...
The ...
The ...

Nine times out of ten 'tis a snare—
A cancer ...
You ...

For ...

—three dollars, you say?"

"Well, yes, I'll say three dollars, just fit you; try 'em on if you like," says the old fellow.

"Well, I guess that would be the best way," says his lordship; "so I'll step back into your little room there, and try them on; don't, don't," he suddenly cries to the old man's shop-boy, as the son of Guinea was about to look into the fiddle-bag.

"Hands off, you son of tar, touch my instrument, and I'll eat you!" and with this dire threat, he picks up the precious fiddle, and following the "old clothesman" into the back room, laid his violin carefully down, and was soon encased in the unmentionables.

"Fit you like an eel-skin, sir!"

"I guess they'll do; I'm going to play for an evening party, sir," says his lordship, "and as I have just paid out all the ready money I have by me, I a—I tell you what I'll do; I'll leave my violin here with you, until to-morrow; I can borrow a common violin of a friend, and play to-night and raise the money for you."

"What's your fiddle worth?" says Peter Stocking.

"O, lord, sir, it's a real Cremona! see, look at it—hear that! and the comedian drew the fiddle from the bag, dashed the bow over the strings, and made a *tuee-ee-ee!* of rare tone and flourish.

"That violin cost, sir, sixty guineas in Europe; real Cremona!"

"Well," says Peter, "you can hang it up there on that nail, and to-morrow come and get it."

"Please let nobody handle it, sir; don't let that boy go near it."

"O, no, I'll engage it will be safe for a month, there," says the old man; and so his lordship stepped out with the new pants.

Several days passed, and no fiddler returns for his prized fiddle. It was very strange.

"Poor dog," says old Peter, "I suppose he's poor as sin, and can't raise the money to pay for the pantaloons, and redeem his fiddle. Well, he'll come along by-and-by, and take it away, perhaps."

It was a very warm Sunday morning, Peter, as others, had his shop open. A nicely dressed middle-aged citizen came in and asked permission to sit down to rest, saying in *English* French, that he was "mos fat-i-gue to dess;" having been down on the levee to see some friends off, up to "Bat-on Roo-ish!"

"Come back here, cool, sir, in my sitting-room," says Peter, who felt in an accommodating humor; "there, sir, sit there;" and the French gentleman sat down nearly facing the comedian's fiddle.

"Ah! ha! you play ze violin, ah!"

"O, no! I don't play; that's a fiddle left here by a musician a few days ago," says Peter.

"Pardon me, sir, I will look at it," says the French gentleman, stepping forward and taking down the violin.

"Be keerful," says old Peter, "for he says it's a fine thing and was very keerful of it."

"My dear sir, I onderstand ze music; ah! ze king, dis is great violin! Fine!" says the French gentleman, drawing bow over the strings.

So the man said; don't see why he don't

come and get it!"

"You sell it me, eh?"

"Not mine, sir,—couldn't very well sell it just now," says Peter; "but if you come along to-morrow, I'll let you know, sir."

Next morning Peter slips out and prices the best fiddles, and to his surprise, he learned that real *Cremonas* were selling from fifty to two hundred dollars each! And as he could neither see nor hear any difference between the fiddle in his store, and those in the music stores, Peter concluded he had a good thing.

Next morning, sure enough, the French gentleman called again.

"Well," says Peter, "I told you that the fiddle was not mine; it was left here by a poor fellow who owes me for a pair of pantaloons; he may come back,—of course he will; so I don't see that I can sell this fiddle fairly, any how."

"Vell, I tell you vat, sair, I do; I give you dis ten dollair note, I leave my card, ze man com for his violin, he is poor, he will sell it. I vill call in two, tree day, I vill give for zat violin six-zee dollair, you keep zat ten dollair for your troubel. Be sure to buy ze violin, for me," and away goes the Frenchman, leaving his card and the ten dollars!

Next day in comes the owner of the fiddle! He excuses himself for the delay, by saying he could not raise money soon as he had expected.

"I've sold your fiddle," says Peter.

"Sold my violin?" says the comedian, with surprise.

"Yes," says Peter, "I sold it."

"Why, good heavens, man—you've ruined me! What did you know about the *worth* of that instrument? I wouldn't take no man's fifty dollars for it!" He cries.

"Well, I don't see that you can help yourself," says Peter, very coolly; "you promised to come and redeem your fiddle next day, and you didn't do it, you see. But I don't want to be unreasonable, I have sold your fiddle for sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars! Heavens, my Cremona gone for sixty dollars!"

"And of course," says old Peter, "I must have profit, so I'll give you just fifty-five, and you give me a receipt."

After a great superfluity of regrets, talk of poverty and one thing or other, the poor musician gave the receipt and walked sorrowfully away!

"Ah," says old Peter, "that's not so bad; made fifteen dollars off that chap pretty slick! Now I'll go see the Frenchman and take him the fiddle!"

But alas! no such person as indicated on the card could be found in the city! Peter "smelt a rat,"—took his *Cremona* to a music dealer and learned its true price—*three dollars*! Peter Stocking swore like a trooper, but it was no use—he was *done*, and the two confederates were off and gone with a number of rocks in their pockets! He had thought *himself* sharp, but Peter found sharpers! It was a mutual game of—twist!

When a true genius appears, all the

A well-thought of republication of a most animated picture of Western wild-wood life, with its manifold stirring adventures, its somewhat rude but hearty manners, and queer Hoosier jargon to match, giving an air of life-like reality to rough sketches of rough ways; with their hardships undisguised, and their rich compensations enthusiastically dwelt upon. The introductory paragraph is poetical:

To persons of tender sensibilities and ardent enthusiasm, the West is a land of beautiful visions; while its gorgeous clouds, like drapery around the golden sunsets, is a curtain veiling other and more distant glories. Such persons are not insensible to worldly advantages, yet they abandon not the East for the love of gain: but are rather evoked by a potent, if an imaginary spirit, resident in that world of hoary wilds. From the prairie spreading its grassy and flowery plains to meet the dim horizon; from the river rolling a flood across half a continent; from the forest dark and venerable with the growth of many centuries, come, with every passing cloud and wind, the words of resistless invitation; till the enchanted, concealing the true causes, or pretending others, depart for the West. They are weary of a prosaic life; they go to find a poetic one.

In the following sketch we see the consequences of a housekeeper trying to be excessively neat in a one room cabin:

Meetings in the Purchase are not always dry affairs. This very autumn, a two days' meeting was held on Saturday and Sunday in the Welden settlement. At the close of the first day, while Glenville and Carlton were "setting the toone for them," a heavy shower began suddenly to fall; and as we clerks could not get out to secure our saddles, they became well soaked, hence after service we found seats cool and refreshing as a wet sponge. We had been invited to spend the night at a chieftain's; and as we were without umbrellas or cloaks, and the rain kept mizzling away, we had a very agreeable ride of it. However, we were neither salt nor sugar; and we comforted one another with mutual promises of a dry house and a drying fire. But—ah! me!—our dear good landlady, and especially to honor her guests, had determined to have "things fixed!"—and a wet fix it was. First and foremost, the puncheon-floor had undergone a deluge, effected by pouring over it forty great calabashes of water, or one great calabash forty times emptied! Then the floor had been violently assaulted with stiff hickory brooms, till its dirt was raked, and floated away to form an alluvion in the cellar below; but much of the flood having eluded the swabbing process that followed, there remained many Lilliputian lakes of muddy water in the cavities and gulleys of the puncheons. Secondly, chairs, tables, benches, and even bedsteads had undergone Pharisaical ablutions: and although things did dry in process of time, yet, as the good woman remarked, "Things were a leetle dampish, to be sure!" Indeed, chairs and benches on which persons of a sanguine temperament sat, exhibited, on their rising, a Mosaic of dark and light shades. Thirdly, when we washed, before supper and dinner in one, we were offered a wet towel to dry on! the lady apologizing for the anomaly, by saying, "Thar'd been sich a rite down smart chance of rain that their wash wouldn't dry." Of course this apology accounted for the undried table-cloth at the meal; where, by the way, we recognized, in the midst of other good things, and full of milk, the republican bowl that a few moments before had enacted the part of wash-basin. In anticipation of its complex, and yet desultory character, we of Glenville, instead of dipping, at the time, our hands into the bowl, had poured from it the water over the hands. All the guests, we must say, were not so considerate.

A full description of the building of a fire on a winter morning, an edifying contrast to our city ways, is concluded with the following explosion of enthusiasm:

Bah!—don't lecture me about furnaces and fires, and patent grates and ranges, and no-burns and all-saves, of this pitiful age! Give me my all-burn and no-save fire of beech and sugar and chip and brush—hand back my tong—let me poke once more! Oh! let me hear and see once more before I die a glorious flame roaring up a stick-chimney! There let me, on this celebrated cold Thursday, thermometer two and a half inches below zero, there let me stand by my cabin fire and be heated once more through and through! Oh! the luxury of lying in bed and looking from behind our Scotch wall on that fire!

Oh! ye poor frozen, starving wretches of our blind and horrible alleys, and dark and loathsome cellars; ye, I now see buying twopennyth of huckstered sticks to heat your water gruel for one more mouthful before ye die; ye, that are shivering in rags, begging of that red-faced carter

in the pea-jacket a small, knotty, four-foot-stick of sour, sappy scrub oak just fallen from his cart, to hear it sob, sob, on the foodless hearth of your dungeon-like holes—away! for life's sake, if you starve not before, away! next summer to the woods!

Go; squat on Congress land! Go! find corn and pork and turkeys and squirrels and opossums and deer to eat! Go; and in the cold, cold, cruel winter like to-day, you shall sit and lie and warm you by such a fire! Go; squalid slaves! beg an axe—put out—make tracks for the tall timber—Go; taste what it is to be free! Away!—run!—leap!—and shout—

"Hurraw—aw! the ranges for—ever!"

We close our extracts with the following thrilling account of being lost in the woods:

A HUNTER'S STORY.

"One morning early in December, I says to Nancy, 'Nancy, I dad,' says I, 'I do believe I'll jist take old Bet—a rifle—as we are out of meat, and go where I seen the turkeys roosting last night: you mind the morning, Nancy, my dear, don't you?'"

"Bless you, Tommy Seymour, I'll never forget it—I was near losing you then, Tommy."

"Well, Nancy, I'll go on with the story."

This was one of the interlocutories that always varied and interrupted uncle Tommy's narratives, and nothing could excel the intense interest that most affectionate and devoted wife—wife and child to him—took in the stories, though heard the hundreth time. But uncle Tommy went on:

"And so I slips out of bed—it wasn't day quite—and slips on my clothes, and fixes my old gun by the fire and then opens the door to set out, when I dissarned a leetle sprinkle of snow and a likelihood for a snow storm. Howsomever, this didn't faze me, only I steps back for my old camlit cloak—little thinking, as I fixed it on, how I'd need the thing afore I'd git back agin."

"Well, I starts for where I seen the turkeys, and gitting near, sneaked round a bit, but soon found the critters had been too quick, and like Paddy's flea, wasn't there. I heerd them, howsomever, fly, and so on I kept creeping slowly along till I'd got from home, mayhap, a matter of two miles; but the snow was so thick in the air that I never could dissarn the birds, and away they kept going flurry-wurry about seventy yards ahead—till I give up the hunt and turn'd to go home for fear Nancy might be waiting breakfast."

"Yes, Tommy Seymour, I did wait breakfast for you—"

"Never mind, Nancy, my dear child, I got back at last you know"—replied uncle Tommy, and continued—"Well, I turn'd to go back, but I dad if I could jist exactly tell where I was precisely, the snow had so teetotally kivered my tracks, and it was now snowing so bodaciously fast as to kiver as fast as I made them. But I took a sharp look at the timber, and fixing on a course, I kept my line for near two mile—yet, I dad, if I could strike the cabin and couldn't tell whether it was too high or too low; and so up I went a short quarter, and down a short quarter, as near as could be guessed circumlocating for three hours, but no cabin was to be seen. Well, says I, I dad, if I ain't about as good as lost; and so sits down in a tree top to reconsiderate, and take a fresh start—but soon starts up and hollows like the ole Harry—but nothing gives no answer and all was snow!—snow!—snow!—not a smite of noise, only my breathing and a sort of pittingpattin sound of my heart! I found it wouldn't do to stand still as the scares begin to crawl in a leetle, and so off I sets at a venture; for the cabin must be, says I, somewhere near; and sometimes I conceited it to be ahead of me, but all at once it vanished, and I seed it was only a case of fantismagery—and that I, Tommy Seymour, was actually lost!"

"Yes! Tommy, and I couldn't give you any help!"

"Nancy! child, I wouldn't a had you there for the universal world."

"Well,"—resumed he—"there I was teetotally lost! I couldn't stay still—yet what use to walk on? And if I fired my gun, and Nancy heerd it, and I didn't git back, mayhap she'd think the Injins had killed me, and then she'd come out and git lost too!—and with that idee, thinks I may be she's out now!—and then I gits bodaciously sker'd and hollows agin like the very old Harry! and walks and runs this way and that way—the snow blinding my eyes—but all was of no use—I was lost! lost! lost! But it was only about Nancy here, I thought at this time;—and I dad, if I didn't ketch myself a crying like a child,—and, wished to be lost by myself without her coming out in such a storm!" We here stole a look at aunt Nancy—I could not catch her eye as she had her work-bag over her face: but "I dad," as uncle Tommy used to say, if we didn't feel a leetle tender ourselves. And so, generous reader, of the venerable old man's voice and seeing his eye affectionately turned towards that dear old

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.—The following scene in the life of a country doctor is taken from the Knickerbocker:—

The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons:

"Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's p'isoned. They gin him land'um for paregoricky."

"How much have they given him?"

"Do'no. A great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor pushes off through the storm, mired with divers mishaps by the way, and at length arrives at the house of his poisoned patient. He finds all closed—not a light to be seen.

"I knocked at the door, but no answer. I knocked furiously, and at last a night cap appeared from the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaked out—

"Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure; you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?"

"Oh, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered kinder. Gin him laudnum, and he slep kind o' sound, but he's woke up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops. 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger when the voice calls—

"Doctor, doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothing for this visit, will yer?"

GREAT JOKE. Some old joker out in the Empire State, speaking of the destruction of a quantity of liquor down in Maine, says that such an amount of rum, "properly distributed," would have won the primary election in two or three wards of New York city. This reminds one of the old Indian who, being asked to name the three things most desirable to him, which he would choose, so permitted, replied that first of all he would have as much rum as he could drink during his life; that second he would have the handsomest wife in the tribe; and third—well, didn't know exactly; rather thought, however, he would have a little more rum! Well, this is a great country, California not included, and no live mortal can tell what New York would do, if they had "a little more rum" to do it with! Incessant.

DIONOTUS SICULUS, in the Knickerbocker, relates the following:

"Aristobulus, the Athenian philosopher, being asked by the tyrant Dionysius what was the difference between an Indian and an Irishman, replied: 'The one carries a bow and arrow, while the other carries a 'oe and barrow.'"

If a person informs you of a disagreeable thing another may say or write of you, hold the offender personally responsible for it. The result of the slander is as bad as the originator of it.

THE CAPTIVE BROOK

I turned its course, mid emerald mound,
And wreathed its edge with choicest flowers.
Not doubting that the wildwood stream
Would dwell content in garden bowers.

Its music seemed so silvery sweet,
Though plaintively it flowed along,
I could not deem my cherished rill
Was murmuring but a captive's song.

But on it flowed through banks of flowers
Bathing their tendrils as it passed;
Until beneath my garden walls,
It found an aperture at last.

It crossed the meadow, down the hill
Gaily carolling as it fled;
Once more a happy unbound rill
Hastening to its ocean bed.

Scorning the beauty of my bowers,
For there a prisoner it must be;
And thus this little woodland stream
A thoughtful lesson taught to me.

To be content in cot or tower
The soul must be unthought and free;
For fettered though with gold and gear
'Tis captive still and e'er must be.

lady that for so many years had shared his wanderings and sorrows. "Well I must 'a become crazy, running round and hollowing and crying—and all of no use—when all at once it quit snowing, and I was spirited up, hoping the sun would shine out next, and I could take a course for Squattertown or the Injin settlement. But it kept dark and cloudy and I begins to feel weak from fatigue and hunger—albeit I warn't skerd on that pint, as I had ole Bet along—and so allowing it was about one o'clock, I determined to strike the Blue Fox, and keep down stream to the settlement on its bank thirty miles down. Well, off I sets to strike the river, and in about four mile comes to a little pond with a couple of duck swimming about. I stopp'd in my tracks—knock'd out damp primin—puts in fresh—and slams away and kills one duck; and the other flies away. And I gits the duck to land by pitching sticks in, but not wanting to lose time, I kept on going; and so picked off the feathers and sucked a little of it raw, till it 'most made me sick, and I thought it would be better to keep and cook it at night—which was now coming on black as thunder. Well, it was time to look out for a camp; and just about dark I came across a tree what had been twisted off by a harrikin, and was lodged the butt ind on the stump; and the top on the ground was puttee much of a dry brush heap. For all the world there never was sich a place! Providence seem'd to have blow'd it down jist for me! I could have camp'd there a week! And so we brushes away the snow and makes a fire in the top! and near the stump under the trunk, makes a comfortable bed out of chunks and brush wood; and then I goes to the fire and sits down to cook my duck.

"But, I dad, if I could help thinking about our cabin and every time I think of Nancy—I—; but I know'd there was a divine Providence and a heavenly Father—and so I prayed, and then eat one half of my duck, keeping the other; as game was mighty skerde and no human beings was in that direction till I struck the Blue Fox. And then, making a litt e fire near my bed for my feet, and kivering my powder-horn with a handkerchief to put under my head for fear of damp and sparks, I raps up in the ole camlit, and laid down, and was soon fast asleep.

"Well, after a while I gits to dreaming I was lost in a prararee, and that the grass had tuck fire, and that I was a kind of suffocated and scorched; and I dreamed I heard the awful roaring of flames, and seen a burning whirlwind coming towards me, and that so skerd me that I woke right up—and, I dad! as I'm a livin man! if the woods all around me wasn't as light as day! And my tree was all a living blaze and burning splinters was tumblin on my ole camlit!—ay! and my cotton handkerchief round my powder-horn was just beginning to smoke, and scorched—I dad! my friends and bruthrin—here, uncle T. insensibly glided into his preaching tone and manner—"but this was a most murrakulous dream! and show'd the nature of Providence and his care—or I'd 'a soon been burnt to death or blow'd up! And I didn't sleep no more—but kneel'd down and thank'd God for the deliverance; and then kept sitting near the fire till day, and then I once more started for the river.

"Howsomever, to make a long story short, I walked on and on the live-long blessed day, and never heard or seen a living crittur; and I never came to any river—but at night I comes to a log that had been chopp'd off and this give me courage. And so I makes a fire, and eats now the other half of my duck—for I was somehow sartain I'd find a settlement in the morning. Well, I slept the second night along side this log, and by daybreak I jumps up and feels something a kind of moving in my old camlit—and, I dad! if it wasn't a snake what the fire had smoked out of the log and what had crept into me to be warm! But I only shook out the reptile and never killed him, thinking only of some settlement—although it was the snake, brother John told about, that made me think of my adventure—for the sarcumstance of the chopp'd log satisfied me, some was near, as it was no tommyhawk cut, but was done with a white man's axe. Well, I starts off puttee considerable peert and brisk, considerin I was weak, and, all at once, as I'm a livin man, if I didn't hear a bark! And so I stops and listens—and there was another—and another—and I was sartain it wasn't no fox or wolf but a dog—and then, I dad! if I didn't streak off that way like greased lightning!—and begun and holler'd and fired!—and the dog bark'd louder and louder, and kept on coming nearer and nearer! and I a running and hollerin till all at once right in sight of me was—a human cabin! If I live a thousand years—and none of us, my bruthren, will live half that long—I'll never forget that moment—and if ever I thank'd God with a rale sinserity heart, 'twas then. But while I was reconsidering whose settlement it was, for things looked a kind of familiar, the dog what had kept on barkin, now bust out of the bushes, a yelpin and a prancin around me!—and why, do you think?—because the poor feller had found his lost master—and it was Nancy's little dog Ruff! And would you believe it?—my eyes was sudden-

ly opened like a prophit's, and I found I was on my own trampin ground, and the cabin was ours!—and there stood my dear child Nancy, a lookin our way out of the cabin door! I dad! if I didn't snatch up Ruff and kiss him!—the poor little crittur—he's dead now!—licked my face with his tongue!—and in that way I run over to Nancy." Here the emotion of the old man and the agitation of his wife made a momentary pause—it was, indeed, as solemn as church. "Well, after all was explained and illustrated, we kneel'd down and thank'd God: and then Nancy, she told how she thought I was killed and then maybe only lost, till she was jist goin to start for the next settlement; and if I'd a come ten minits later, she'd been off after help!

"So, that's one of my scrapes; and it illustrates the fillosofee that makes a man keep going round and round when he's lost; for albeit I must a walked more nor fifty mile in the two days, I wasn't never over seven mile from the cabin; and that's the pond where the duck was;—and when I come back agin, I didn't know at fust my own cabin—nor the chopp'd log, though I'd cut down the tree myself.

I foraged all over this joy-dotted earth,
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth—
Tied up with its bands of wisdom and worth—
And lo, its chief treasure,
Its innermost pleasure,
Was always at home!

I went to the palace, and there my fair queen
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,
In spite of the splendor,
So happy and tender,
For they were at home!

I turned to the cottage, and there my poor hind
Lay sick of a fever—all meekly resigned;
For O, the good wife was so cheerful and kind,
In spite of all matters,
An angel in tatters,
And she was at home!

I asked a glad mother, just come from the post
With a letter she kissed from a far-away coast,
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most
And gladness for mourning,
Her boy was returning
To love her, at home.

I spoke to the soldiers, and sailors at sea,
Where best in the world would they all wish to be?
And hark! how they earnestly shouted to me,
With iron hearts throbbing,
And choking and sobbing—
O, land us at home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew gray,
And asked him what help'd him this many a day,
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?
And it was the beauty,
The comfort and duty,
That cheered him at home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law
Were wrangling and jangling at quibble and flaw,
O, wondrous to me was the strife that I saw.
But all that fierce riot
Was calmed by the quiet
That blest them at home!

I called on the schoolboy, poor love-stricken lad,
Who yearned in his loneliness, silent and sad,
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad
With his father and mother,
And sister and brother,
All happy at home!

I tapped at the door of the year stricken eld,
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quelled,
But still all his gurgulous fancies outwelled
Strange old-fashioned stories
Of gladness and glories
That once were at home.

I whispered the prodigal, wanton and wild,
How chang'd from the heart that you had when a
child,
So teachable, noble, so modest and mild:
Though sin had undone him,
Thank God that I won him,
By looking at home.

And then when he wept, and vowed better life,
I hastened to snatch him from peril and strife,
By finding him wisely a tender young wife—
Whose love should allure him,
And gently secure him,
A convert at home.

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,
And still as he ran had its goal overpast,
Found happiness honor and blessing at last,
In all the kind dealings,
Affections and feelings,
That ripen at home.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS

How some men glory in the trophies olden,
Won from the hiding dust of grim decay;
Prizing each time-worn trifle more than golden,
That long in cobweb gloom hath lain away.

Searching in garrets and in dark haunts dismal,
Where the lone spider holds exclusive reign,
Plunging in cellars, mid their depths abysmal,
Relics of eld in triumph to obtain.

Thus went a seeker on a day exploring,
Curiously peeping in each musty paper,
Behind old wainscots and 'neath ancient flooring,
Each nook illuming with a sickly taper.

Suddenly, standing on an elevation,
Peering high up on shelves above his head,
He heard a voice that to his trepidation
Said, in plain English, "Just get off my bed!"

Closer he peered into the nook before him,
And marvelled much such utterance to hear,
Sounded the ceiling all around and o'er him,
With curiosity allied with fear;

When, through the struggle of his yearning vision
The darkness yielded to its earnestness,
Dimly appeared none other apparition,
Than the worn relics of an ancient Press.

Grimly it rested in its corner dusty,
Where in forgetfulness obscure it lay;
Worm-eaten, old and ricketty and rusty,
Memorial sad of days long passed away.

Gazing upon it with a wonder glowing,
Fancy endowed the ancient frame with tongue,
And as he gazed, like music olden flowing,
This song it to the listener said or sung:

THE SONG OF THE PRESS.

Crazy and old, crazy and old,
I am left to a drear decay,
My destiny's done, my story is told;
Yet, though oblivion's clouds enfold,
By one reflection I'm still consoled,
I have worn myself away;
And though with rubbish I'm now enrolled,
I have lived to bless my day.

Dark times were they when to birth I sprang,
Ready armed for the fray;
When trumpet-like my loud voice rang,
Awaking the nations with its clang,
Or my joyful notes of triumph sang,
As Error fled away—
Wounded fled, with many a pang,
And dawned a brighter day.

For the people—the people—I've ever spoke,
To their call I've ever sprang;
Never in vain did they aid invoke,
My voice the sleeping Samsons awoke,
And urged the speedy avenging stroke—
In thunder tones it rang,
When Cromwell rived the tyrant's yoke,
And heavenly Milton sang.

In later days its tones were heard
On our own beloved shore,
And quick in the minds of men it stirred,
As greedy ears drank in its word,
Prompting deeds which no fears deterred,
Or gloomy doubts cast o'er;
Waking hopes not to be deferred,
To be put to rest no more.

Alas! and thus I am thrust away
To an ignominious lot;
Mouldering, mouldering day by day,
No sunbeam visits my bed with its ray,
No laurel wreaths round my head now play,
And, chained to this dismal spot,
The friend of Franklin and Faust now may,
E'en like them, die and rot.

The old press thus its dismal ditty ended,
And with emotion creaked in every joint;
No strain of hope was with its sorrow blended—
Backward, all backward did it look and point.

"My dear old friend," thus then did speak the mortal,
"Still from the past your consolation borrow,
Don't look a moment through the future's portal,
But find in what you've done 'surcease from sorrow.'

You cannot be surprised to be unheeded,
When you contrast your feebleness of power
With younger presses now that, lightning speeded,
Ten tokens give us for your one an hour.

So lie right down and talk yourself to sleep,
Like some old crones we have out 'neath the sun,
Who with an everlasting dullness keep
Vexing our ears with tales of what they've done."

B. P. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q—What two letters do children love best? Ans.—C and Y. (Candy.)

Q—Why was Eve like an article of ladies dress? Ans.—Because she was rib-born.

Q—If you were to cook a letter of the alphabet, what day of the week would it be? Ans.—Friday. (Fried A.)

13

Our illustration exhibits one of the model institutions for the education of young ladies, for which the New England States are everywhere so justly celebrated. This seminary is located in the thriving city of Worcester, Massachusetts, about three quarters of a mile from the "common" or centre of the town. The building stands upon a commanding elevation, and is surrounded by rural scenery of the most beautiful nature. The course of instruction pursued by the young ladies connected with the Institute, is extensive and thorough, comprehending all the attainments which will be found necessary, useful, and ornamental, in society.

ORCAS INSTITUTE.

THE ORCAS INSTITUTE, NEAR WORCESTER, MASS.



Sept	14	34	
"	16	"	
"	19 th	"	
"	19 th	"	
"	24 th	"	
"	25 th	35	
"	25 th	"	
"	27 th	"	
"	29 th	"	
Oct	5	36	
"	7 th	"	
"	9 th	37	
"	15 th	"	
Oct 2	"	35	
"	14	37	
"	15	"	
"	19	"	
"	26	"	
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"	16	"	
"	20	"	
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"	24	"	

Cash	3/1		
Cash & Crown		1"5	
4 3/4 lb Beef @ 10 ^{cts}		"45	
1 lb thick Shocs for ann		1"67	
5 lb Beef @ 8 ^{cts}		"40	
1 Cod Fish @		"12 1/2	
2 lb Beef @ 10 ^{cts}		"20	
1 Gallon Oil @ 8 ^{cts}		"80	
6 lb Beef @ 10 ^{cts}		"62 1/2	
1 lb L. Butter @ 1/2 lb doz Buttons		"6	
1 head Cabbage @ 1/2 lb Cash @ 1 lb 1/2 paper 2/1		"39	
1 lb Tea @		"12 1/2	
4 lb Beef Steak @ 10 ^{cts}		88	

14 35
141 50



CAMP MEETING AT EASTHAM, MASS

EASTHAM CAMP MEETING.

Our artist has given us here a very accurate view of the late camp meeting, as it took place at Eastham, Mass. The occasion called together an immense body of people, many with the best of motives prompting them, many from mere curiosity, and many for the worst purposes. Father Taylor, the worthy seamen's preacher, was there, and the Bethel flag was conspicuous over the encampment. Over fifty clergymen took part in the exercises, and everything seemed to work harmoniously. Over two hundred souls were converted, says the published account, many backsliders were reclaimed, and the several churches were much revived and benefited. The weather, with the exception of two rainy evenings, was mild and agreeable, and the fare, as usual, excellent. On Sunday, the great day of the meeting, over five thousand people were on the ground, and all seemed to be solemnly impressed with the religious services. The meeting, altogether, was considered most delightful and soul-invigorating, by those who were its prime movers. For ourselves, we look upon this class of devotional meetings, to say the least of it, as being of a most questionable character.

A LAND OF WONDERS.

I have now explored California for nearly two years, and can truly say it is a land of wonders. There are fresh flowers every month in the year, and winter now wears the bloom of spring. I have found waterfalls three and four times as high as Niagara, natural bridges of white marble far surpassing in beauty that of Rockbridge, in Virginia; some thousands of gold-bearing veins, inexhaustible quantities of iron and chrome ores, lead, bismuth and quicksilver, most beautiful porcelain clay, and in short, everything that can bless an industrious and enterprising people. In one valley I found more than forty springs, of a temperature over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. In another valley sixteen geysers, like the famous one in Iceland. In this famous abode of Vulcan, the rocks are so extremely hot that you can stand upon them but a short time, even with thick boots on. The silicious rocks are bleached to snowy whiteness; brecciated and conglomerated rocks are now actually forming.—The roar of geysers, at times may be heard for the distance of a mile or more, and the moment is certainly one of intense interest as you approach them.—*Prof. Forrest Shepard.*

FRIDAY NOT AN UNLUCKY DAY.—This day, which has been long superstitiously regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history. On Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday he, though unknown to himself, discovered the Continent of America. On Friday, Henry III., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded. On Friday, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Princetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution. On Friday, George Washington was born. On Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made; and on Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred, the crowning glory of the American arms. On Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Americans surely need not be afraid of Friday.

13.

Reuben G. Folger

1823

May 10th

Thomas & Wm Coffin Dr
To Cash — — —

24th



13

NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.

NICE YOUNG MAN.—“Now, girls, pull away—don’t be idle!”

Jan 27 '84	"making 1 brass Kettle	2.00.	Cash	10.00
	"By cash Ten Dollars	10.00	Castings	1 12
Oct 24 '88	"1 wash basin 4/6 & pan 4/6	75.	Bushes	3.00
	"2 doz copper hoops	37.	trimmings	3 1/2
	"1 Lamp tube	17.	Kettle	2.00.
Jan	"Box for Lathe	1.12.	W.H. Check	12.51/36-23
	"Bauchers & Furness for do	3.00.	As per Bill	\$43-25
	"trimmings for rules	3 1/2.		
	Castings for Hairs	20.		
June 27 '88	"Trimming & Handa of F.W.F	1.00.		
41826 on	"Wm Folgers Check	13.51		
Feb. 1	"Brass Edward Field Cr.			
1820	By Brass Harrah & 12 Bands			
" "	"Clash for mail. Box			62
Apr 10 '88	"Cash Twenty Dollars			20.00
20 "	"Lph. Phubel's Name			25
May 29 "	"Ship Susan's, Omega, Orion and Clarkson			1.00
July 10 "	"Copper Hercules's			1.50
				22.12
				\$65-37

Aunt Hannah Tripe's Evening Tales.

'Wall, Clara, let's see, it's been as much as a year since you've been here, ain't it? Yes, I remember now, it's a year and one week, because I know I had just finished spinning my mixed wool—the last of the fleece that growed on poor old 'Hump-Back.' Hump-Back we used to call her; she was a sheep that my husband, poor man! bought in York State of an auctioneer, and we allers kept her wool for stock-in' yarn and sich like, because it was finer than the other sheeps' wool, and not so nubby. Wall, now, the way that ar sheep died was raily misterious; it was one of the seven wonders of the mighty univarse! You see, one mornin' Micajah, yer' uncle, he says to me, 'Hannah, I don't believe old Hump-back will live long; I kinder feel as if she wouldn't; she's been ailin' this year or two, and you'd better be sparin' of that wool of her's and knit the tops and toes of yer stockings out of white.'

I poohed at him, and says I, 'La, Micajah, the sheep's well enough; do put on yer boots and go to the barn, if you're going to-day; don't set there snuffing ashes any longer.'

'You see, Micajah had a wonderful habit of getting up and setting down by the fire in his shirt sleeves and stocking-feet and there he'd set till I got breakfast ready and though I never got in the notion of scolding, it aller's raised my "Ebenezer" to see anybody set round so shiftless like; for if there's anything in the world I hate to do, it's toeing and heeling old stockings. Well, you see, at this broad hint, he pulled on his boots awful spry, and went to the barn.

'I kept on gettin' breakfast. I remember as well as though 'twas but yesterday, what I was a-cooking—biled pertatoes; we did use to raise the best pertatoes that ever you did see: there was the Pink-eye, and the Cranberry, and the Mango, and the Rohan, and the long-red—but there, I might as well stop, for I can't think of half the queer names.

'Wall, I was bilin' pertatoes, and then I had pork, good fat salt pork to fry; we allers got our hogs so fat that the pork would fry itself; and then I had sassengers, and nice corn bread, and some baked beans that was left of our dinner the day before. I always gather up the fragments, for I do think it a sin to waste vittels.

'I had jest put them beans into a bowl, and set 'um into the tea kettle to warm, when in rushed Micajah, his eyes terribly strained, and his mouth open just for all the world as if he was a-ketching flies.

'Oh, Hannah,' says he, 'Hump-Back's gone, poor old faithful critter! she's gone! But there's one thing's consoling—she lived to the allotted days of a sheep;' and Micajah heaved a big sigh of relief.

'I dropped down in a cheer, and says I, Oh, Micajah, I haint felt so bad since the time Poll Jenkins told me you'd gone over to court Sal Pepperell! Oh dear, how solemnized I did feel then; there, I thought of all the poetry I had ever read, and how poor disappointed ones allers put an end to their mortal lives by jumping into some 'crytal stream,' or something, so I ointed my hair to make it look romantic, and went down to the frogpond in our pasture; but there, Clara, this has nothing to do with the old sheep, has it? Wall, I declare, I never was guilty of emigrating from my subject so, afore: I think if anybody calkerlates to tell a story, they'd better tell it, and not go off on some long rigmarole about nothing! Now there's the Widder Grant—she's the greatest case to tell anything you ever seed: she'll go all over creation arter nothin', and that critter actilly thinks my Cicero Eladad is a-goin' to be ketched in her trap! There, it al-

ways decomposes me to think of it—that critter my son's wife! I'd rather marry him to a painted ragbag, and done with it! They do say that 'tis a fact that she daubs her face with butter-milk to make it white, and then rubs mullen leaves on her cheeks to make um red, and iles her hair—and—well, there, if I ain't emigrating agin!

'Less see, where did I leave off? Oh, yes, I know now, where my dear lamented husband come in looking so melancholy; there, he looked just as he did when he asked me one night afore we's married—but there, I might as well tell ye how I come to have yer uncle, and done with it.

'I was born and brought up to the years of futurity in Tattleville, and yer uncle was raised in Punkin City. They allers call it Punkin City because the folks over there had a good deal to do with punkins. They used to say that Punkin City folks eat bread and pies made out of punkins, took the leaves for covers, the stalks for clothes pins, and the shells—only think of it, child, they didn't have a bowl in the hull house that warnt made out er punkin shells! But there, you know if folks couldn't talk, they couldn't say nothin'; but I happen to know that all that ar about punkins warnt true.

'Wall, one day, there was to be a great husking party at Deacon Siesingle's—ye see, it was, as the poet's say, in "the golden autumn time," though for the life of me, I never could see what made um call it so; there's but precious little gold about it, any way; they'd better call it the slaving autumn time, still that don't sound quite so stylish.

'Wall, I was acquainted with Jerusha Siesingle, the Deacon's daughter; she and me were great cronies I tell you, and the way we used to go it, when we got together, was a caution.

'Jerusha she generally had the heft of the work to do at the Deacon's—the Deacon ye see was a widder, so the day before the huskin' she sent over for me to come and 'sist her. I put on my new caliker gown—it was a red and yallar stripe, with a sprig of roses every now and then on it. It was made with short sleeves, and I put on my long-sleeved spencer, (that was afore these ere basket waists come in fashion; we didn't hev no sich foolish names in them good old time,) wall, I put on my spencer to keep my gown clean, and gay as a lark tripped over to the Deacon's.

'Lauddy sake! sich a cluttered up place as that ar kitchen was when I got thar, I never did see; they had been churnin', and there sot the churn in the middle of the floor, half full of buttermilk, and the dinner dishes warnt washed, and the cat was actilly up in the sink, smelling of the butter ladle!

'Poor Jerusha! her face was reder'n a June piney, and her eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. She was into the suds up to her elbows, washing table-cloths for the great occasion, and her little sister was out afore the door pickin' up chips to make the fire kindle.

'Wall, Jerusha,' says I "now jest tell me what you want done, and here's the gal that'll do it for ye in less than a jiffy."

'Let me think,' says she, "there's the attic beds to make, and the fore-room to set to rights, and two cracked puddin' dishes to sew together, and coffee to grind, and the knives and forks to scour, two floors to clean, and the dishes to wash; and then there's the cookin'—I baked the gingerbread and fried the turnovers yesterday, so all we shall have to do will be to make the apple, mince and pumpkin pies; we shall want a dozen of each kind; and then there's the apples to stew for the sass, and the bread to bake"—she was intirely out of breath, so she stopped to discover her inergies.

'Wall I went into the work, hammer and tongs, and the way things had to stand round warnt slow. I made all the beds, and washed the dishes, and sot things to rights, and then I done the cookin'—Sakes alive! it did take the master sight of spice and sugar; but Jerusha was determined to make things nice, "for," says she, "father has gin some of the Punkin City folks an invite, and I want them to know that there's somebody in the world besides their folks." This 'ere bit of reformation was like adding fuel to the fire of my smartness, and I flew around till it did seem as if my feet hardly touched the floor. By sunset everything was ready; the biggest pewter platter was scoured and put in the best room, for in them days it was the custom to rejourn to the fore-room after the corn was husked and the supper disposed of, and spend an hour or two in playing, and rolling the pewter platter was one of the best plays we had.

'Why, that night Micajah and I—but there, I'm gitting afore my story. I sot all the pies on the great meal chest in the back room to cool, and a smashin' lot there was of 'em, I tell you, it would have done your soul good to see 'em, with the rich spicy steam curling out through the flaky kivers.

'Then we put the kitchen in order, and by that time the men came in to loncheon. Deacon Siesingle complimented me on my red cheeks, and said they looked like a Baldwin apple. He was a very poetical man, the Deacon was.

'Well, arter loncheon was over, and we'd got everything in its place, I went home to change my spencer, take off my dirty apron, and put an extra twist to my hair. About seven o'clock I went back to the Deacon's, and there was a sight of girls there. The boys had all gone to the barn, but the girls wanted to fix up a little, so they had not gone out.

'There was Debby Bean, and Becky Derton, and Sally Wedgewood, and Poll Jenkins, and Hitty Blake, and Emily Grudge, and as the 'pothecaries say of their patent medicine, "others too numerous to mention."

'We all went in a body to the great barn, and there sot the boys on stools, a husking away for dear life. Room was made for us girls pretty quick, and we was soon as busy as the busiest. Everybody was trying to find a red ear—that is all the boys—and jokes flew round pretty lively.

'I kinder cast sheeps' eyes around at the company, and saw a good many strange faces, that I know come from Punkin City. But somehow, I took quite a liking to a feller that sot almost opposite to me, he looked so spry and spunky-like. I see him huskin' away like all possessed, and byne-bye he up and hollered, "I've got a red ear, now, gals, look out," and I tell ye he did flourish round among the gals to a terrible rate; I do believe he kissed Poll Jenkins full a dozen times; I never could see what there was so distracting about that gal; but all the fellers was allers a trailing round arter her. I felt quite jellous of her, but it was all propelled when he come up to me.

'La! massy sakes!" sez I, "I never can let you; please to go away, I aint in favor of sich dewins!" but he never paid the least of attention to what I said, but kissed me more times than he did Poll, I knew by her sour looks. My face was in a blaze—I was actilly ashamed. But he sot down beside me, and broke off the hard cobs for me in sich a perlite way that I eenamost forgave him.

'Arter a wile the great barn floors were cleared, and the yellow corn lay in big, shining heaps by the haymows. Then all hand started for the house; the men they

stopped at the pump, and scoured up their hands and faces, and we gals got supper ready. 'Twas well I baked a dozen more pies than we kalkerlated on, for the way the vittels vanished was alarming. I begun to be skeert lest Joe Jenkins (Poll's brother) would not revive it, for he eat bread and butter enuf for two men, then he went into the dough-nuts, and he never stopped till he swallowed ten of the biggest ones! Jerusha handed him the gingerbread and he eat proportionately of that; and when we come to pass the pies, he actually devoured two whole punkin pies! I kept on watchin' for I felt afeard he'd ruin hisself, and he looked sliely round a minnit, then he grabbed the apple sass and swallowed a pint-bowl full, and then topped off on cheese and turnovers! How I did wonder that a mortal man could abstain so much.

After a while, supper was over, and we all went into the fore room and sot down. The old pewter platter was soon diskivered and all hands went to playing in air-nest.

"I don't know how many times Micajah (the feller that I liked the looks of) kicked that platter over when my number was called, a purpose to have me judged, but I didn't care for that, as 'twas most allers 'kiss Micajah, make a hen-coop with Micajah, or a sled with Micajah, or something of that kind.'

"There was a good bed of coals on the hearth, as it was rather a chilly evening; and there'd been a good fire kept there all the afternoon; and Micajah, he went to kick over the platter as usual, when, la sakes! it slipped and went right into that ar heap of coals. How he did jump to save it, but 'twarnt no use, for one-half on't was melted off before it could be frescoed.

"Micajah he felt awfully about it, but Jerusha told him not to lay it to heart—'twas no consequence, and we went on playing as peart as ever. Somebody disposed to play Copinagin, and said 'twould inquire a rope to play it with, and Jerusha called me out in the entry, and asked me if I thought they'd hang anybody if they played it.

"Law, no, Jerusha," says I, "but what'll you do for a rope?"

"Why," says she, "we'll uncord a bedstead," so up stairs we went and tumbled off beds and bedding, and got the bed cord, and sich a taring time as we had of it! Micajah he kept striking at my hand all the time, and I felt quite flattered by his partialness.

When we got ready to go home, the boys all went out door, and stood ready to ketch their favorite gals as they come out, and dont you think, the moment I stepped my foot on the door-step, up marched Micajah Tripe and stuck up his arm to me! Jest to spite Poll Jenkins and her brother, Joe, I tuk his arm, and off we went as grand as the Imperor of England.

That was the way our 'quaintanceship begun, and afore we'd git to my house, Micajah asked me to keep company with him. I didn't hardly know what to say; but all at once I thought of Poll Jenkins, and I told him I should be happy to see him any time.

"Wall, he didn't want a second invite. So every Sunday evening Micajah come drest up in his go-to-meetingables, and he'd stay till the cocks crowed in the mornin'.

"Bye-by, one evening, or rather mornin', jest as we was a-gwine to start to go home, he giv his hat a twirl or two, buttoned up his coat and unbuttoned it, and sez he, with a dreadful cough that almost made me shudder, it sounded so much like the cough that allers goes with the measles, 'Hannah—ahem! hem! I've been think-

ing—thinking that I'd like to change my siteration, and, ahem! in fact, I want to marry you."

"Wall, Clara, I needn't tell you what I said, for you know I had him whether I said yes or no. Poor, dear man! how tickled he did look the day we was married; but there, when Hepzibah Abigail got so's to go alone, you ought to have seed him. He hopped round like a crazy critter.

QUAKERS.

Putnam's Monthly for November, says of this world honored sect:—

"There is something, in the very aspect of a 'Friend,' suggestive of peace and good will. Verily, if it were not for the broad-brimmed hat, and the straight coat, which the world's people call 'shad,' I would be a Quaker. But for the life of me I cannot resist the effect of the grotesque and the odd. I must smile, oftenest at myself. I could not keep within drab garments and the bounds of propriety. Incongruity would read me out of meeting. To be reined in under a plain hat would be impossible. Besides, I doubt whether any one accustomed to the world's pleasures could be a Quaker. Who, once familiar with Shakspeare and the opera, could resist a favorite air on a hand-organ, or pass, undisturbed, 'Hamlet!' in capital letters on a play bill? To be a Quaker, one must be a Quaker born. In spite of Sydney Smith, there is such a thing as a Quaker baby. In fact, I have seen the demunitive demurity, a stiff plait in the bud. It had round blue eyes, and a face that expressed resignation in spite of the stomach-ache. It had no lace on its baby cap, no embroidered nonsense on its petticoat. It had no beads, no ribbons, no rattle, no bells, no coral. Its plain garments were innocent of inserting and edging; its socks were not of the color of the 'world's' people's baby. It was as punctiliously silent as a silent meeting, and sat up rigidly in its mother's lap, cutting its teeth without a gum-ring. It never cried, nor clapped its hands, and would not have said 'papa' if it had been tied to the stake. When it went to sleep it was hushed without a song, and they laid it in a drab-colored cradle without a rocker. Don't interrupt me, I have seen it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass!—Something I have observed, too, remarkably strikingly quakeristic. The young maidens and the young men never seem inclined to be fat. Such a thing as a maiden lady, nineteen years of age, with a pound of superfluous flesh, is not known among Friends. The young men sometimes grow outside the limits of a straight coat, and when they do, they quietly change into the habits of ordinary men.—It seems as if they lose their hold when they get too round and too ripe, and just drop off. Remarkably quakeristic, too, is an exemption the Friends appear to enjoy from diseases and complaints peculiar to other people. Who ever saw a Quaker marked with the small pox, or a Quaker with a face-ache? Who ever saw a cross-eyed Quaker, or a decided case of the mumps under a broad-brimmed hat? Nobody. Mrs. Sparrowgrass, don't interrupt me. Doubtless much of this is owing to their cleanliness, duplex cleanliness, purity of body and soul. I saw a face in the cars, not long since—a face that had calmly endured the storms of seventy yearly meetings. It was a hot, dry day, the windows were all open; dust was pouring into the cars; eye-brows, eye-lashes, ends of hair, mustaches, wigs, coat collars, sleeves, waistcoats, and trowsers of the world's people, were touched with a fine tawny color. Their faces had a general appearance of humidity in streaks, now and then tatooed with a black cinder; but

there within a satin bonnet. (Turk's satin.) a bonnet made after the fashion of Professor Espy's patent ventilator, was a face of seventy years, calm as a summer morning, smooth as an infant's, without one speck or stain of dust, without one touch of perspiration, or exasperation, Mrs. S.—No, nor was there, on the cross-pinned kerchief, nor in the elaborately plain dress, one atom of earthy contact; the very air did seem to respect that aged Quakeiness.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.—It is always performed by immersion. In the rich houses, two tables are laid out in the drawing room by the priest, one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water surrounded by small wax tapers. The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and, after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered. In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in winter, it was plunged without pity under the ice or into water of the same temperature. In the present day, that rigor has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water substituted for the other; but the common people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice in all seasons. On these occasions numbers of children are baptised at the same time on the ice; and the cold often proves fatal to them. It sometimes happens, also, that a child slips through the hands of a priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims, "God has been pleased to take this infant to himself, hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of heaven.

A Kiss in Fee.

A young German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny on Tuesday last in the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia. The Ledger says that upon the verdict of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and gratitude in a manner that very much astonished her counsel, the Court, and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the Courtroom like the melody of sweet music.—Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and her triumph, unconscious of the gaze and smiles of a crowded Court room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst upon her head and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation. If this be one of the lawyers' perquisites, we will take to Blackstone and the other musty votaries of the law immediately.

WALTER SCOTT.

One morning at breakfast, when Dominic Thompson, the tutor, was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the Laird of Macnab, "who, poor fellow!" promised he, "is dead and gone." "Why, Mr. Scott," exclaimed his good lady, "Macnab's not dead is he?" "Faith, my dear," replied Scott, with humorous gravity, "if he is not dead they have done him great injustice, for they've buried him." The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table.—*Life of Scott.*

A Hoosier in Search of Justice.

BY T. B. THORPE.

About one hundred and twenty miles from New Orleans, reposes, in all rural happiness, one of the pleasantest little towns in the south, that reflects itself in the mysterious waters of the Mississippi.

To the extreme right of the town, looking at it from the river, may be seen a comfortable looking building, surrounded by China trees; just such a place as sentimental misses dream of when they think of settling in the world.

The little 'suburban bandbox,' however, is not occupied by the airs of love, nor the airs of the lute, but by a strong limb of the law, a gnarled one, too, who knuckles down to business, and digs out of the 'uncertainties of his profession,' decisions and reasons, and causes and effects, nowhere to be met with, except in the science, called par excellence, the 'perfection of human reason.'

Around the interior walls of this romantic looking place may be found an extensive looking library, where all the 'statutes,' from Moses' time down to the present day, are ranged side by side; in these musty books the owner revels day and night, digesting 'digests,' and growing the while fallow with indigestion.

On the evening of a fine summer's day, the sage lawyer might have been seen walled in with books and manuscripts, his eye full of thought, and his bald, high forehead sparkling with the rays of the setting sun, as if his genius was making itself visible to the senses; page after page he searched, rusty parchments were scanned, an expression of care and anxiety indented itself on the stern features of his face, and with a sigh of despair he desisted from his labors, uttering aloud his feelings, that he feared his case was a hopeless one.

Then he renewed again his mental labor with tenfold vigor, making the very silence with which he pursued his thoughts ominous as if a spirit were in his presence.

The door of the lawyer's office opened, there pressed forward, the tall, gaunt figure of a man, a perfect specimen of physical power and endurance of a western flatboatman. The lawyer heeded not his presence, and started as if from a dream, as the harsh tones of inquiry grated upon his ear:

'Does a 'Squire live here?'

'They call me so,' was the reply, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment.

'Well, 'Squire,' continued the intruder, 'I have got a case for you, and I want jestess, if it costs the best load of produce that ever come from In-di-ana.'

The man-of-law asked what was the difficulty.

'It is this, 'Squire; I am bound for Orleans, and put in here for coffee and other little fixins; a chap with a face whiskered up like a prairie dog, says, says he—

'Stranger, I see you've got cocks on board of your boat; bring one ashore, and I'll pit one against him that will lick his legs off in less time than you could gaff him.'

'Well, 'Squire, I never take a dar. Says I, stranger, I'm thar at wunce; and in twenty minutes the cocks were on the levee, like perfect saints.'

'We chucked them together, and my bird, 'Squire—now mind 'Squire—my bird never struck a lick, not a single blow, but tuck to his heels and run; and by thunder threw up his feed—actewally vomited. The stakeholder gave up the money agin me, and now I want jestess; as sure as frogs, my bird was physicked, or he'd stood up to his business like a wild cat.'

The lawyer heard the story with patience, but flatly refused to have anything to do with the matter.

'Perhaps,' said the boatman, drawing out

a corpulent pocket-book, 'perhaps you think I can't pay; here's the money, help yourself;—give me jestess, and draw on my purse like an ox team.'

To the astonishment of the flatboatman, the lawyer still refused; but, unlike many of his profession, gave his would-be client, without charge, some general advice about going on board of his boat, shoving off for New Orleans, and abandoning the suit altogether.

The flatboatman stared with profound astonishment, and asked the lawyer, 'If he was a sure enough 'Squire.'

Receiving an affirmative reply, he pressed every argument he could use to have him undertake his case and get him 'jestess'; but when he found that his efforts were unavailing, he quietly seated himself for the first time, put his hat aside, crossed his legs, and then looking up to the ceiling with an expression of very great patience, he requested the 'Squire to read to him the Louisiana laws on cock-fighting.'

The lawyer said he did not know of a single statute in the State upon the subject. The boatman started up as if he had been shot, exclaiming—

'No laws in the State on cock-fighting?—No, no, 'Squire, you can't possum me; give us the law.'

The refusal again followed; the astonishment of the boatman increased; and throwing himself into a mock heroic attitude, he waved his long fingers around the sides of the room, and asked—

'What are them thar books about?'

'All about the law.'

'Well then, 'Squire, am I to understand that not one of them thar books contain a single law on cock-fighting?'

'You are.'

'And, 'Squire, am I to understand that thar ain't no laws in Louisiana on cock-fighting?'

'You are.'

'And am I to understand that you call yourself a 'Squire, and that you don't know anything about cock-fighting?'

'You are.'

The astonishment of the boatman at this reply for a moment was unbounded, and then suddenly ceased; the awe with which he looked upon the 'Squire also ceased, and resuming his naturally awkward and familiar carriage, he took up his hat, and walking to the door, with a broad grin of supreme contempt in his face, he observed—

'That a 'Squire who did not know the law of cock-fighting, in his opinion, was distinctly an infernal old chuckle-headed fool.'

THE BOY AND THE BRICK.—A boy hearing his father say 'Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways,' said: 'If father applies this rule to his work, I will test it in my play.'

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

'Well,' said the boy, 'each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest.' He looked in vain to see them rise.

'Here, father,' said the boy, 'is a poor rule; 'twill not work both ways. They knocked each other down, but will not raise each other up.'

'My son,' said the father, 'bricks and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but will not raise each other up. When men fall they love company; but when they rise they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate below them.'

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother thrashing her own child? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves there?

When I was Young; Or What the Old Woman said to her Daughter.

One summer eve I chanced to pass near by the cottage gate;

An aged woman in the sun sat talking to her mate.

The frost of age was on her brow, its dimness in her eye,

And her bent figure to and fro rocked all unconsciously.

The frost of age was on her brow, yet garrulous her tongue

As she compared the doings now, with those when she was young.

When I was young, young gals were meek and looked round kind of shy,

And when they were compelled to speak, they did so modestly;

They staid at home and did the work, made Indian bread and wheaten,

And only went to singing school, and sometimes to night meeting.

The children were obedient then; they had no saucy airs,

But minded what their mothers said, and learned to say their prayers.

But now-a-days they know enough, before they know their letters,

And young ones that can hardly speak, will contradict their betters.

Young women now go flirting round 'd looking out for beaux,

And scarcely one in ten is found to wash or mend her clothes.

But then! I tell my daughter,

Folks don't do as they'd oughter;

They hadn't oughter do as they do,

Why don't they do as they'd oughter?

When I was young, if a man had failed, he shut up house and all,

And never ventured out till night, if he ventured out at all.

And his wife sold all her china plates, and his son came home from college,

And his gals left school and learned to wash and bake and such like knowledge.

They gave up cake and pumpkin pies and had the plainest eating.

And never asked folks home to tea and scarcely went to meeting.

The man that was a bankrupt called, was kinder shunned of men,

And hardly dared to show his head among his town-folk then.

But now-a-days when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny,

His wife don't have a gown the less, and his daughters just as many.

His sons do smoke their choice cigars and drink their costly wines,

And she goes to the Opera and he has folks to dine.

He walks the street, he drives his gig, men show him all civilities,

And what in my days were called debts, are now called liabilities.

They call the man unfortunate, who ruins half the city;

In my day it was his creditors to whom we gave the pity.

But then, I tell my daughter

Folks don't do as they'd oughter;

They hadn't oughter do as they do,

Why don't they do as they'd oughter?

When I was young, crime was crime, it had no other name,

And when 'twas proved against a man, he had to bear the blame.

They called the man that stole, a thief; they washed no fine feeling;

What folks call petty larceny, in my day was called stealing.

They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story,

As if the bloodier were his hands the brighter was his glory.

And when a murder had been done, could they the murderer find,

They hung him as they would a crow, a terror to mankind.

But now-a-days it seems to me, wherever blood is spilt,

The murderer has sympathy proportioned to his guilt.

And when the law has proved a man to be a second Cain,

A dozen jurors will be found to bring him in, in-sane;

And then petitions will be signed, and texts of Scripture twisted,

Until the man who's proved to be as bloodthirsty as Nero,

Will walk abroad like other men, only a greater hero.

But there! I tell my daughter

Folks don't do as they'd oughter;

They hadn't oughter do as they do;

Why don't they do as they'd oughter?

A PROMISING YOUTH.—'Ma,' said Master Biggs, 'may I go to the theatre to-night?' 'No, Tom,' says mamma.—'Then I'll go and get the measles, that I will; I know a boy who has 'em prime.'

Coulthurst had attended a person at the place of execution, and, by his consolatory conversation, had made the man die with much apparent satisfaction. Akehurst, King's, meeting him at the Drum, said, 'Well, Mr. Coulthurst, you sent your friend to the other world quite comfortable; it was, indeed, extremely kind of you.' Coulthurst replied, 'I should be happy to do a similar thing for you, Mr. Akehurst, without fee or reward.'



CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Our picture is from a painting by an English artist, Cobbett, of the Royal Academy. It is a little drama, which sufficiently explains itself. The young maiden, and her two little sisters have strayed out too far on the sands, and find

themselves surrounded by the rising tide, whose cruel waters swirl and foam around them. It is a moment of alarm, not of extreme peril, for boats are in the offing, one of which has seen the signal, and is sailing to

the rescue. The anxious expression on the intent face of the young girl, and the frightened look of the two children, as well as the general grouping and sentiment of the figures, testify to the power and skill of the artist.

ADVANTAGE OF A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.—The mysteries of magnetism should be unfolded to the sailor, above all men, since he is the one of all others whose safety depends on its phenomena. He should be told that, on electromagnetic principles, he would materially influence the march of the needle by wiping the glass which screens it especially with silk. It is some years since a fact was told to us, which may be adduced in illustration: It was that of a ship which arrived at Liverpool, after having been for several weeks the sport of the winds and waves. The mariner's compass having been washed overboard in a storm, their voyage was dreary and procrastinated, much caution being necessary, and, despite of which, they might have been inevitably lost. Now, had the simple fact of the extreme ease with which a mariner's needle might be made have been known to any one on board, the peril might have been avoided. A sewing-needle, or the blade of a penknife, being held in an upright posture, and struck with a hammer, and subsequently floated by cork on water, or suspended by a thread without tension, would become a magnetic needle, and point North and South; or the end of a poker held vertically, and passed over its surface from one extreme to the other, would impart magnetism, and which, if the needle be of steel, would be of permanent character.

THE CLERMONT, 1807—The First River Steamboat. Though it is beyond question that many attempts or suggestions were made at navigation by steam, both in Europe and America, a long time prior to the success of the Clermont on the Hudson—as, for instance those of Dr. John Allen, in 1730; of Jonathan Hull, in 1737; of Daniel Bemonilli, in 1757; of James Watt and Mr. Boulton, in 1769; of Genevols, in 1759; the Comte de Auxiron, in 1774; the Marquis de Jouffroy, in 1782; of James Ramsey, John Fitch and Robert Evans between the years 1775 and 1788; of Patrick Miller, in 1787; of Earl Stanhope, in 1795; and of Thomas Lord Dundas and Mr. Symington, in 1801-2; and of John Stevens and Robert L. Stevens, in 1803-4. Yet it remained for the genius of Fulton to surmount all obstacles, and produce, in "the Clermont," the first successful river steamboat, in 1807. We think we hazard nothing in saying that after a fair and dispassionate examination of the claims of all previous inventors and suggestors, that "the Clermont" was the first steamboat that ever navigated a river for any distance, or that leaving one port, arrived at another, 110 miles distant, accomplish a distance of 150 miles in 32 hours, at an average of about five miles an hour, and made the return voyage in about the same time.

Fulton engaged in experiments in propelling boats by steam as early as 1793, and offered his inventions to Napoleon, but receiving no countenance from him, returned to the United States in December, 1806, and immediately after entered into partnership with Chancellor Livingston, the result of which was the construction of the "Clermont." Finding the expenses unexpectedly heavy, these partners offered to sell one-third of their patent; but no one would invest in an enterprise universally deemed hopeless. The boat was, nevertheless, launched in the spring of 1807, from the ship yard of Charles Brown, on the East river. She was supplied with an engine built in England, and was driven by steam in August from the New York side to the Jersey shore. The incredulous crowd who had assembled to laugh, stayed to wonder and applaud. The boat had not been long underway, on its first trip, when Fulton ordered the engine to be stopped. Having observed that the paddle wheel floats were too deeply immersed in the water, he shifted them nearer the centre of the paddles, so that they did not enter into the water so deeply; and this alteration had the effect of increasing the speed of the vessel.

The Clermont soon after sailed for Albany, her departure having been announced in the newspapers as a grand and unequalled curiosity. "She excited," says Colden, in his Life of Fulton, "the astonishment of the inhabitants of the shores of the Hudson, many of whom had not heard even of an engine, much less of a steamboat. There were many descriptions of the effects of her first appearance upon the people of the bank of the river. Some of these were ridiculous, but some of them were of such a character as nothing but an object of real grandeur could have excited. She was described by some who had indistinctly seen her passing in the night, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. She had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river when she was making her passage. The first steamboat—as others yet do—used dry pine wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of ignited vapor many feet above the fire, and whenever the fire is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, and in the night have a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide which were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly coming toward them; and when it came so near, that the noise of the machinery and paddles was heard, the crews—if what was said in the newspapers of the time be true—in some instances shrunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight, left their vessels to go on shore, whilst others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tide, and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited."

Fulton sent the following account of the trip to the editor of the American Citizen:

"Sir—I arrived this afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and to give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts: I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock, and arrived at the Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1; time, 24 hours; distance, 110 miles. On Wednesday I left the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon; distance, 40 miles; time, 8 hours. The sum is 150 miles in 32 hours, equal to nearly 5 miles an hour." "On Thursday at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at 6 in the evening. I started from thence at 7, and arrived at New York at 4 in the afternoon; time, 30 hours; space run through, 150 miles, equal to 5 miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead. No advantage could be derived from my sail. The whole has therefore been performed by the power of the steam engine, &c."

ROBERT FULTON.

In a letter to one of his friends, Fulton wrote: "I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York there were not thirty persons who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were passing off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantages my country will derive from the invention."

The British Naval Chronicle for 1808 publishes an extract of a letter from a gentleman of South Carolina, who was one of the favored few who were passengers on board the Clermont when she made her first trip, which is, under date September, 8, 1807: "I have now the pleasure to state to you the particulars of a late excursion to Albany in the steamboat, made and completed under the directions of the Hon. Robert L. Livingston and Mr. Fulton, together with my remarks thereon. On the morning of the 19th of August, Edward P. Livingston, Esq., and myself were honored with an invitation from the Chancellor and Mr. Fulton

to proceed with him to Albany, in trying the first experiment up the river Hudson in the steamboat. She was then lying off Clermont, (the seat of the Chancellor) where she had arrived in twenty-four hours from New York, being one hundred ten miles. Precisely at thirteen minutes past 9 o'clock, A. M., the engine was put in motion, when we made ahead against the ebb tide and head wind, blowing a pleasant breeze. We continued our course for about eight miles, when we took the flood, the wind still ahead. We arrived at Albany about 5 o'clock, P. M., being a distance from Clermont of forty-five miles, (as agreed upon by those best acquainted with the river) which was performed in eight hours, without any accident or interruption whatever. This decidedly gave the boat upward of five miles an hour, the tide sometimes against us, neither the sails nor any other implement but steam used. The next morning we left Albany with several passengers, on the return to New York, the tide in favor, but a head wind. We left Albany at twenty-five minutes past 9 o'clock, A. M., and arrived at Clermont in nine hours, precisely, which gave us five miles an hour. The current on returning was stronger than when going up. After landing us at Clermont, Mr. Fulton proceeded with the passengers to New York. The excursion to Albany was very pleasant, and represented a most interesting spectacle. As we passed the farms on the borders of the river, every eye was intent, and from village to village, the high and conspicuous places were occupied by sentinels of curiosity, not viewing a thing they could possibly anticipate any idea of, but conjecturing about the plausibility of the motion. As we passed and repassed the towns of Athens and Hudson, we were cordially saluted by the inhabitants and several vessels, and at Albany we were visited by His Excellency the Governor, and many citizens. Boats must be very cautious how they attempt to board her when underway, as several accidents had nearly happened when boarding her. To board ahead will endanger a boat being crushed by the wheels, and no boat can board astern. The difference between the wake of Neptune's Chariot and that of a common water carriage is very materially open to observation; as when you approach the first you will be told by anticipation to pay respect to a chariot, as you will be readily notified by the explosion of a wet fan, which forms the dimensions of her wake, but moving with great impetuosity from the warm repulsion. It is a curious fan; it only spreads by an aquatic latchet, being sprung by kicking of the horses. I may now venture to multiply and give you the sum total. The boat is 120 feet in length, and 12 in width, (merely an experimental thing); draws to the depth of her wheels two feet of water; 100 feet deck for exercise, free of rigging or any encumbrances. She is unquestionably the most pleasant boat I ever went in. In her mind is free from suspense. Perpetual motion authorizes you to calculate on a certain time to land; her works move with all the facility of a clock; and the noise, when on board, is not greater than that of a vessel sailing with a good breeze."

Professor Renwick, in a paper read by him before the New York Historical Society, thus describes the "Clermont," as she appeared on her first trip:

"She was very unlike any of her successors, and even very dissimilar from the shape in which she appeared a few months afterwards. With a model resembling that of a Long Island skiff, she was decked for a short distance at stem and stern. The engine was open to view, and from the engine aft a house like that on a canal boat was raised to cover the boiler and the apartments for the officers. There were no wheel guards. The rudder was of the shape used in sailing vessels, and moved by a tiller. The boiler was of the form then usual in Watt's engines, and was set in masonry. The condenser was of the size habitually used in land engines, and stood, as was and still is the practice in them, in a large cold water cistern. The weight of the masonry, and the great capacity of the cold water cistern, diminished very materially the buoyancy of the vessel. The rudder had so little power that she could hardly be managed. The skippers of the river craft, who at once saw that their business was doomed, and in consequence felt no good will towards the new invention, took advantage of the unyieldingness of the vessel to run foul of her as often as they thought they had the law on their side. Thus, in several instances, the steamer reached one or the other of the termini of its route with but a single wheel."

Before the season closed the wheel was surrounded by a frame of strong beams, and the paddles were covered in; the rudder was changed to the pattern such as is now used on all river boats, and worked by a wheel, the ropes from which were attached to the end most distant from the pintles. The rudder rendered the craft manageable, and the beams placed around the wheel were capable of inflicting instead of receiving harm in a collision with sailing vessels. These and other improvements were the result of Fulton's ingenuity, and had he not imprudently allowed them to become public property, he might have maintained exclusive privileges as patentee in all parts of the Union. During the winter of 1807-8 she was almost wholly rebuilt. The hull was considerably lengthened and covered from stem to stern with a flush deck. Beneath this, two cabins were formed, and surrounded by double ranges of berths, fitted up in a manner then unexampled for comfort, and the public taste was consulted in the application of numerous coats of rather gaudy paint. Thus improved, she commenced her trips for the season of 1808, and started regularly at the appointed hour—at first much to the discontent of travelers, who had before been waited for by sloops and stages. At the end of the season she proved too small for the crowds who thronged to take passage, and two boats, the "Car of Neptune," and the "Paragon," were therefore added to the line.

INVERTING THE ORDER OF THINGS.—A couple of young gentlemen in the city of Cincinnati, seeking for objects to gratify their curiosity, strolled, one evening, to the Museum. Having viewed the specimens arranged in the different rooms, they seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Suddenly a bell rang, and the manager called out, "Please walk up stairs to the infernal regions." "Ah," said one of the friends, "that's a new idea. I always thought that the infernal regions were below." "Why," replied the other, "the reason of that is very plain—the devil has the ascendancy in this city."

SONG.

"ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."

BY E. STIRLING.

Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheat stubble
Is heard the frequent gun:
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red;
And the ripe and golden barley
Is hanging down its head.
All among the barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley is smiling on the scythe?

The Spring she is a young maid
That does not know her mind;
The Summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind;
The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can:
And that brings the happy barley
To glad the heart of man.

All among the barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley is smiling on the scythe?

The Wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well to do;
The Oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too;
The Rye is like a miser,
That's sulkily, lean, and small;
But the free and bearded barley
Is the Monarch of them all.

All among the barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley is smiling on the scythe?

—English Periodical.



FIRST LABORER.—“Why, Jack, what’s all that?”

SECOND LABORER.—“Well, I can’t say, unless it’s fireworks!”

SANKOTY LIGHT.

BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

Far up above old Ocean’s strand,
On Sankoty’s broad plain,
There towers aloft a light-house grand,
Which overlooks the main.

O brilliant light! the sailor’s guide!
His comfort on the sea;
O’er which his “little world” doth glide,
Flash on unceasingly!

And when the sable veil of night
Hath settled on the deep,
When winds howl round in all their might,
And make the mad waves leap:—

Then, let thy radiance beam afar,
Subdue each rising fear;
Oh, warn him of the fatal bar,
With hope his pathway cheer!

Shine on, shine on! guard him aright—
The sailor on the sea;
Illume his track, far-flashing light,
From off gray Sankoty!

And when the tempest’s awful gloom
Enshrouds his gallant bark,
Avert the ’wildered sailor’s doom,
Illuminate the dark!

In the deep stillness of the night,
From o’er the briny wave,
The seaman speaks: “All hail, fair light!
Thou shinest but to save.”

Then would that we, on Life’s great sea,
Might hail one guiding Light;
Our Lord, the Great Divinity,
And Advocate of Right!

Nantucket, Oct. 4, 1854.

Reuben G. Folger

1/16 Ship Columbus Dr
To Cash paid for her at sundry
times

" policy of Insurance \$1750. at 8%
" policy — — — — —
" Interest 2 3/4 years — — —

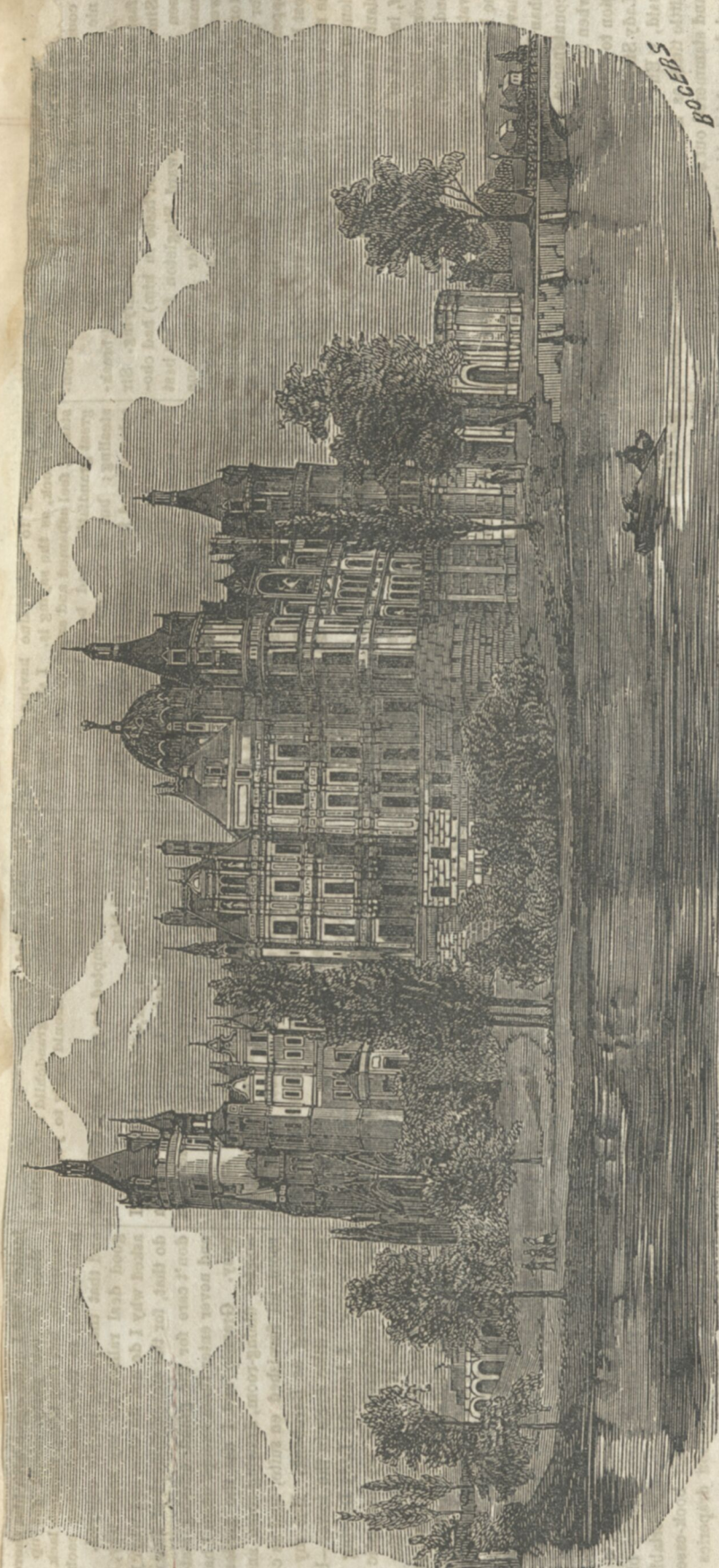
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A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE.

The exterior of the new Castle of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, Germany, was completed in the autumn of 1855, after ten years and a half of incessant labor. The consecration took place on the 14th of October of the same year, and divine service was performed for the first time in the Castle chapel. Since then numerous artists and workmen of all descriptions have been actively employed in finishing, decorating, and furnishing the interior of this magnificent edifice. The Castle, and all the rich carvings, furniture, sculpture, pictures, and other works of art, with which it

is embellished, are the produce of native talent and industry, and excite the surprise and admiration of all visitors who inspect them.

At the opening of the Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning, all the artisans who had been employed at the Castle assembled at the appointed place of meeting, carrying staves, from which party-colored streamers fluttered gaily, followed by bands of music. Here they arranged themselves under their respective trades, and, preceded by their leaders, moved off in orderly procession to the town-hall, where a deputation of each trade waited on the Mayor

to receive a flag promised them by the Grand Duke, as a reward for the zeal and industry they had displayed in their work, and as a remembrance of the day's festival. These flags, eleven in number, were composed of white silk richly embroidered in gold, with a beautiful painting, in the centre, of the new castle, surmounted with, in letters of gold, "For assiduous work in the building of the Castle in Schwerin, 1857." At nine o'clock, the Grand Duke, accompanied by his two sons—the Hereditary Grand-Duke Frederick Francis, aged six years, and Duke Paul, aged four years and

a-half—appeared at the gate of the palace, and was greeted by the Trades' deputation and the enormous mass of persons assembled with loud and repeated cheers. The Grand Duke then stepped before them, and in a kind and courteous speech thanked the workmen for the activity and talent they had shown in perfecting the work which had been entrusted to them, and hoped that the remembrance of this building might prove a lasting bond of unity between them. The Grand-Duke and his sons then retired into the palace amidst the deafening hurrahs of the multitude.

BALMORAL SKIRT.



144 x 44

C. Folger

<i>Folger Dr</i>	<i>at</i>
<i>2 9^{ct}</i>	<i>140</i>
<i>Sperm Oil</i>	<i>1.00</i>
<i>Molasses</i>	<i>.40</i>
<i>2 30^{ct}</i>	<i>.90</i>
<i>2 20^{ct}</i>	<i>.65</i>
<i>2 23</i>	<i>.69</i>
<i>Nails to repair bedroom</i>	<i>.50</i>
<i>1/10^c</i>	<i>.17</i>
<i>10^c</i>	<i>.40</i>
<i>Do five dollars</i>	<i>5.25</i>
<i>Hand 1/6</i>	<i>.25</i>
	<i>.50</i>

ORDER OF EXERCISES, Alumni Day,---Thursday, August 3d, 1865.

I. MUSIC.

II.
PRAYER, BY REV. C. S. MACREADING, JR.

III. MUSIC.

IV.
THE ORATION, BY REV. F. C. EWER, OF NEW YORK.

V. MUSIC.

VI.
THE ODE, BY MRS. V. L. OWEN, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

[All present are requested to join in singing the Ode.]

ODE.

Dear isle, where first our youthful minds
Were led in wisdom's ways,
Thy children gladly gather now,
A grateful song to raise.
A grateful song to raise, dear friends,
A grateful song to raise,
For early gain of golden grain,
Our grateful song we raise.

We've strayed afar in every clime,
On every sea we've tossed,
But memories of our pleasant school
Our hearts have never lost.
Our hearts have never lost, dear friends,
Our hearts have never lost,
The treasured store of days of yore
Our hearts have never lost.

This happy day will help us all
Press on with steadfast aim,
To live that never deed of ours
Shall spot our school's fair fame.
Shall spot our school's fair fame, dear friends,
Shall spot our school's fair fame,
We'll bear it on till time is gone,
Our precious school's fair fame.

And when we've clasped the parting hand
And sailed the foaming sea,
Our hearts will ever fondly turn,
Dear island home, to thee.
Will homeward fondly turn, dear friends,
To school days bright and free,
Our hearts will turn while life shall burn,
Dear island home, to thee.

VII.
BENEDICTION, BY REV. S. D. HOSMER.

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35 98 1/2

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First Exhibition of the NANTUCKET AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This exhibition commenced on Tuesday last at the Atheneum Hall, and continued for three days. It would be impossible for us to give a minute description of all articles on exhibition, but must be content to publish a general summary, of the affair, which was pronounced by competent judges to equal, if not surpass, exhibitions of the kind elsewhere.

The hall was handsomely decorated, and upon the walls were appropriate inscriptions. The table containing the fruit and fancy articles were tastefully arranged and presented a beautiful appearance. The ladies connected with the Society are entitled to much credit for the arrangement of the tables, &c.—Attached to the front of the rostrum was a circular frame on which were fastened eighteen gas-burners, and which, when lighted, brilliantly illuminated the hall; these were arranged by Messrs. Easton, Thompson & Macy. On one table was a glass case containing a life size wax figure, representing the "Dauphin of France," said to have been moulded from life. This figure was brought to the island 76 years ago, and attracted general attention. A figure of Hercules, carved with a jack-knife from a hickory log by a gentleman of Nantucket, now deceased, (an exquisite piece of workmanship) was upon the rostrum. In one show case we noticed the silver spoon used by the first white woman on the island, and several other relics of antiquity. A spread, containing 1982 squares, made by a lady over 70 years of age, a pair of stockings knit by an old lady over 90 years of age, who was obliged to tie her fingers together while at work, and many other articles of like character, were viewed with intense interest. A choir of singers under the direction of Mr. Avery T. Allen, who presided at the piano, as might be expected, favored the audience with some excellent music.

On Tuesday evening the rush to the Hall was so great that about one thousand people were refused admittance, the hall being crowded before 7 o'clock. It was the intention of the Society to exhibit but one day, but so great an interest was manifested by our people it was decided to continue the Fair two days longer. Throughout the day on Wednesday the hall was full, and in the evening the rush nearly equalled that of the previous night. Yesterday there was a goodly number present, and in the evening the articles belonging to the Society were sold at auction.

On the several evenings addresses were made by the President, Rev. Mr. Forman, Rev. Mr. Hepworth, Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Rev. Mr. Gorham, and James M. Bunker, Esq, which added much to the interest of the occasion.

As the premiums will not be awarded until the 6th of November, we give a list of the Fruits, Vegetables, &c., as entered:—

Fruits

Edward W. Gardner—5 varieties of Pears, 1 do. Apples, 3 do. Peaches, 1 do. Grapes. 1 dish Quinces, 3 do. Greening Apples, 2 do. Isabella Grapes.
James Thompson—10 varieties of Pears.
Josiah Gorham—8 varieties Pears, 14 Quinces, tree of Isabella Grapes.
Davis Gorham—Pears, 2 varieties, waiter of Isabella Grapes, bunches of do.
Samuel King—5 varieties of Pears.
Philip Macy—2 varieties of Pears.
Nathaniel Barney—2 dishes Quinces, spiral tree of Isabella Grapes, 3 varieties Pears.
Matthew Barney—1 Water Melon English, 3 varieties Quinces—donation.

George Coleman—2 Quinces—donation.
Mrs. Lydia Fitzgerald—6 Quinces—large and very small.
George Cartwright—2 varieties of Pears
Henry Coffin—1 dish Catawba Grapes, 1 do. Isabella Grapes, 1 do. Peaches.
Mrs. Charles E. Starbuck, 1 dish of Red Apples.
Mrs. Wm. B. Mitchell—Orange Tree in fruit.
B. T. Simmons—1 basket Grapes.
Fredk. W. Paddock—6 Napoleon Pears.
J. B. King—3 varieties of Pears.
H. G. O. Dunham—2 varieties of Pears. 1 Quince.
E. H. Alley—1 dish of Quinces, about 25. Strawberry Tomatoes, Red Peppers, 2 Napoleon Pears.
Coffin Macy—3 dishes Shellbarks.
Miss Ann Bunker—12 Quinces, 6 bunches Catawba Grapes.
Thomas Macy—3 varieties of Pears, 7 Vicar of Winkfield on one branch, 7 Louise bonne de Jersey on one branch.
Obed Starbuck—1 dish of Isabella Grapes, 1 dish Quinces—donation.
George W. Macy—1 variety of Pears.
John H. Shaw—1 dish of Garner Pears Seedling.
R. B. Gardner—4 Peaches—donation.
Alexander Coffin—Pears, name unknown.
Lewis Wendell—1 dish Quinces.
Alexander Clark of Falmouth—9 varieties of Pears, 1 do. Catawba Grapes, 1 do Baldwin Apples.
Nathan Jenkins of West Barnstable—1 basket Apples.
Capt. Alexander Baxter of Hyannis—8 large Pears not named.
The above fruits were of unusually fine appearance, and we doubt if they can be surpassed anywhere.

Vegetables,

Corn.—Exceedingly handsome specimens from Moses Brown, B. B. Gardner, Nathaniel Barney, Edward Chase, L. H. Wendell, T. Taylor, N. Jenkins, Barnstable, Wm. R. Easton, Charles Pitman, Obed Starbuck, Jos. Morey, Matthew Barney. 2 ears Paragay corn from Albert C. Folger. Red Corn from Wm. Bartlett.
Beets—From John Paddock, J. P. Sylva, A. R. Ratliff, Edward Macy, Wm. M. Bates, Saml. B. Swain.
Turnips—From Edward Chase, B. B. Gardner, Matthew Crosby, Wm. Rawson.
Parsnips—From Nathl. Barney, T. Taylor, Edward Macy, T. B. Field.

Grain.

Wheat.—And. M. Myrick. Specimen Egyptian wheat from E. H. Alley.
Barley—From Saml. B. Swain.
Rye—E. W. Gardner, raised from 1.2 acre 22 bushels.
BUTTER—Wm. H. Phinney, Edwd Macy, Jos M. Folger
Bread—Chase & Cook; Mrs. And. M. Myrick, made from rye raised here.
Cranberries—Wm. R. Easton, Henry Coffin, Edwd. Chase.

Manufactures.

Oil—Beautiful specimens of oil and Sperm-citi from Hadwin & Barney.
Soap—Specimens from the Factory of George W. Stephens.
Harness—From Edwd. P. Coffin.
One pair Cart-wheels from Shadrack Gifford.
Fish-Barrow from R. M. Allen—made with one hand.
Lounge from R. F. Macy.
Mortars from Wm. H. Farnham.

Notwithstanding the difficulties the Society has had to contend with, the Exhibition was successful beyond their expectations, and will long be remembered as an era in the history of Nantucket.

The following vers's, composed by a young lady of this town on the occasion, and sung at the hall on Wednesday evening, will doubtless be read with interest:—

The Agricultural Fair.

Since here we meet in social throng,
Your voices all prepare,
To sing aloud the joyful song,
Of the Agricultural Fair.
We'll swell it full and strong to-night,
So vibrate, every string,
And shout aloud, ye farmers all,
We'll make the welkin ring!

Here's "Gardner" with his plenteous horn
In Album Quilt displayed,
With colored squares and stitches fine;
That "Ladies Fair" have made,
With "Mrs. Mitchell's" eagle proud
In centre-piece out-spread,
And "Mrs. Fosdick's" model plough
With not a line mislead.

The ladies all their gifts have brought,
A "Rule," a quilt so nice,
A "Mrs. Morton" broidery fine,
Made ready in a trice.
A love-song, done in worsted-work,
Makes every one to feel
The reason why the mother says
"I do not hear the wheel."

Then "Thompson" comes with fruit-trees rare,
And luscious grapes so fine,
Produced from Sherburne's "barren soil,"
"Worth" diamonds in a mine.
And we will praise our "Myrick" friend
For grapes so black and blue,
Excelled by none, we're sure of that
And equalled but by few.

"George Wendall Macy's" generous hand
With flowers strews our way,
And may he tread a flowery path,
To realms of brighter day.
Friend "Barney" brings us flowers sweet
Exotics rich and rare
Enough for beautiful bouquets,
Or wreaths for maidens' hair,

Let "Vincent" be our motto here
For "conquer all" we will,
When "Bennie Gardner" comes along
With proofs of gardening skill.
There's "Alley's" Shanghais, (coats or fowls)
And "Bates" quinces rare,
Friend "Taylor's" corn that grows so large,
And "Ratliff's" monstrous pear.

A "Folger" man has ponies brought,
"A. Myrick," pumpkins round,
"Rawson," butter new and sweet,
That seldom here is found.
A "Pitman" also butter brings,
A "Macy," pop-corn white,
An "Easton," squashes crooked-necked,
I think we'd like a bite.

And then among the judges wise,
Are "Austin," "Easton," "Worth,"
And "Robinson," our "brother quill,"
Views products of the earth.
Friend "Calder" is recorder, too,
Of all the "doin's" here,
And "Mr. Flint" has made a speech,
We all have liked to hear.

We boast a "King" amid the crowd,
Who brings rich fruit and fine,
And then to crown the festival,
Among the singing line,
Are Cartwrights, Bovey, Cobb, and Swain,
And Starbuck's helping voice,
And A. T. Allen now will close,
And so we'll all rejoice.

Chorus—O, Agriculture!

You are the art for me.
And we hope in '57 to sing
A better song for thee.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1856.



NORWEGIAN CHURCH, AT BORGUND.

We step this week within the wierd circle of the Arctic lands, where the landscape and the life have the sombre purity, the quaintness and rudeness, the rigor and ruggedness and strength of the Scandinavian character, in which there is yet so much that is true and

Pumpkins—From Edward Chase, T. Taylor, Zimri Catheart, one dozen Cape Horn pumpkins, W. H. Phinney. Job Traf-ton 5 pumpkins, one weighing 72 lbs.

Squashes—One Japan squash from B. F. Wyer, Mamro squash from Benj. Sheffield, Valparaiso squash from Thomas Macy; 4 winter squashes, weighing 35 1-2 lbs. from E. F. Easton.

Cabbages—From Edward Macy, E. W. Gardner, Joseph Morey.

Onions—Wm. H. Phinney, Edwd. Chase.

White Beans—Edwd. Macy, Wm. Bartlett.

Hops—Edwd. Macy.

Sugar Cane—One Stalk from James Thompson, 10 feet high,

Potatoes—Wm. Bartlett, Henry Clapp, Wm. H. Phinney.

Cucumber—From Arnold Merso. 4 feet, 2 1-2 inches long.

Sweet Potatoes—From James Thompson, 1-2 peck from one potato.

Vegetable Eggs—From James Thompson, 1-2 bushel from 1 seed.

Dioscorea Batatas, or Chinese Yams—From Edwd. W. Gardner, James Macy, James Thompson.

Yams—Henry Coffin.

tender. Our picture represents an antique wooden church, at Borgund, in Norway—certainly a marked contrast to our own church architecture as seen either in the rural meeting-house or the city temple. Yet it will be noticed that this rude and grotesque edi-

fice, with its pagoda of tiled roofs, its horns, and peaks, and crosses, its quaint windows and gabled door, has a certain harmony, with the stern, bleak hills, and sharp, dry firs that are the elements of the landscape.

Balance
account
15th 1824

Agricultural Soc

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We, from abroad, would represent our case as *agreeable*. To be sure, we miss the familiar faces that greet us on our walks in Nantucket. Still, there is always something very attractive in the new. The new house, the new shop, the new baby, each attract the crowd of anxious friends. And it is well that there is variety. God has fashioned the world wondrously well. In diversity of landscape and scenery we rest the eye, as in diversity and variety of thought we rest the mind. Arriving at a new town, who can resist the temptation to inspect this church, that bank, this residence, that post-office, and in the observation to find that all minds are not graduated on the same scale. Allow me, then, at the risk of repeating perchance what others have written, to write you of our trip from Nantucket. I am one who believes our "sea-girt home" has its attractions like other places. Wherever home is, there our hearts ought to be. As the steamer cast off her moorings and the gang plank was hauled in, the steam power applied and we began to move from the wharf, one party at least felt the tender emotion of parting. But the pleasant saloon of the Island Home is pleasanter than the promenade deck, and a juvenile wants to see her own papa, and all my soliloquy about leaving thee, "my native land," was cut short in the more imperative duties *familia*. Messrs. Editors, did you ever travel with that domestic institution called a baby? If not, though you may have crossed the sea, stood speechless on Mount Etna, drank water from the sources of the Nile, brushed mummy dust from your clothes at the Pyramids, smoked hasheesh with the natives, had a Turkish bath, in fact, done anything which travellers so marvellously dwell upon, you have never travelled in state. The only difficulty is you may perchance be a little too conspicuous. What numerous questions are asked; what multitude answered; and the blue eyes of the young traveller, the institution in fact, must be open to every living fact. The questions are graduated to scale. "Why, how that baby looks like its father." A blush of more than usual depth overspread the parent's face. It is a true feeler. The main spring to many a human heart is flattery. Talleyrand knew this, and the wily Frenchman governed a whole nation by its power. "How old is your child?" and the next most natural question "has it teeth, and how many?" Then follows a running volley or real fusillade, about the measles, canker rash, the extreme difficulty of rearing the juvenile branch of humanity, and baby is asleep in her carriage and "rocked in the cradle of the deep."—Meanwhile we have spanned that little stretch of water between Nantucket and Hyannis, and are alongside the dock at railroad end. Did you ever think of it, that last little stretch of iron track that projects into the sea at Hyannis, is but the beginning of a flying highway which stops not until it almost reaches the Rocky mountains. But as we are not bound that far, we will confine our remarks to the journey to Conference. I think it was Goethe who advises all the folks and the rest of mankind to "learn to labor and to wait." He most assuredly had, at the time of penning that line, an idea of the station at Hyannis. But wait we must, and learn to prize the extra accommodations of the depot at that place. I have been under arms a half day in the hot sun, but it was nothing to sitting on the sharp corner of a soap box in the gentlemen's room at Hyannis. But Time, the great current which heaves us all onward, and heavenward, I trust, brings the cars up to the door. We examine our iron horse puffing and snorting ahead of the carriages, and at the given signal away we speed.

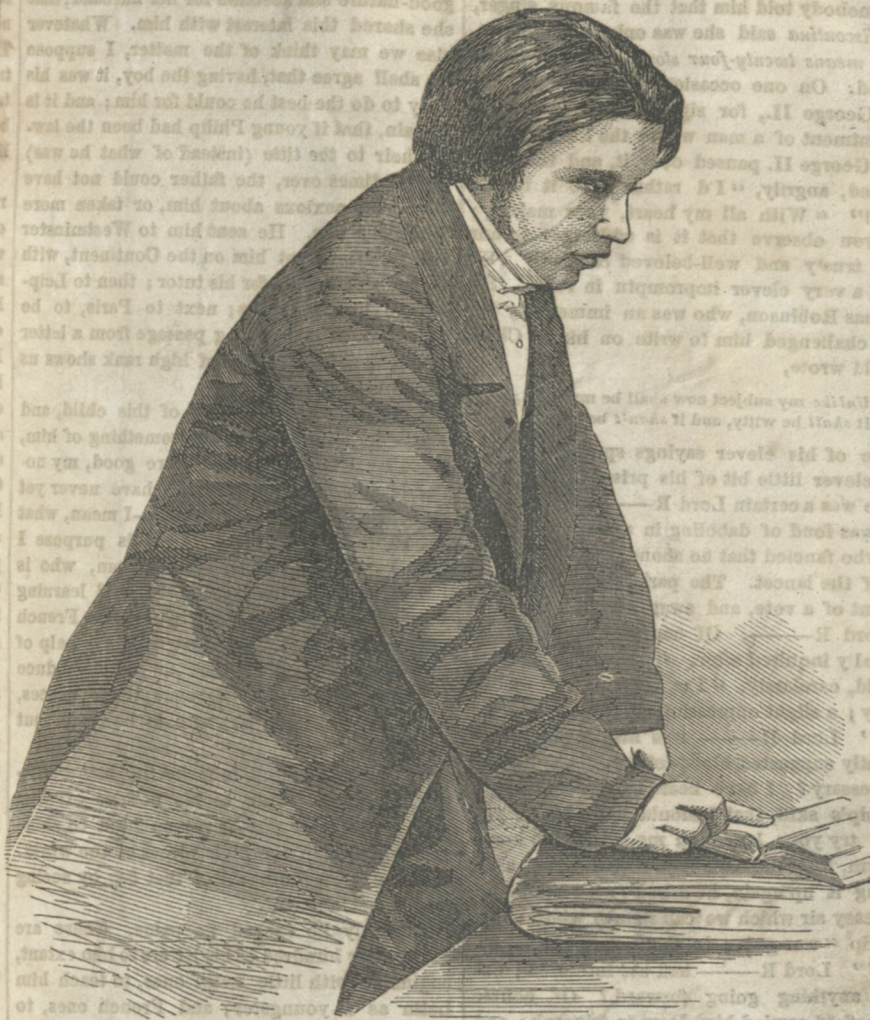
"Onward, right onward,
Twenty leagues onward,
Into the stopping place,
City New Bedford."

As we cross the steam ferry we are permitted to see the port of New Bedford. But very few "square riggers" are at the docks, though I observed some of them were having a small touch of paint here and there, preparatory to a voyage whaling. Business is somewhat brisk and shipping interests look bright.

From New Bedford I will jump over on to a new line of railway, at least to me, and commence at Providence. Rhode Island is a small state but very enterprising. To connect Providence and Fall River was the main object of this road. It follows the river grade, and therefore is very level, and being a new road, in good repair, it afforded smooth riding. Along that river course we glided, each opening curve and "reach" recalling seventeen years long since, when your unworthy servant first essayed to try "a life on the ocean deep." And now we reach Warren, and the opening harbor shows me the very outer buoy at which we anchored, waiting for the wind. And now Bristol is reached, the terminus of my journey. A description of the Conference will close my letter. Bristol, a very pretty place, has been a flourishing town. Its shipping list was large, but now slightly at a stand still. The proposed new route from Boston to New York makes this port a terminus for railroad and commencement of the steamboat route. It promises to be the most direct route to New York. Workmen are already engaged in building dock and depot.

The ministers of the Providence Conference are nearly all here. Just tell my clerical brethren to keep the "ship in trim," will you? A more respectable body of men you will hardly meet with, from the veteran of forty years to the raw recruit. These men of the Lord's army look earnest. The Conference opened its session on Wednesday, Rev. Bishop Thompson in the chair. A highly exciting debate took place this morning session. A motion came before them, like this: "That the Presiding Bishop be advised to divide the Conference into 12 Districts instead of 3, with 12 appointed Elders to be stationed at the places." It was moved, seconded and carried.

As I have no axe to grind at this session, I move along an unconcerned spectator. The anxious faces of some whose next two years' destiny hangs upon a thread, show here and there, and the Bishop, a little man, with good-natured face, sits in his chair as passionless as a statue. It is sincerely to be hoped that all the decisions of this Conference may be for the best religious good of the community at large. And as I may be permitted once more to return to my "Island Home," I may greet the kind faces of my genial friends. M.



THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON--FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This gentleman, who is now the pulpit celebrity of London, addressed 23 654 people at the Crystal Palace, on Humiliation Day. This is said to be the largest audience assembled in modern times, to listen to a preacher.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

Under this caption, Chambers's Journal has an account of the preaching of the famous English exhorter, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, whom it describes under the name of Boanerges. Here is an extract:—

A middle-sized, unhandsome person, not above twenty-five years old at most, heavy-featured, rather flat-faced, straight-haired—but with what a voice! Without effort, without perceptible lift even, it filled that mighty temple with a volume of sound. A short opening prayer, somewhat remarkable for metaphor, was followed by a hymn, which a man with a tuning-fork gave out from the orchestra seats, and the select few thereon began to sing; one not well-known to us, or in which most of the congregation could join, being selected from some dissenting psalm-book; but, even, as it was, the aggregate of voices made up a most impressive harmony. The preacher subsequently referred to this when speaking of “the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps,” as also to his own sensations at different times when under such influences; and indeed, he seemed to well understand what modern divines have mostly yet to learn, that an example from their own experience, or drawn from the present circumstances of their audience is worth a thousand metaphors from earth, and sea, and sky. Boanerges never missed an illustration because of its homeliness, and, leaving abstract virtues and vices to abstract men and women, addressed himself to folks of flesh and blood. “When I say mammon, I don’t mean idle dukes or greedy

merchant princes; my small adulterating shop-keeper, I mean you.” And again, upon the importance of seeming trifles: “There is many a man who will lose a thousand pounds without a murmur, and yet blaspheme about a shirt button.” In the prayer before the sermon, he touched upon the subjects at present interesting the national mind, expressing in a brief, rough manner, too, the healthy popular opinion upon most things. For the country, for the Queen, he prayed; for the confounding of despots, and for peace; and for the high court of parliament, “that it may do this coming session something, and not nothing, and that it may be vouchsafed, if it be but a little, wisdom.” Before this prayer, he gave a short exposition of the hundred and third psalm, more remarkable for eloquence than learning, in which he rejected, somewhat violently, the eagle’s renewal of its youth as a wicked fable, and limited the parallel to the ordinary process of moulting; then followed more singing, and then the sermon, which was taken from the Revelations. It is not of course my purpose to repeat it; my only intention has been, and is, to give a brief impartial account of the public preaching of a very remarkable man. Now that I have been to hear him, and since scarcely any of my acquaintance have had the same opportunity, I feel that there is something to be said for Boanerges as well as against him. He seems to me to be thoroughly in earnest, to have great command of language, and to know his way to the feelings of his congregation; at all events, he knows their weaknesses, and attacks them boldly, face to face, without any masked batteries whatever; while that great voice of his is rolling over their heads, there is not a sound to interrupt or weaken it; and when he

pauses to refresh himself at his glass of water, a tempest of coughing and nose-blowing proclaims at once the willing patience and real attention of his hearers. I know many wittier men than Boanerges, and I know one or two as eloquent, but I know none who could have preached such passages as this man did without a trace of flippant profanity, and with all appearance of religious earnestness: “The name that was written upon the foreheads of the saints—what was it? B for Baptist, do you imagine my friend Bigot yonder? W for Wesleyan? C for Calvinist? E, perhaps, for the establishment? It does not say so here. If you asked of the angel who keeps the gates of paradise whether there are any Baptists within-side, he’d shake his head. Any Calvinists?—he would not so much as look at you. Any of the establishment?—he’d answer: ‘Nothing of the sort.’ They would all be there indeed, perhaps, my friends, but not in miserable sects and parties: they would be all Christians—saints.” There are many such—I was almost

going to write “hits”—striking illustrations during this sermon, the whole of which was upon that “very disagreeable but true doctrine, my friends, although indeed I am none of your strait-gate and narrow-way people—election.”

Finally, if I had to answer that before-mentioned tract called “Why is Boanerges Popular?” I should answer, that he is so mainly because he combines real eloquence with what Luther possessed, and Latimer possessed, and which no modern preacher, except Boanerges, perhaps does possess—earnest religious humor.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

A friend tells us of a rich incident that occurred the other day in the court-room at Frankfort, in which the proverbial attractions of the elephant are very forcibly illustrated. It seems that, on the day in question, a menagerie was expected in the city, and the people were naturally on the quiver for the approaching sights—an interest in which, as the sequel shows, his Honor the Judge keenly participated. Notwithstanding, the Court was held on that day, though not exactly as usual. In the progress of the morning’s business a case of continuance arose, which the Judge was evidently not at all inclined to favor. His countenance, indeed, grew absolutely stern with disfavor. The lawyer in charge, having urged his plea with all the ingenuity and ability at his command, was at length in the act of yielding the point in despair, when a brother lawyer, especially up to snuff, rose and whispered into his ear that the menagerie had arrived, and the elephant would swim the river! The suggestion was big with relief. Brightening with hope, the wily lawyer at once drew himself up deferentially, and, addressing the Court, said: “May it please your Honor, I have this moment learned that the Great American Menagerie has reached this city, and the elephant will immediately swim the Kentucky river! The people, I am informed, are already thronging upon the banks to witness the extraordinary feat.” The hit was palpable. The intelligence of Buchanan’s election could hardly have brought a more wonderful change in the bearing of his Honor. His stern countenance at once relaxed into the most genial complacency, and, in a tone of generous excitement, he remarked, “Gentlemen, I grant this continuance, and adjourn the Court. I never have seen an elephant swim a river, and, as I am an old man, it isn’t likely that I’ll ever have a better opportunity. The Court’s adjourned!” The last thing our friend saw of the Court, it was making for the river at a speed never contemplated by the Life Insurance Company. Verily, there’s no resisting the elephant!—Louis-

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

His Views on the Arming of Slaves by the Rebels.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—A rebel flag, captured by the 14th Indiana at Fort Anderson, was presented to Governor Morton, to-day. During the ceremony President Lincoln, who was present, spoke as follows:

"Fellow Citizens: It will be but a very few words that I shall undertake to say. I was born in Kentucky, raised in Indiana, and lived in Illinois, (laughter,) and now I am here, where it is my business to care equally for the good people of all the States. I am glad to see an Indiana regiment this day able to present the captured flag to the Governor of Indiana. (Applause.) I am not disposed in saying this to make a distinction between the States, for all have done equally well.

There are but few views or aspects of this great war upon which I have not said or written something, whereby my own opinions might be known. But there is one: the recent attempt of our erring brethren, as they are sometimes called, (laughter,) to employ the negro to fight for them. I have neither written nor made a speech on that subject, because that was their business, not mine, and if I had a wish upon the subject, I had not the power to introduce it or make it effective. The great question with them was whether the negro being put into the army will fight for them. I do not know and therefore cannot decide. (Laughter.) They ought to know better than we. I have in my lifetime heard many arguments why the negroes ought to be slaves; but if they fight for those who would keep them in slavery, it will be a better argument than any I have yet heard. (Laughter and applause.) He who will fight for that, ought to be a slave. (Applause.)

They have concluded at last to take one out of four of the slaves and put them in the army, and that one out of the four, who will fight to keep the others in slavery, ought to be a slave himself, unless he is killed in a fight. (Applause.) While have often said that all men ought to be free, yet would I allow these colored persons to be slaves who want to be, and next to them those white people who argue in favor of making other people slaves. (Applause.) I am in favor of giving an appointment to such white men to try it on for themselves. (Applause.) I will suggest one thing in regard to these negroes being employed to fight for them: I do know he cannot fight and stay at home and make bread too, (laughter and applause,) and as one is about as important as the other to them, I don't care which they do. (Renewed applause.) I am rather in favor of having them try the slaves as soldiers. (Applause.)

They lack one vote of doing that, and I wish I could send my vote over the river, so that I might cast it in favor of allowing the negro to fight. (Applause.) But they cannot work and fight both. We must soon see the bottom of the enemy's resources. They will stand out as long as they can, and if the negro will fight for them they must allow him to fight. They have drawn upon their last branch of resources, (applause,) and we can now see the bottom. (Applause.) I am glad to see the end so near at hand. (Applause.) I have said now more than I intended, and will therefore bid you good-bye. (Applause.)

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell—
You have?—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce—
I'll make my toilet very spruce;
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this garter for me, do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe!
I leave, Lucy, try and hide it;
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it!

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Though, to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses.)
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day;
"And cross myself," pray, did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lucy, pray, feel my waterfall,
Do you think it large? Aint it too small?
What bother the e things give!
My rats and mice, do they set straight?
Please hurry, Lucy, I know I am late—
There's Willie, as I live!

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset, and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucy, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if the girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here, damp this ribbon in cologne—
"What for?" to paint, you silly one—
Now, Lucy, don't be mulish!

Now, then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—it's as big as all outdoors—
The flightful sugar-scoop!
Thank heaven, my cloak is handsome too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer Luce, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion now, you know,
(Pray does the paint and powder show,
Through my loose veil?)

Thank you, my dear; I believe I'm dress'd,
The saints be praised, the day of rest
Comes only once in seven;
For if on all the other six
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to heaven!

THE GOLD MARKET.—Last evening large sum of gold were thrown upon the market by outsiders for which speculators were not prepared, and a panic ensued. In our own market over half a million dollars in gold changed hands, and more than double that amount in New York. It declined 10 per cent during the day. This morning it opened at 167 1/4 but soon declined to 165 1/2. The course of the fluctuations during 1864 is shown by the following statement of the highest and lowest quotations for each month:

1864.	Lowest.	Highest.	1864.	Lowest.	Highest.
Jan.	151	160	July	222	235
Feb.	157	169	Aug.	231	232
March	159	169	Sept.	185	255
April	166	187	Oct.	189	229
May	168	190	Nov.	209	230
June	189	251	Dec.	211	244

During the present year the quotations have ranged as follows:

	Highest.	Lowest.
January	234	197
February	216	196
March 1	201	200
March 2	198	197
March 3	199	198
March 4	200	199
March 6	199	198
March 7	199	197
March 8	197	196
March 9	196	193
March 10	196	186
March 11	192	188
March 13	191	186
March 14	185	177
March 15	178	174
March 16	175	165

As the war draws toward a close the idea that we have too much currency is becoming somewhat modified. It is evident that with peace the national currency will drive the rebel rags out of existence, and will not be too much for the business operations of the whole country. This fact, in addition to the favorable condition of our trade abroad, and the prospect of peace, tends to help the downward tendency of gold. The apprehensions felt for heavy failures are considered more imaginary than real. It is gravely stated by business men of good standing, that no man will fail by the fluctuations in gold, but those who ought to fail. There will be more failures in England caused by the subjugation of their friends, the rebels, than in this country, even if paper should balance gold to-day. It is said that English capitalists hold five hundred millions of Confederate bonds, which are now almost worthless.

In our market and in New York the panic in gold continues. At 11 o'clock it declined to 60 1/2, then rallied again in less than an hour to 64, and keeps fluctuating as the day advances.

FUNERAL HYMN.

On the air a mournful dirge,
Like the ocean's heavy surge,
O'er our country, far and wide,
Sweeps in one o'erwhelming tide;
And the bells' sad tones are swelling,
Of a nation's sorrow telling,
While we give, with prayer and trust,
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

In the flush of victory's hour,
In the noontide of his power,
When our banner, fair and free,
Floated safe on land and sea,
While our hearts were glad and lightest,
While the future seemed the brightest,
Passed away our earthly trust,
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

With its folding craps made dim,
Now our banner droops for him,
And we scatter garlands white,
Ere he passeth from our sight;
As we stand with bitter weeping,
By our leader silent sleeping,
Giving to the grave its trust,
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

Let our sorrowing souls grow calm;
He hath won the crown and palm;
Far beyond this mortal life,
Sheltered safe from earthly strife,
He is with the pure and holy,
Praising with the meek and lowly,
While we say, with tears and trust,
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

In our grief and sadness, now
At thy throne, Oh Lord, we bow,
While a nation's earnest prayer,
Rises on the mournful air,
Humbly praying and adoring,
And thy care and love imploring,
Be to us our strength and trust,
While we yield the "dust to dust."

JULIET.

Laurel Brook, N. H., Wednesday 12 M., April 19, 1865.

[From the London Punch.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,<
Broad for the self-complacent Pritish sneer,
His length of shambling limbs, his turrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,—
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Besides this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To laze my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of prince's peer,
This rail-splitter a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right grain and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long suffering years!
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon had, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim.
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

Reuben G. Folger. Co.

1826	WP		\$
Nov 17	1	By Cash 1/6	25
Dec 1	4	" Cash paid postage	25
May 3	7	" 8 lb Tea 4/6	75
" 9	"	" Cash One dollar	1 00
" 16	8	" By Labor sticking boards	25
" 17	"	" 1 hundred Nails	1 75
" 18	"	" Sawing 2 Cords Oak wood	1 00
June 16	9	" help	12 1/2
July 4	11	" Sawing 1 Cord pine wood	42
" 23	"	" do 2 1/2 do Oak wood	1 06
Aug 1	12	" Cash - 2/3	3 1/4
" 19	13	" 1 lb Tea from B. Parnall	1 20
" 23	"	" Cash One dollar	1 00
" 31	14	" Labor getting in cherry boards	40
Sept 12	15	" 6 lb Nails 2 3/4 1 Compass saw from W. C. Swain	65
" 15	"	" 1 pr Hinges 1 1/2 from W. C. Swain	6 1/2
" 18	"	" 2 lbs Glue from W. C. Swain 2 30 ct	60
" 25	"	" 4 pr Hinges 2 1/2 5 Nails 2 10 ct from W. C. Swain	85
Oct 22	17	" 1 doz 3/4 brass hinges 2 1/2 pr from W. C. Swain	88
" 23	"	" 2 Saw files 2 15 ct from Danl Jones	30
" 24	18	" from Danl Jones' 3 desk lock 2 1/2 pr	1 37 1/2
" "	"	" do do 3 pr Hinges 2 1/2 pr	37 1/2
" "	"	" do do 3 pr handles 2 1/2 pr	1 12 1/2

5 65

8 79 3/4
14 44 3/4

Settled Nov 5th 1827

☞ We have been permitted to make the following extracts from a letter received by a gentleman in this town, from his nephew, formerly of this place, but now engaged in business in Missouri. It gives a fearful picture of affairs in that section of the country:

BEVIER, Mo., Oct. 7th, 1864.

MY DEAR UNCLE:

Do you think you know much about this war? I will answer the question for you, and all other free state men, by saying that except those who have done the fighting, there is no man at the north who fully realizes the extent, cruelty, and barbarity of it. But here, in the border states, we are realizing the full horrors of civil war. When I go to bed at night, it is with a feeling that I may never see the light of another sun; and when I wake up in the morning, you can't imagine how thankful I feel that I have gone safely through the night. I have heard people say they were thankful for certain privileges, but I can say *now*, that when morning comes, I *feel* thankful, and I know what the feeling is.

Two weeks ago to-day I was taken suddenly sick, and went to Hannibal and staid until the next Wednesday, when I found that sick or well, I must be here. So I came out, and the day before I came up, a guerilla gang stopped the passenger train on the North Michigan Railroad, at Centralia, about fifty miles south of here. They robbed all the passengers, took twenty-three soldiers on sick furlough and unarmed, and three passengers, shot them, and then burned the train. A few hours later, a party of our men, numbering one hundred and seventy, came upon them, when they beat a retreat till they came on the rest of their band, numbering 400, when they beat our boys back, killing one hundred and fifty-five. Four of them they scalped, and one, a lieutenant, they stripped, scalped, and otherwise horribly mutilated. Such things were told us at the commencement of the war, and we would not believe that such fiends could exist, but this I *know* to be all so. I was told by a friend of mine who was on the spot at the time, and has been there since; and another fact which was hard to believe, was that those fiends in human shape, who robbed that train and murdered those men, at the same time hurrahed for McClellan and Jeff Davis. The leader, Anderson, when he burnt the court house in Chariton County, last week, and killed the only radical men he could find, told the citizens they had either got to vote for McClellan, leave the country, or die. Great God! what have the peace sneaks and copperheads got to answer for. May God forgive them, for the radical men of Missouri never will.

Last Sunday night they burned a station house on the North Missouri Railroad, six miles from me. Monday they burned a passenger train, and robbed the passengers going East, and burned a way freight train on the road. Yesterday they took a Federal officer out of his house and shot him, and that is the way they are doing business. If I live till after the election, I shall consider myself in luck. I can't leave here honorably, as I must stay and take care of the property as long as I can. I hope to see my wife again, but the chances are against it, unless something is done speedily. You will think the picture gloomy; it is gloomy, but it is perfectly true. My health is very poor, and continual care keeps me where I am.

Yours, truly,

A little five year old, referring to his sister's perfumery, said: "There ain't no penny in that, is there?" "No, my dear." "Then what makes you call it a s(cent) bag?"



Bevier Coal Mines Mo.



THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI.

THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Delhi has a new interest at present from its being the scene of one of the recent massacres in India. The city is situated on the banks of a broad and deep river—the Jumna—upwards of 900 miles inland from Calcutta. It is one of the most picturesque and splendid of all the old East Indian cities. The architecture of the King's Palace (which forms the subject of our sketch,) will show that the notions about the barbarism of the Hindu, have little foundation. A high order of intellect and civilization must exist before such structures can spring from the mind of a people. This palace is a remarkable edifice, surrounded on three sides by an embattled wall thirty feet high, and more than one mile in circumference. In the opinion of Bishop Heber, it far surpasses the Kremlin in architectural beauty. The chief hall of audience is an open quadrangular terrace of white marble, richly ornamented with mosaic work and sculptures in relieve, and the chapel of Aurenzebe, also of white marble, although small, is of beautiful workmanship. The gardens, which were formed by Shah Jehan, are said to have cost £1,000,000. Their original character has long been completely lost, and they now present the appearance of a small, neat park, with some charming groves of orange trees.

It has been said of the Hindus, that they built like giants and finished their work like jewellers, and this is true of all their structures. Yet their most florid ornamentation is never in bad taste—always in keeping with the prevailing sentiment of their edifices.

The Emperor of Delhi, the representative of

the great Timour, though still recognized by the British government as a sovereign prince, has long been shorn of all his grandeur, and except within his own palace exercises no attribute of royalty, though looked up to and regarded by all the Mahomedan population of India with respect and attachment. He is allowed £130,000 a year from the revenue of certain districts, but much of it is in reality spent in his name by the British resident. Exquisite justice! The shrinking modesty and sensitive honor of a British Barnacle are really overwhelming.

LIEUT. LEANDER F. ALLEY.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Brave and true-hearted! in his country's cause,
His life he hath lain down;
Noble the deed, and History's page shall tell,
He won a martyr's crown.

Aye, woven with the amaranthine flowers
Which bloom where angels dwell,
While patriot hearts beside his grave may plant,
In love, the asphodel.

God comfort those who mourn his early loss,
And wipe their tears away
With thoughts of meeting him again at last
Where beams th' eternal day.

Where warlike deeds, for aye, are known no more,
And Peace rules in each heart,
And snuffed heroes' loving friends shall greet,
No more,—oh joy! to part.

Beneath the green sods of his native isle
His honored dust shall rest,—
His memory liveth, as a patriot true,
In many a grateful breast.

Write now the name of ALLEY on thy list,
Oh Fame! and write it high;—
Nantucket's brave, heroic sons may fall,
Their names shall never die!
BEVERLY, Mass., Jan. 19, 1863.

THE CORONER'S JURY.

A Scrap from the Note Book of Laurie Todd.

IN 1804, if my memory is correct, John Mowitt, a worthy burgher of the old school, drove a thriving business in boots and shoes in Maiden Lane, New York, near the East River. John Pelsue was his foreman. He sat behind the counter making shoes, and waited on customers when they entered to buy. Both being bachelors, they boarded in the same house. One day, they were both summoned on a coroner's jury, to be held on the body of a man taken out of the river. The verdict was presently given—"Found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. Mowitt turned round to look for his friend, who had been at his side till that moment; but he was gone, and looking out, he thought he saw him running at full speed up Maiden Lane. This struck him as curious, and also reminded him of another curious fact—at least curious as connected with a sudden flight—namely, that when Mr. Pelsue first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started and turned deadly pale.

Mr. Mowitt then proceeded to his boarding-house, and thence to the store, but he had not been to either, nor did he return; and nothing could be heard of or from him. Mr. Mowitt gave up all further inquiries, thinking there must have been some mysterious connection between Mr. Pelsue and the man that was found drowned, and that in consequence thereof, Mr. Pelsue had in all probability made away with himself.

So matters rested till a certain day some weeks ago, when a lady called on Mr. Mowitt at his store, and asked for Mr. Pelsue. She was told the particulars of his story.

"And has he not been here since?" she inquired.

"Not since, not since," was the reply.

"I know he has," returned the lady.

"He has not, I assure you—at least not to my knowledge," replied Mr. Mowitt.

"But I am positive," said the lady.

"What proof have you of it?" inquired Mr. Mowitt.

"The best in the world," returned the lady; "for I am here, and Mr. Pelsue and myself are one and the same person!"

And strange as it may seem, such was the fact. The question then was, whether Mr. Pelsue was a gentleman or a lady, and it turned out that she was a lady, and that her name was Charlotte Conroy; and furthermore, that she was the widow of the man that was found drowned. She then stated that her husband was a shoemaker in Philadelphia, that she had been two years married, that her husband, whose name was Conroy, took to drinking and treated her badly. Having no child, she used to spend her leisure hours sitting by and stitching shoes for her husband, intending, as soon as she could finish a shoe, to leave the drunkard and work her way through the world alone. Having equipped herself in men's clothes, she left her lord and master, and arrived in New York. Her success as journeyman and foreman, we have seen above. As soon as the coroner's jury was finished, she started for Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband, who had become a wandering loafer, had a week before set out for New York, where instead of finding an injured wife, he found a watery grave.

The finale of this romantic affair was, that Mr. Mowitt requested Mrs. C. to make his house her home; and finding that he loved Mrs. Conroy even better than Mr. Pelsue, he proposed a *partnership for life*, which treaty was ratified by their becoming man and wife a few days thereafter.

This is perhaps the first instance on record wherein a wife performed the office of a coroner's jurymen on the body of her own husband. The lady, by the way, is very good looking.

Dedication of the Mission School.

The labor of love, so willingly accepted by the ladies who represent the several Christian denominations of our town, found its measure of reward in the dedication of the Mission Sunday School, on Monday evening last. Generous contributions for this noble end, have been given by our citizens, at the solicitation of the good missionaries whose motive was to erect a suitable building for the benefit of the poor children in our midst, where faithful teachers should instruct the eager pupils in the Gospel lessons. Worthy object! Blessed gifts!

The services opened with a Scripture Lesson by Rev. Mr. Ripley, (Baptist). Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hosmer, (Congregationalist). The very interesting ceremony of dedication was then performed by Rev. Mr. Dawes, (Unitarian). His remarks embodied the sincerity of the Christian minister, and the pleasing manner of his address, particularly that part adapted to the bright understanding of the little ones before him, invested the work of Sunday School training with a new charm, while yet his words to the parents and teachers, and to all friends of the Holy cause, earnestly pictured the responsibility of trust—the innumerable blessings which would flow from a right use of their privileges. As a proof of interest manifested by the pupils of his Sunday School, he presented the sum of \$4.00, their contribution for the erection of a fence around the Mission School. Teachers should be true to their position, and not like the Southern teacher, yield but "passive obedience" to the great principles of our Holy religion. This teacher complained to Gen. Butler, and said that her school had been closed since Christmas, because her sympathies were with the South, and she could not conscientiously take the oath. In reply, Gen. Butler said:

"MY DEAR MADAM:—I am truly sorry that any Union officer of mine has attempted to fritter away the effect of the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, and to inform you that it means nothing more than a passive obedience to the same. That officer is surely mistaken. The oath of allegiance means fealty, pledge of faith to love, affection and reverence for the Government—all comprised in the word Patriotism, in its highest and truest sense, which every true American feels for his or her Government."

You say, "I cannot understand how a woman can 'support, protect and defend the Union,' except by speaking or writing in favor of the present war, which I could never do, because my sympathies are with the South."

That last phrase, Madam, shows why you cannot understand 'how a woman can support, protect and defend the Union.'

Were you loyal at heart you would at once understand. The Southern women who are rebels understand well "how to support, protect and defend 'the Confederacy' without speaking or writing." Some of them act as spies, smuggle quinine in their under-clothes, some smuggle information through the lines in their dresses, some tend sick soldiers for the Confederacy, and some get up subscriptions for rebel gunboats.

Perhaps it may all be comprised in the phrase, "Where there is a will there is a way."

Now, then, you could "support, protect and defend the Union," by teaching the scholars of your school to love and reverence the government, to be proud of their country, to glory in its flag, and to be true to its constitution. But, as you don't understand that yourself, you can't teach it to them; and, therefore, I am glad to learn from your letters, that your school has been closed since Christmas; and with my consent, until you change your sentiments, and are a loyal woman in heart, it never shall be opened. I would advise you, madam, forthwith, to go where your "sympathisers" are. I am only doubtful whether it is not my duty to send you."

Rev. C. S. Macreading, (Methodist,) then addressed the School, in his own felicitous style, urging with apt illustrations, the importance of early culture in the beautiful lessons of Bible history. In touching and appropriate language he drew the attention of the children to the choice bouquets before them. The red was the emblem of the blood of the Atonement; the white, the purity of the Ascension robes; the blue, the dome of Heaven, God's blue sky, whose vastness symbolizes the infinitude of Christ's love for His children. He offered a tender tribute to the fidelity and sweet patience of Miss Morseland, the blind teacher, who can not see her precious jewels; but whose welcome in the City of New Jerusalem, shall finally be hailed by troops of shining ones.

While listening to the words of the preacher, we involuntarily whispered: "Blind?" Then, looking at her who is so faithful, these beautiful lines of the poet seemed to glow upon her spiritual face, as she listened to the young voices that chanted the parting hymn:

"He leads me on!
By paths I do not know,
Upwards he leads me, though my path be slow,
Though oft I faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure my day,
Yet when the clouds are gone,
I know He leads me on!"

The exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Ripley. In another article, we will give our readers a history of the Mission School.

In aid of the beneficent labors for the improvement of the children, Mr. Baxter will give a Juvenile Concert in Athenaeum Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. Now let our people patronize this generous effort of Mr. Baxter. Fill the Hall both evenings, and so you will fill little hearts with gladness, and encourage philanthropy.

City Scenes.



YOUTHFUL COSTERMONGER.—“Now then, Guvner, ‘ave the last rope for a penny?”

Mission School
Dedication

THE HORSE.

Ike Partington is well advanced in his class. He is in some things beyond the teacher's art, and could, in fact, give that functionary some lessons in arts wherein he is perfect. Ike dislikes “composition,” where a theme is given out to be written upon by scholars, and his credits are not very great for his efforts in that direction generally; but the other day he astonished the master and every one in the school by an elaborate article on the horse. He was called upon to read it aloud to the scholars, and on getting upon the platform, he made a bow and began:

“The Horse.—The horse is a quadruped with four legs, two behind and two before. He has a tail that grows to the hind part of his body, that nature has furnished him with to drive the flies away. His head is situated on the other end opposite his tail, and is used principally to fasten a bridle to him by, and to put into a basket to eat oats with. Horses are very useful animals, and people couldn't get along very well without them, especially truckmen and omnibus drivers, who don't seem to be half grateful enough because they've got 'em. They are very convenient animals in the country, in vacation time, and go very fast over the country roads, when the boys stick pins in them, a species of cruelty that I would not encourage. Horses are generally covered with red hair, though some are white, and others are gray and black. Nobody ever saw a blue horse, which is considered very strange by eminent naturalists. The horse is a quiet and intelligent animal, and can sleep standing up, which is a very convenient gift, especially where there is a crowd, and it is difficult to get a chance to lay. There is a great variety of horses—fast horses and slow horses, clothes horses, horse mackerel, saw horses, horse flies, horse chestnut, chestnut horse, and horse radish. The clothes horse is a very quiet animal to have around a house, and is never known to kick, though very apt to make a row when it gets cap-sized. The same may be said of the saw-horse, which will stand without tying. The horse-fly is a vicious beast, and very annoying in the summer when a fellow is in swimming. Horse mackerel I don't know anything about, only they swim in the water, and are a species of fish. Horse-chestnuts are prime to pelt Mickies with; and horse-radish is a mighty smart horse, but bad to have standing around where there are children. The horse is found in all countries, principally in livery stables, where they may be hired by the mile, and are considered by them as can get money a great luxury, especially in the sleighing season. In South America they grow wild, and the Indians catch them with nooses that they throw over the horses' heads, which must be thought by the horses a great noosense.”

DIVIDING THE FLOCK.—When Mr. Moody was

WANTED--A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty--
We've had at least a score,
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
Or so their letters ran--
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came amongst us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him
Because he *was* the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners,
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The coat of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled--
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy,
Who wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those--
We couldn't hear the sermon,
For thinking of his nose!

Then wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do.
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreements,
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins,
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that College
Had claims above "our church."

Next we despatched committees,
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came--a marked sensation
(So wonderful his style)
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed along the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn,
Before the second line:
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer e'er addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's feed,
On such a lovely topic--
"The joys of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions,
Of flowers, and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith, and true repentance,
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

April	21 st	26	"
May	23	23	"
June	31	"	"
	13 th	31	"
Oct	13 th	"	"
Nov	5	32	"

10th " Cash to balance Rent to

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days--
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts--
We had no chance at all--
We found then city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow;
But where they bid the highest,
'Twas whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a Shepherd
To guide our church affairs,
With this clear understanding,
A man to meet our views
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

The Second Wife.

They told me he had won before
An other heart than mine,
And laid his first and deepest love
Upon an earlier shrine.

They said my spirit oft must grieve
If I my lot would cast
With one who held so sacred still,
Remembrance of the past.

I heeded not--my bark was launched
With his, on life's swift tide;
And earth holds not a happier heart
Than mine, his--second bride.

I know that he has loved and lost
What life may ne'er give back;
The flowers that bloomed in freshness once
Have withered on his track.

I know that she, the angel called,
Looks out from yon blue heaven,
A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul,
From which her own was riven.

Together do we oft recall
This dream of other years;
Nor do I love him less to know
He once had cause for tears.

FOR UNION, THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

BY ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

When Treason had roused to commotion
The land of all lands the most blest,
And threatened our country's devotion
To all that is truest and best,
With disruption, disgrace and disorder,
How echoed defiant hurrahs,
From the North to the East and West borders,
For Union, the Stripes and the Stars.

From the brow of the high, snow-capped mountains,
From the bosom of Science and Art,
From the valleys of Wealth and the fountains
Of Commerce and Industry's mart,
From the homes where sweet Peace is evangel,
And scheming ambition ne'er mars,
Pealed the shout like the trump of an angel,
For Union, the Stripes and the Stars.

And lo! at this keynote of warning,
Forth issued in battle array
A patriot host, bravely scornful
The terrors of warlike affray;
Bravely daring to do all for duty--
Even though it all pleasure debar--
Cheered by shouts from the sweet lips of beauty,
For Union, the Stripes and the Stars.

Then hail to our noble civilians--
To soldiers transformed in a day!
We reckon our patriots by millions,
And God is their trust and their stay.
With heroes like these we defy, sirs,
Whatever our progress debar;
We will conquer rebellion, or die, sirs,
For Union, the Stripes and the Stars.

And thus when the cloud that reposes
Above us is vanished away,
And the twilight that barely discloses
A glimpse of the dawning of day
Shall give place to the sun proudly gleaming
Through myriads of rainbow-hued bars,
We will point to our banner broad streaming,
For Union, the Stripes and the Stars.

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.
EAST BOSTON, July 7th, 1866.

MESSRS. EDITORS:--As the time set for the Re-union is drawing near, a word in remembrance of the High School may not be amiss from one of the earlier members, who, though he did not report at last year's roll-call, cherishes a deep and enduring affection for the old temple of learning. My recollections associated with the High School date back to its first establishment in 1838, and cover a period of two years, embracing the short reign of the lamented Cyrus, and extending one year into what may be called the *Augustan* era. I well remember how we thought and talked of little else but the new school for weeks beforehand, while the room (which was then only half of the second floor, the other half being occupied as a primary school) was being fitted up. Some of us had got a peep into it when it was nearly ready, and were quite awe-struck at the splendor of the fixtures and internal arrangements; though Mr. Allen's pupils of to-day might look into it with perfect composure of mind, and turn back rejoicing into the beautiful room which they now occupy. But we thought progress was making giant strides, when each urchin was to enjoy the luxury of a chair--a *bona fide* chair, with an unmistakable back to it, and a desk with his number painted on it in marvellous black figures, and his own hat peg with corresponding figures painted over it. No more battles for a nail commenced in the entry, and cut short in the incipient stage by the strong arm of authority, to be settled by the arbitrary court of appeals inside! "Possession" or prior occupation of a contested peg was no longer "nine points," but had lost all point whatever as an argument. The desks were painted a nondescript yellow, called by some imaginative people an imitation of maple. But he was a conscientious artist who did the work, and was unwilling to deceive any one. There was, of course, the proper amount of anxiety, heart-burning and speculation as to who would or would not "get in," and we of the highest classes in the grammar schools gave ourselves airs in advance. Especially vivid is my impression of the first opening day, with the teachers organizing the school, and bringing order out of chaos, questioning and arranging some sixty scholars, brought together from various schools, public and private.

Naught but good has been, or can be, said of "Father Peirce." Full of years and honors, the veteran has gone to his reward, and it may be said, without irreverence, that "his works do praise him."

It is many years since I have met Mr. Morse, but I fancy that his rough, honest face is not much changed. An able and faithful teacher, as his numerous disciples, now scattered broadcast by land and sea, are not slow to acknowledge through your columns. A man of strongly marked peculiarities, physical and mental; with a fund of dry humor and quaintness of expression, which would break forth at times. My classmates cannot have forgotten how abruptly he would check the confident career of a young lady, when proudly rattling off, *verbatim*, a long quotation from the text book: "Perfectly parrot-like! not the shadow of an idea!" and then, as her countenance suddenly fell below zero, how industriously he would set to work to create, first the *shadow*, and then the *substance* of an idea for her, winding up with "just one word" of reprimand on the necessity of exercising the understanding and reasoning powers as well as the memory. Or how, after exhausting his breath and patience upon a "tough subject," vainly endeavoring to get up a glimmer of intelligence, he would declare, with a droll expression of resignation on his face, to which only the powers of a Burton could do justice, that "Master's intellect was a perfect vacuum!" This, too, in the very teeth of Comstock and R. Green Parker, who gravely assured us under the heading "Pneumatics," that a *perfect vacuum* was something which science had never yet succeeded in obtaining!

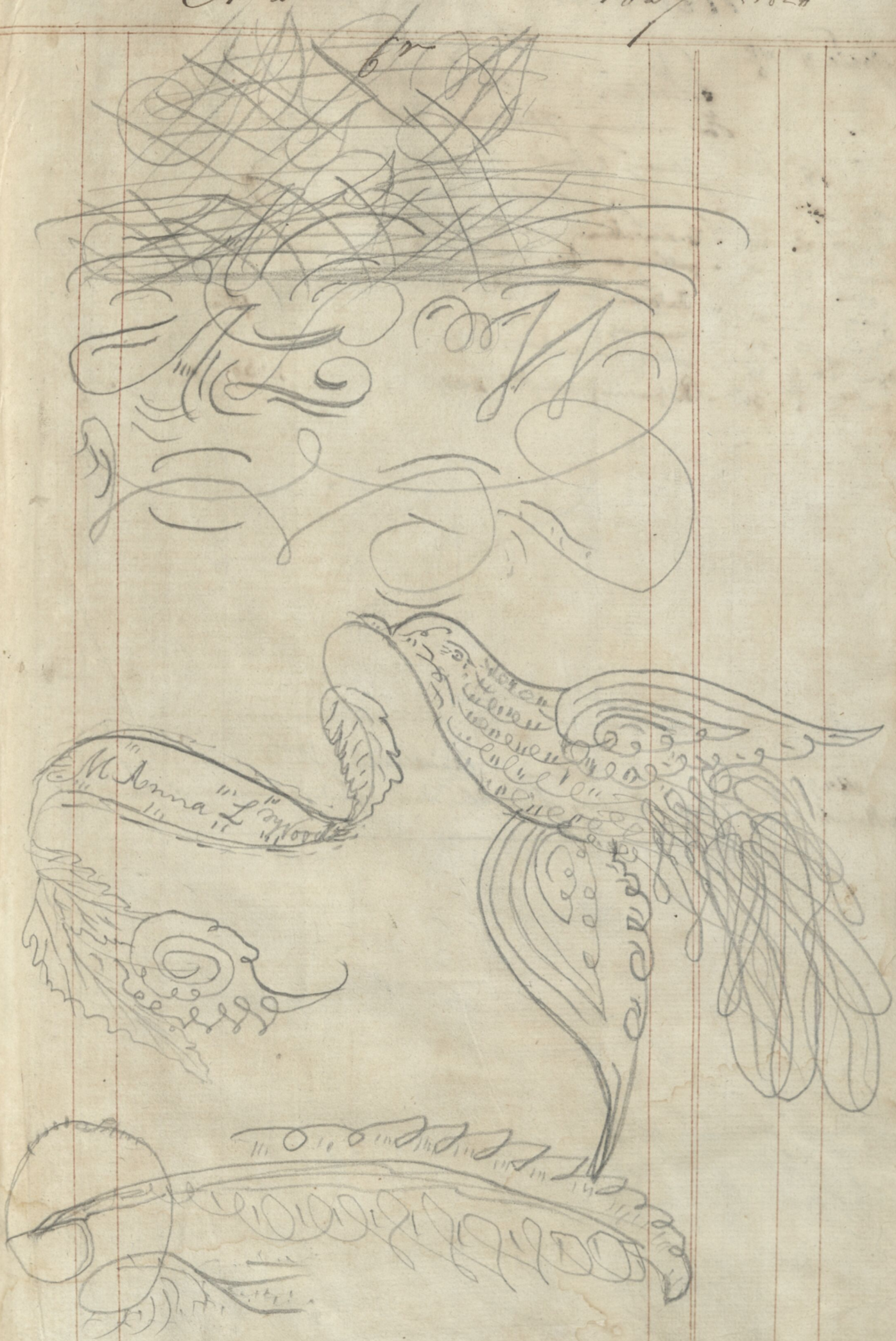
RECEIVED
JULY 10 1866
C. C. COOPER, JR.,
Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror.

Nantucket

1829 & 1828

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865

Terrible Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

On Saturday morning last, a vessel was discovered ashore at the South side of the island, a short distance east of the Hummock Pond. Parties at once repaired to the scene of the disaster, and found her to be a large schooner, with no signs of life on board. It is probable that the crew abandoned her at the time she struck, and perished in their efforts to gain the shore. A sad sequel! On boarding her, she was found to be the schooner Haynes, of Boston, from the West Indies for Boston, loaded with logwood. She ran ashore in the gale of Friday night. On Sunday forenoon following, the dead body of a man, about thirty years of age, was found upon the beach, immediately brought to town, and tenderly cared for. The feelings awakened by this unfortunate circumstance were gloomy, and great anxiety was expressed for the fate of others belonging to the stranded vessel. Information concerning the sorrowful affair, was promptly forwarded to the agent in Boston, who arrived here on Tuesday last. He was deeply pained at the sight. The body that was picked up, he identified as that of the steward. The loss of the captain, who was an estimable man, was a personal grief to the agent, as he had brought him up from a boy. The awful news he must break to the captain's wife, who, with Christmas gifts awaited—who shall say how fondly and devotedly?—the return of her husband. And he who was found dead, ah, somewhere, in some heart, his name is cherished, and loved ones look for his coming in vain!

While the heavy gloom yet rested upon our minds, early in the forenoon of Monday last, (Christmas morning, although bright with sunshine, brought little of merriment to our hearts) Mr. Francis Sylvia came into town with the report that a large vessel had gone to pieces on the South side of the Island, eastward from Madequecham Pond, and that the shore was strewn with barrels of kerosene oil.

But one of the crew reached the beach alive. He was found about half a mile inland, naked, and had probably reached the shore by swimming, and is supposed to have started for the nearest house, and perished on the way. He was a man of about twenty-five or thirty years of age, and on his right arm were the initials "J. K." marked with India ink, and on his left arm, "C. U."

About noon a life preserver was found, on which was painted, "Newton, Hamburg." By referring to New York papers, we find that the ship Newton, 699 tons, Capt. Herting, cleared at New York on the 21st, for Hamburg. The following is the manifest of her cargo: 4500 packages Petroleum (Ref.); 30 hhd. of Bark; 18,000 Staves; 463 bbls. of Rosin, and 40 tons of ... This is undoubtedly the vessel lost.

On arriving at the beach, a scene of desolation presented itself, the like of which was never seen upon our shores before, and the nearest approach to which, within our recollection, was that of the unfortunate brig Packet, lost near the head of Miacomet Pond somewhere about the year 1826, and from which but one man, the mate, was saved.

The beach, for miles and miles to the eastward of the wreck, was covered with fragments, broken small, as though by the force of an explosion,—which many persons seemed to think had occurred,—and everything goes to favor such an opinion. Large spars were broken off short, and we noticed an iron truss, the size of a man's arm, broken off short as a pipe-stem. A large iron tank lay one or two hundred yards east of the wreck, thrown like a plaything high upon the beach by the waves. The breakers were filled with barrels of oil, fragments of broken barrels, and other articles of which her cargo consisted, while the iron hull itself seemed to be crushed like an egg-shell into a shapeless mass.

Many persons think the vessel must first have struck on the shoal "Old Man," and then driven over and drifted in; but a majority of our sea-going people think that the ship was steering an E. N. E. course, which the captain supposed would take him by the East end of the island, and that the ship did not strike anywhere until she brought up on our beach.

It is estimated that about 2200 barrels of kerosene, together with a quantity of fustic, staves, etc., have been saved. The portion of the cargo secured, has been taken possession of by Mr. Peter Folger, Wreck Commissioner.

Such terrible shipwreck and loss of life have no parallel in our Island's history, since the loss of the prizes Queen and Sir Sidney Smith, near our shores during the war of 1812-14. We remember the fate of the Earl of Eglington, and the five who found a watery grave within sight of those on the beach; but never before, nor since, has a calamity, so dreadful in details, visited our dangerous shores. Startling coincidence, that within forty-eight hours, two vessels should thus land upon our coast, and not a soul survive to tell the mournful story! Along the line of the beach, stretching as far as Quidnet, dead bodies have been seen floating in the surf, and afterwards thrown upon the sand. We wonder not that the threatening reefs that lie outside of Nantucket, are a terror to the mariner. The wreck of the Central America in mid-ocean, was not more frightful, the agony and distraction of those on board, not more intense or thrilling than the sad, sad experience of the ill-fated Newton! But the most heart-rending occurrence of all was the situation of that man who was discovered so far inland, with his face buried in the sand. We think of him as leaping into the cold sea, borne roughly to the beach by the wild surges. Pitiful, pitiful! He stood upon the cheerless shore, his mind crowded with fearful memories, his naked body exposed to the chill night air. Perhaps he saw a light. Hope revived. Ah, poor man too worn with superhuman exertions, ever-pore of his skin choking with the merciless

blast that howled across our commons, he pressed towards the light, praying only for life and shelter! But he could not reach it; he fell on his face, and with no kind hand to lift him up, no voice to revive the spark of hope, he died.

We have heard it suggested by many persons that hereafter, during the winter months, men be stationed in our humane houses; that lights be kept burning, so that the shipwrecked, if alive, may see and be saved. Such a provision would undoubtedly have revived this man's life, and one life rescued, would more than pay for the small outlay required to keep these houses open in the winter season.

Among the articles washed ashore, was a package of valuable correspondence between the captain and his wife, written in the German language, dating from 1865 back to the year 1847, with letters from his little girl, in the file. A few photographs and books were also picked up by some of our citizens. Since Monday, a number of bodies have been taken from the surf, thirteen in all, and brought to town, ten of which, it is thought, belonged to the Newton.

All were carefully placed in coffins, and entombed in the Unitarian yard, and appropriate religious ceremonies will be observed over the remains of those to be buried. The sad affair is shrouded in mystery; no one knows the cause of the dreadful disaster.—There are many conjectures; but there is no survivor to relate the particulars, or throw any light upon the shocking occurrence. Christmas week, 1865, has been the darkest of any in our lives, in a local sense. The clouds have hung above us like a funeral pall—heavy and dull. But,

"Into each heart some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

How many lost their lives in the event of the fatal catastrophe, we know not. All had families, or some near kindred dear to them as our own. We do not realize, in our peaceful security, the agonies of unrecorded heroes, the dire destruction of human life that may be so near our borders on every winter night that roars around our dwelling. Let us thank God for our preservation from danger, while our hearts now offer the tenderest sympathy to the surviving friends of these loved and lost. The grave has claimed their bodies, but Humanity drops tears for the bereaved, and Memory will ever preserve the mournful record. To look upon the ocean, now, is but to recall the sweet, sad lines of the poet:

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Tho' the harbor-bar be moaning!"

Appropriate union funeral services, in respect to the memory of the deceased, will take place at the Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon next, at 2 o'clock.

P. S.—The agent of ship Newton arrived here Thursday, and reports that the ship sailed from New York on Saturday, and that he with the pilot, left her off Sandy Hook at noon of that day. The Newton was a new ship, this being only her second voyage. The crew consisted of twenty-one persons, all told. The female apparel picked up, belonged to the captain's wife. She had been with him on previous occasions, and intended to accompany him on this voyage, but altered her mind, and remained at Hamburg.

*Ship "Newton"
wreck*

The sad disaster to the ill-fated Newton, is still fresh in our memories; and the universal sympathies of our townspeople, manifested in so many tender offices of humanity, receive grateful tribute in the following touching letters, received by Mr. F. C. Sanford, of this town, which he kindly permits us to publish. They were penned in reply to a letter of condolence written by Mr. Sanford, and forwarded by him (together with a copy of the *Inquirer and Mirror*, containing our report of the memorial services at the Church) to the widow of the late Capt. F. C. Herting, resident in Hamburg:

HAMBURG, February 27th, 1866.
HONORED SIR:—Although there is nothing that can make up to an unhappy woman for the great loss she has just suffered, yet it will, I hope, contribute in time to lessen my affliction, when I see other people, strangers to me, feel a lively sympathy in my misfortunes. In your letter of the 9th ult. which reached me in due course, this sympathy is expressed in so tender and moving a manner as affected me deeply. It is true the contents of it have destroyed the feeble glimpse of hope I had till now; I am now left alone, abandoned in the world, and the happiness I enjoyed by the side of my dear husband and which I hoped to enjoy for many years, has been suddenly and for ever destroyed. May God give me strength to recover this dreadful stroke; for the moment, I have hardly got over the blow occasioned by the dreadful news of the catastrophe, and dark and comfortless is the future before me.

But to you, honored sir, I offer my warmest thanks for the deep sympathy you take in my sad fate, and which affects me the more as I am quite a stranger to you. Moreover your letter gives me the consolation that my poor husband and a part of his comrades in misfortune found a resting-place in consecrated ground, and that his funeral took place with as much solemnity as could have been bestowed in his native country and among his friends. I therefore beg you to express my heartfelt thanks to all those who took part in it and are known to you, especially the worthy clergymen, for the excellent and touching words they spoke on this occasion, and which I regret infinitely not to have the whole of, as even the fragment has been a great comfort to me. May God recompense them abundantly for all the noble sympathy they have shown to a poor unknown woman. May He guard and protect them from such misfortunes. As for you, dear sir, I take the liberty to send you herewith the portrait of my late husband, begging you to grant it a little place in your house; may it serve to remind you every time you look at it, that in a far-off country there is a heart which will be grateful to you as long as it beats on earth. God bless you; God bless you for ever!

Yours gratefully,
MRS. HERTING.

ALTONA, Feb. 27th, 1866.

To Mr. Sanford, in Nantucket, Massachusetts:—

Your honored letter to the widow of the late Captain Herting has filled us, his friends, with such heartfelt thanks to you, that we feel ourselves obliged to express the same in writing. We were assembled at the widow's lately, and one of us read your letter and the article in the newspaper to her, and if you had seen the impression which both made on the hardly tried woman, you would have felt yourself fully rewarded for the humane kindness you had shown towards one who was quite a stranger to you. She had still nourished the hope in her heart that her husband might have been saved, might perhaps come back again; and now your letter, robbing her of every hope, overpowered her with inexpressible grief. Still the account of how the inhabitants of that place had shown their sympathy, and the solemn burial, were a great comfort to her; to know where her beloved husband rested, and that brotherly love had prepared this last resting-place for him. It filled us with thanks and love towards you and all those who had taken part in this loving work. We take the liberty of sending the latter some photographs of Captain Herting and his wife, and we beg you to distribute the same among them and to the minister with the widow's heartfelt thanks and greetings. You will kindly accept one yourself and our portraits, as a mark of our high estimation and gratefulness. To the mother of the second steersman we gave a copy of your kind letter and the article in the newspaper. She was deeply moved at the piece of kindness which you had shown her son. For the comfort of those who had relatives on board the unfortunate ship Newton and with whom we were not personally acquainted, we let the letter appear in one of the public papers. I, Charles Helmer, was also formerly a captain and have at present a glass manufactory. It is with great sorrow that I read so many accounts of the misfortunes which this winter has caused our seamen. God grant that the coming winters may not bring such misfortunes with them, and we hope that the inhabitants of your Island may ever be spared from them. In closing, let me again offer you our thanks and good greeting. Yours sincerely,

C. S. HELMER AND WIFE.
H. G. NOTHAGEL AND WIFE.

We cheerfully give place to the following tender tribute of regard for the widow of the late Capt. F. C. Herting, of the ill-fated ship Newton. It was the request of the bereaved that flowers should be placed over the graves of the departed, on each anniversary of their burial:

Written for the *Inquirer and Mirror*.

"Put Flowers on his Grave!"

BY A. E. JENKS.

"Put flowers on his grave!"
Fit emblem for the brave!
Oh, noble heart! torn by the beating surf—
Poor heart! now still beneath the churchyard turf,
This shall be done for thee.
Roll on, remorseless Sea!
Another voice than thine,
Comes o'er the treacherous brine:—

"Put flowers on his grave!"
Oh, precious boon to crave!
Words of thy true and loving wife—such words!
Like sad, sweet melody of wounded birds,
Still sounding in our ears;
And in the circling years,
Affection's hand shall bring
Its tender offering!

"Put flowers on his grave!"
Though storm and tempest rave,
And wrathful seas invade our Southern shore,
Thy rest, O heart, is peaceful evermore!
Lone widow, bowed with grief,
Bid thought of fatal reef
Be gone; look up and see
God's hand to shelter thee:

"Put flowers on his grave!"
Who died midst wreck and wave!
Think as thine eyes look towards the mournful West,
Of reverent forms, whose hands have lightly pressed
With wreaths his sacred mound,
To us all holy ground.
O, woman's heart of love,
Faint not; but look above:

There brighter flowers bloom,
Than weep o'er Herting's tomb;
'Tis Heaven there—thine and our "Court of Peace!"
We weep with thee, and pray for thy release
From Sorrow's heavy chain;—
Fruit from its heavy rain—
Clasp hands across the wave:
O, woman, Faith is brave!
When Hamburg bells peal forth their merry chimes,
(We love those bells that touch the heart sometimes)
Hear in their tones a voice from o'er the sea—
Our own hearts ringing Memory's bells for thee!
Nantucket, March 27th, 1866.

The Loved and Lost.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our daily road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from Life's weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss, O! selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O! we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he struggled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey passed, they hoped to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel, he too must share!"
Or rather, bursting into grateful song,
Went she her way rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care?"

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
Which greets us still, though mortal tongues be
Dust;

It bids us do the work which they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

In respectful memory of the officers and crew, found dead upon our shores, who belonged to the Ship Newton which was wrecked near the South Side of Nantucket, on the fatal night of the 24th of December, 1865. The captain was honored with Masonic regard, and all, with Christian burial.

No light on the dark shore!
The ocean's sullen roar,
The only voice that his strained ears heard!
What thoughts within his bosom stirred,
No mortal pen can tell:
Ever the ceaseless swell,
Ever the dismal roar;
No light upon the shore!

Naked and cold, forlorn—
His feet, bleeding and torn,
What eyes looked forth into the night!
Crazed at the sudden, strange delight,
That he had gained the land;
Methinks I see him stand,
Mocked by the surges' swell—
Never a word they tell!

"My God! this is the beach!
Help me, that I may reach
The threshold of some dwelling-place!"
O that his scarred and wrinkled face
Had felt the warmth we know,
From our own firelight's glow:
So near, and yet so far!
Was there no guiding star?

Out o'er the cheerless waste,
The shipwreck'd wand'rer paced,
The chill wind choking every pore;
Despair forever closed the door
Of Hope; there in the dark,
He fell to die. Life's spark
Flashed brightest at the last,
Went out in the rude blast!

Swiftly one rode along,
But not with laugh or song;
Reeking with foam on Christmas morn,
The faithful steed bore rider on:
"A wreck!" the horseman cried;
"All lost?" "Lost!" he replied.
Men heard with mortal dread—
"Another wreck!" they said.

Then on the cold, damp ground,
The mariner they found,
With naught to shield his naked form,—
(We do not think, we who are warm)
None to afford relief;
While yet the moaning reef
Sounded the others' fate—
Thund'ring in air: "Too late!"

For these thrown on our strand,
The willing, humane hand
Wrought tenderly as for our own,
Sadly for these—to us unknown.
O, thou remorseless Sea!
What notes of agony
Thy wild, dark billows roll
Across the human soul!

Ah, at the sad, sad tale,
Shall woman's cheek grow pale;
The bells of memory toll so long,
In yonder land of sweetest song!
And tears, like Heaven's free rain,
Shall fall; and fall again;
Dark as Elbe's nightly flow,
The waves of this new woe!

In Hamburg, far away,
Must come the bitter day—
The story of that fatal Christmas Eve!
God heal those broken hearts that grieve,
In the far German land,
The father's kindly hand
No more the latch shall lift;
Lost in the ocean's drift
That sweeps Nantucket's flinty shore,
His voice shall greet them nevermore!
The wild waves echo: "Nevermore."

A. E. J.

The wreck of ship Newton, of Hamburg, as she now lies on the beach at the South side of the island, was sold at auction on Thursday last, by T. W. Riddell, for \$510. She was purchased by Charles Thatcher & Co., of New Bedford.

Marine Disaster.

On Saturday morning last, about one o'clock, the schooner *Eveline Treat*, Captain Job Philbrook, bound from Philadelphia to Gloucester, struck on Miacomet Rip, and at day-break, she was seen from the tower, some three hundred feet from the South Shore, with five men lashed in the rigging. The vessel was heavily laden with coal; the sea carried away her house on deck, soon after, and as her helm had become crippled and unmanageable, she was at the mercy of the elements. For many long, weary hours these unfortunate men had been exposed to imminent danger. The wind had blown fiercely through the night, and the waves swept her decks continually. The mortar and apparatus of the Humane Society were conveyed to the beach, by Alexander B. Dunham and his party, whence the officers of the Society at once repaired. The scene of the disaster presented a picture of distress intensely exciting and alarming.

THE RESCUE.

The mortar, under the direction of Capt. Barney, was placed in position by Capt. Joseph Hamblin and Joseph W. Perry, and a small line was fired over the disabled vessel, and luckily secured by the captain's son, who, although stiff and cold from exposure, worked with commendable energy, and succeeded in hauling the hawser across, making it fast to the mast-head. A note attached to the sling-seat, was either not read or misunderstood, else the perfect working of this most ingenious and valuable contrivance, would have been insured. The man lowest down in the main rigging, was the captain, sixty-two years old. He had two sons on board. In vain were the efforts of the gallant son to prevail upon his father to get into the life-sling. The old weather-beaten captain made the attempt; but his courage failing him, he resumed his former place in the shrouds, and refused to move. The wind and the surf were roaring and it was impossible to convey any intelligence, by voice, either to or from the land. And now occurred a scene too eloquent for words. The mate fastened himself to the sling—a human life was to be saved! The anxiety and solicitude pictured upon the countenances of the throng that crowded upon the bleak shores, can only be seen—never described. When half way over, and again, when near the beach, a snarl in the rope rendered it impossible to pull the man in. A line was thrown to the man in the sling, who caught it, and immediately fastened it about his waist, and leaped into the sea. By the joint efforts of those on the shore, the man was rescued, and borne safely to the land, and quickly to town, where he was warmed and refreshed by willing hands. The second man, one of the captain's sons, was brought ashore in a similar manner.

Meritorious Reward.

We learn from F. C. Sanford, Esq., Chairman of the Massachusetts Humane Society's Committee in this town, that at a meeting of the Trustees of the Humane Society held in Boston on the 3d inst., it was voted to present Mr. Frederick Ramsdell of this place, the Silver Medal of that Society, for his gallant conduct in rescuing the Captain of the schooner *Eveline Treat*, wrecked at the south side of the island on the 21st ult. This is the highest award now given by the Society for meritorious conduct in saving life, and was made upon the Committee's representation of the affair to the Trustees.

A DARING FEAT.

Two of the men were now landed, and properly cared for. Three yet remained in the rigging. While the two younger men seemed active, it was the universal desire to save the life of the captain. A life-car was adjusted to the hawser, and Mr. Daniel W. Folger volunteered to go off to the vessel, and if possible, persuade the captain to get in and thus be drawn to the shore. This failed to work, and the sling was their only resort. Finally the young sailors on board, were successful in helping the old man to his place in the seat, and when they had firmly bound him, managing hands on shore pulled with a will, each one earnest to succor him whose age and cheerless situation awakened the deepest sympathy in the hearts of all. Slowly he was drawn landward. For one so apparently helpless, the tenderest regard was manifested. When mid-way between the vessel and the beach, the line became entangled in the hands of the men in the rigging, and for an hour and a half, perhaps, the captain hung, swinging over a yawning surge, wet and cold. The men in the shrouds, still worked upon the snarled rope, with a Trojan's will; but it would not give away. Still there was the captain, hanging upon the hawser, with head uncovered, cramped from the nature of his position, with the drifting sea-foam beating his face, and drenching him to his skin. What was to be done? It would soon be night. Who was the man for the hour? Was he there?

Extremity is sometimes glorious opportunity. A young man, Mr. Frederick W. Ramsdell, of this town, clearly comprehended the emergency. Fastening a light rope around his waist, he sprang upon the hawser, and clambered out to effect his purpose. With a knife he detached the line fastened to either side of the seat, made fast the ends and flung it into the sea. He then took the rope from his waist, secured it to the sling, and worked his way back to the shore. It was a daring feat—the labor of a few moments; but how well performed! The proud consciousness of an act so disinterested, is its own great reward; but it is not too much to suggest that the Humane Society present Mr. Ramsdell with a substantial token of appreciation. The wise forethought and courage of a Sheridan have been immortalized in song; but it is pleasing to chronicle a deed which showed a courage of the same temper, and brought success out of failure.

Nothing then remained but to haul the man in. Eager hands caught the old captain, bore him to a carriage in waiting, and he was soon under a friendly roof. The line reaching from the shore to the main rigging, was then cut, again attached to the running block, and the sling was hauled off. It was not a great while before the last two men were landed, and our citizens with light hearts, wended their devious ways homeward. Darkness crept on apace; but the lights around every fireside burned brighter that night, and eyes opened wider, at the thrilling story of five men who were rescued from a watery grave. God was thanked, and the brave man was remembered, who risked his own life that three men might live. It will be a long time before that day's deeds will be forgotten—the memorable 21st of October, 1865!

THE OCEAN KNELL.

BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

It is related, that as the eddying waters closed over the ill-fated Arctic, "there rose up from the sea, a sound, like a heavy groan or ocean-sigh, caused, doubtless, by the steam and heat in the boilers; but it was a sound never to be forgotten."

A gallant bark danced o'er the wave—
Hearts, noble hearts beat high;
Youth, age and manhood, all were there—
None thought so soon to die.

A crash—a cry—a sinking ship!
Their cup of joy was gone;
Shrieks, groans, sighs filled the air—
Four hundred souls forlorn!

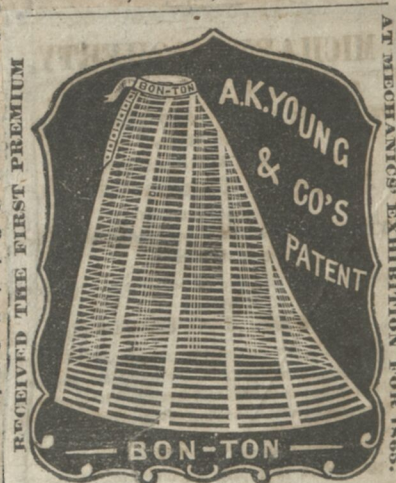
And as she sank a cry was heard,
A solemn, mournful sound;
'Twas not produced by mortal voice,
Though heard far, far around.

Was't Neptune, monarch of the sea
Proclaiming his command?
Perchance 'twas mourning mermaids' cry,
A grieving, sorrowed band.

It was the death-knell of the proud,
The beautiful, the brave;
Four hundred life-cords severed were—
The briny deep's their grave.

In this vast grave, lie husband, son,
Wife, parent, child and friend;
All struck by Death's relentless hand
Which none hath power to bend.

A gloom was cast o'er ev'ry heart
By that sad, mournful knell;
And oft in dreams, their friends they'll see,
The friends they loved so well.
Nantucket, October, 1854.



Made without the use of Glue or Rivets, is
The Lightest, The Strongest, The
Most Durable and the Most
Graceful

HOOP SKIRT
IN THE MARKET.



A Most Exquisite, Delicate, and Fragrant Perfume, Distilled from the Rare and Beautiful Flower from which it

The Great Fire of 1846.

Twenty years ago this morning the inhabitants of our town looked out upon a sight which they will never forget. Standing upon the corner of Main and Orange streets, they gazed to the North and East upon a black and smouldering waste, with nothing standing between them and the water but stacks of blackened chimneys.

To those who were here at the time, and can remember the great conflagration of the previous night, a repetition of the course of the fire will be uninteresting; but there are many here, young then, but now grown up, to whom the particulars of that great fire may prove of interest.

Commencing at about eleven o'clock on the night of the 13th of July, 1846—a bright moonlight evening—in the hat store of Mr. William H. Geary, which stood upon the site now occupied by the building used by James Ross, Jr., as a barber's shop, and which was one of a high block of wooden buildings running from the shop of Mr. A. T. Allen to the corner of Union street, the fire spread rapidly both up and down the street, and soon communicated to Washington Hall, a very high new wooden building standing where the block now stands occupied by Messrs. A. T. Allen, Alfred Macy and William B. Mitchell. The efforts of the firemen now appeared to be utterly powerless; and although they did all that men could do, the flying cinders and fragments of burning wood soon caught the building standing in front of where the auction store of Capt. T. W. Riddell now stands—for the street was very narrow at that time—and also that now occupied by Capt. Hamblen as a livery stable. The fire now spread up both sides of Main Street, to Orange and Centre, and East to the wharves. The efforts of the firemen were now mainly directed to keeping the fire from crossing Centre and Orange streets, and in this, after almost incredible labor, they were partially successful, stopping it from crossing Orange, and from spreading further South, by blowing up the buildings where Capt. Edward M'Clave's house now stands, and on the vacant lot next South. By great exertions they also saved the Pacific Bank building and the Methodist Chapel, on Centre street. The fire swept the whole range of large wooden buildings on the East side of Centre street, to Broad, and crossed Centre street where the house of the late Capt. B. F. Riddell now stands, taking the West side of that street as far North as Quince street, where it was checked on that side. Crossing Broad street, it swept both sides of that street from the Ocean House to the harbor; the Ocean House being of brick, and the roofs covered with slate, being saved by great exertion; although the splendid church and tower of the Episcopal Society, standing next East, was burned. A dwelling house in the rear of this church, belonging to Capt. Christopher Starbuck, being blown up, prevented the fire spreading any further North on Centre street. On North Water street, the buildings on the West side were burned as far North as the house of the late Jethro Mitchell, on the site of which the house occupied by Mr. Thomas Mitchell now stands, and on the East side to the brick house of Mr. Aaron Mitchell, on the corner of Sea street, where it was stopped. East of the bounds we have mentioned, from the corner of Main and Centre street to the harbor, not a building was left standing. On the South side of Main street, from the corner of Orange, the fire swept to Union, crossed Union, taking the East side of that street to

the Town's building, then crossed Washington street, taking the buildings on the East side to the building now occupied by Mr. John Winn as a stable, and thence East to the harbor, burning every building between those bounds and the water.

This appalling calamity swept away the entire business portion of the town, and nearly all the provisions on the island, except such as was in the houses not burned. But relief came promptly. With a liberality worthy of them, the inhabitants of Fall River sent the steamer Bradford Durfee, loaded with provisions, furniture, clothing, etc., for the sufferers; and other towns and cities were prompt in sending money, provisions, clothing, hats, caps, boots, shoes, everything in fact that could help supply the families of those who had lost their all, with the necessaries of life. The cash received from abroad, in aid of the sufferers, amounted to \$56,615.67.

At that time, we believe this was the most disastrous conflagration that had ever occurred in the United States, and but few, if any, since, with the exception of the great fire in Portland, which has burned over an area of a mile and a half in length, by one-third of a mile in breadth, and destroyed property to the amount of about \$15,000,000, have equalled it in the number of buildings destroyed, and the space burned over, although the amount of property lost has been larger in many instances.

THE LAST DITCH.

Jeff. Davis, the run away traitor,
Awoke in a great dismay
Three hours after midnight, or later,
And stole forth in female array.
"Quick, quick! for the Northern vandals
Are after me, horse and man!
In vain—our troopers had track'd him,
And short was the race he ran.
Afoot, like a thief in the forest,
And skulking from tree to tree,
Jeff. Davis they found, in his wife's old gown,
In a swamp down the Ocmulgee.

Jeff. Davis fled thro' the Carolinas,
All shorn of his proud degree;
Forsook by his Sambo's and Dinah's,
And forsook by General Lee.
On his head a government bounty!
O sorry for him when he
Lay a night in Irwin County,
On his secret way to the sea.

Afoot, &c.

Jeff. broke from the fold of the nation,
A wolf in his woolly clothes,
With all of his rebel relation,
Whom he led four years by the nose.
But vainly his whelps fought for him,
For the dogs were Uncle Sam's
That went with the Union's hunters,
To avenge her slaughter'd lambs.

Afoot, &c.

Jeff. Davis he lived like a Caesar,
While the South gave him victuals and gold;
But the tyrant's ways did n't please her,
And she left him out in the cold.
So, chas'd by the Northern avengers,
In dread of the death they swore,
He fled o'er the rivers to Georgia,
And ran for the Florida shore.

Afoot, &c.

Nine groans for the Prince of the traitors,
And three for his fugitive clan;
But pity the last of his waiters,
The wife, in whose clothes he ran.
Good-bye to his power and his glory;
Hang him high, and confiscate his pelf!
Our boys will laugh long at the story
He'd blush to be telling himself—
How at night, like a thief in the forest,
And skulking from tree to tree,
Jeff. Davis they found, in his wife's old gown,
In a swamp down the Ocmulgee.

Canton, May 18, 1865

T. B.

TO THE MEMORY OF REBECCA UPHAM FOLGER.

BY M. S. C.

Death ever aims his fatal dart
At those with whom 'tis hard to part,
The undesired he hastens by,
His mark is bright—his aim is high.
Is there an Angel by our hearth
To light and smoothe lives rugged path,
We're doomed to see her fade from sight,
Leave us to mourn her early blight.
'Twas late the grave was covered o'er
A dear youth—whom we still deplore;
Again 'tis opened to receive
A maiden, for whom all must grieve.
Her beauteous form, her perfect mind,
Where grace and talent were combined,
She leaves a void around that hearth
Which nought can fill on this round earth.
Her relatives, they deeply mourn,
And feel that light and joy have flown,
Have vanished with that youthful form,
And left them bowed beneath the storm.
Ah, was she not too good for earth?
Her soul in innocence went forth!
The form must moulder in the sod,
The perfect spirit dwells with God.

IN MEMORIAM.*

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Thou wert lovely as the fairest scene of mount, or
stream, or dell,
And beauteous as the rosy tints which deck the
ocean swell.
Thy dark eye flashed with brilliancy so like the
wild gazelle,
We dreamed not it could e'er be dimmed as thou
shouldst say farewell.

But thou hast faded in thy youth, not so! thou
hast gone home,
With the roses yet upon thy cheeks in Paradise to
bloom,
And better far a death like thine ere life's dark
hours could come,
Than ling'ring years all blasted o'er with Sorrow's
dread simoon.

But oh! how fondly round our hearts were twined
those tendrils fair,
Which bound our souls in love to thee, now sleeping
silent there;
Oh! that life's fullest cup of joy thou mightst have
tasted here,
And after years of bliss below, gone up Christ's
home to share.

Thy manes may rest beneath the sods of our loved
native isle,
And from our pathway we shall miss the glad light
of thy smile,
Yet may not still thy angel-voice speak to our
souls the while,
And bid us love thee till we tread with thee the
heavenly soil!

For who shall say that thou in spirit ne'er hath
striven,
That vict'ry's palm-branch ne'er to thee, thro'
Jesus, hadst been given?
The sceptre ne'er extended when thou asked to be
forgiven?
Thy earnest prayer, we fondly trust, is changed to
praise in heaven.

They mourn thee, 'neath whose roof-tree oft thy
merry laugh was heard,
All thro' the vanished years of youth, with child-
hood's glad some word,
Who saw thee ripen to the maid, with love our
hearts who stirred,
As the glassy bosom of the lake touched by the
skimming bird.

He mourns thee who would fain have bared his
manly breast,
To meet the blow which fell on thee, had such
been God's behest,
Henceforth in Christian armor be his soul in pa-
tience dressed,
'Till he meets the loved, betrothed one, in the land
where all are best.

I mourn thee, as the second flower from out that
lovely wreath
Of Sabbath pupils, gone to deck the silent halls of
death;
Yet I rejoice—the first + resigned, in Christian
hope, her breath,
And thou hast gone the heav'nward way upon the
wings of faith.

This be our comfort;—thou hast left with man,
A name as spotless as the snowy swan,
And thou shalt find with God a life began
Whose bliss immortal eyes alone may scan.

We hope to meet thee when we cross that sea
Whose sorrow crested waves unceasingly,
Be it round life's fortress till the soul made free
Rejoices in eternal purity.

*Suggested by the death of Rebecca Upham Folger, on the 21st of December, 1854.

†Miss Mary Ann Hussey, who died in 1851.
Nantucket, Dec. 24, 1854.

ABRAHAM QUARY.

My personal acquaintance with Abraham Quary was somewhat limited, and I have waited in the hope that some other pen would give a passing notice of his character and peculiarities. His deserted habitation is emblematic of a once powerful and generous race, whose wigwams were planted, either singly or in groups and villages over our hills and plains, and whose language will partially continue, in the familiar proper names, which attach to many of our island localities.

I pass over his paternity; leaving it to others to dispute his title to a pure, Indian ancestry, premising, however, that it is on this hypothesis that the Historian of Nantucket throws him out of the tribe altogether, when he assumes on page 47th, "that the last of the race died in 1822!"

In many respects he had the distinctive characteristics of the Indian, and he has been referred to during a score of years, as the last of the race. His mother was Sarah Quary, sometimes called (but always to her displeasure) Apie Quary, the daughter of Joseph, whose wigwam was on the west side of Ssachach pond. This was not the principal locality of the Indians, Miacomet so far as I know, always being the most populous. Joseph Quary was a principal man, and a leader among his people. His daughter Sarah was noted for strength of character, and endurance. With her own hands she built her wigwam, and she was skillful in the construction of baskets and other handiwork, common to the Indian. In early life her son was placed in the family of Stephen Chase, where he continued many years. Subsequently, she married John Sampson, but the connection was an unhappy one, and I pass over it. I remember meeting her on the road to town, many, many years ago in company with several of her neighbors, and that when we came to what the Indians called "Strike-fire-hill," we all halted, that the pipe might then be lighted; it being their wont always to halt here, and indulge in smoking.

Abraham was frequent in his visits to the families with whom he had made acquaintance, but was distant and reserved among strangers. Once he visited the writer hereof, at Sconset, and he amused himself on that afternoon in making a basket, of beach grass, which is still in good preservation. He retained the same general outline and bearing in old age, which marked him in early life; and he preserved these till a short time before his death. The expression of his face was truly that of the Indian, and indicated the strength of character and peculiar intellect which attached to him. A fine painting representing the interior of his hut, and himself seated in his ample fire-place, by the hand of Mrs. Dassel, and presented by her to the Atheneum, may be referred to, not only as a fine specimen of art, but as a truthful expression of the subject delineated.

The writer hereof was very desirous a year or two before his death, to learn something from Abraham's own lips touching his early life, his ancestry, &c. I heard he was in town, and where I should then find him. On presenting the first question touching his age, I discovered that it would be only by dint of perseverance that I should gain the object I sought; and when I unwittingly touched upon a subject which always displeased him, I discovered that Abraham's already decided taciturnity, had run into obstinacy, and it was in vain that I prolonged the interview, or sought the information which I so much desired. I intended making another effort by proxy, but I deferred till it was too late, and he passed away without giving me those items, which would now enable me to fill an additional place in the present notice.

Notwithstanding his natural reserve, it gave him pleasure to receive his white friends to pic-nic parties. When he was at home, and in readiness for these, it was understood that he would elevate a flag near his dwelling; and on the arrival of his guests, if the welcome was not given in a volume of words, there was a significance in his manner, which could never be misunderstood; and this was the best expression of his satisfaction and pleasure. Still, he was particular in little things, and to this peculiarity all his visitors were obliged to be deferential. I remember to have heard an anecdote illustrative hereof, and inasmuch as it is common to the Indian, it is another item of individuality, significant of the race to which he belonged.

But to the anecdote. It was related to me by a lady, and I will give it as near as I recollect it at this distant period, in her own words. In describing Abraham, she said, "he had a perception so quick, as to enable him to observe all that passed without appearing to see anything, and an attachment to his own peculiar habits, so strong, as to set at nought those rules of courtesy and forbearance, which his more civilized brethren learn to practice."—"One pleasant day," said she, "in the month of September, I went with a party out to the picturesque dwelling of Abraham, where arrangements had been previously made, for a clam-bake. The house, the only remaining one of an Indian settlement named Shimmo, was situated near enough to the sea-shore to make it a very convenient spot for those parties, known to us by the name of Squantums.

We had taken with us all the et cetera of the tea table, for, as may be supposed, the *cup of tea*, at the close of an afternoon, spent in rambling over Shimmo Hills, was of more consequence to the ladies, at least, than the clams. After having gathered a bouquet of wild flowers, I threw myself on the grass, and in imagination I peopled this now desolate spot with its former proprietors, and contrasted their proud bearing as they trod their native soil, with the not less proud, yet more subdued step of the lone one who was now their sole representative. The spot being a group of hills, seemed to me exactly fitted for that mode of warfare, peculiar to the Indian. Deeply imbued with the spirit of the place I returned to the house, and found Abraham making preparation for tea. He had spread the tables and covered them with sheets! 'Tis true they were white as the driven snow, but our more fastidious tastes preferred those which were table-cloths "by night," as well as by day. The sheets were carefully re-folded and our own substituted. But before covering them it was remarked that by turning the tables round, we should get more room. No sooner was this done, than the Indian who had darted out of the house as soon as we appeared, re-entered, and, although he spoke not, nor did he appear to look at the table or at us, yet he was evidently displeased at something. One of the company who knew him better than I did, said—"Well, Abraham! what is it?" "The tables don't go so!" was his laconic reply. In vain we explained to him that this was the better way. There he stood, looking his displeasure, as well as his determination that they should be placed back as they were before. The change was no sooner made, than he marched out with apparent satisfaction. How he discovered that we had made the change, is still a mystery! He seemed not to notice anything, and yet nothing escaped his observation and scrutiny. He was never seen to look at any of us, yet he took note of every one there, and he was particular to enquire into the pedigree of those whom he had never seen before."

But my paper is already too long and I must close, with just saying that the subject hereof died 25th of November, 1854, aged 82. I have many interesting traditions of the Nantucket Indians, and at another time I may again refer to them.

B. F. F.

Sconset, Dec. 1854.

In the Chicago meeting, the other night, called to sustain Congress, the following poem dedicated to Andrew Johnson, was received with much applause:

"TO ONE IN A HIGH PLACE.
Stone walls are very hard to butt,
If you don't believe it, try it;
Though your head be made of 'butter-nut,'
You may strike till your eyes are blind and shut,
If you don't believe it, try it.

"The will of the North is a Granite Wall!
If you don't believe it, try it;
You may hammer away but it will not fall,
For your battering-ram is all too small,
If you don't believe it, try it.

"Your 'horn' can't blow our Jericho!
If you don't believe it, try it,
You may take a dozen more 'horns' or so,
And still you will find it end in 'blow';
If you don't believe it, try it.

"Your better plan is to Southward flee,
If you don't believe it, try it.
Go, take your lap-board on your knee,
And stitch for the 'Rebs' in Tennessee;
If you don't believe it, try it.

"To clothe mankind is a noble thing,
If you don't believe it, try it;
But the 'coat of arms' of a would-be King
Is what your needle and thread can't bring,
If you don't believe it, try it.

"You will find warm friends in the rebel class,
If you don't believe it, try it.
When a traitor has done the worst he can,
He had better make way for an honest man,
If you don't believe it, try it."

THE LITTLE WESTERN MAN.

It was at Bermuda Hundred, an hour of rest in camp,
After a day of battle and a muddy midnight tramp,
And by the long entrenchments, in many scattered groups,
We were quietly reposing, the worn and wearied troops,
We had heard some broken rumors of glorious success,
Won by our northern comrades in the distant wilderness;
But we doubted when they told us that a little Western Man
Was marching down to Richmond from the guarded Rapidan.

I lay half waking, watching the turkey buzzard's flight,
In many circles wheeling o'er the field of our late fight,
And listening to the sighing of the sweet wind in the trees,
The singing of the linnets and the humming of the bees,
And I thought about the tidings, and if they could be true,
And I turned and asked the Captain, for perhaps the Captain knew.
But he served with George McClellan, and said there wasn't a man
Could march a force to Richmond from the guarded Rapidan.

Suddenly a sound like thunder rolled faintly from afar,
A distant hollow muttering, that seemed to fill the air.
It cannot be a storm, there's not a shadow of a cloud.
Hark! it sounds away to northward! Hark! it comes again more loud.
Oh its not the roll of thunder, so short and sharply runs.
'Tis the roar of distant battle, 'tis the boom of heavy guns,
It is the glorious army and the little Western Man,
And they're marching on to Richmond from the guarded Rapidan.

The sleeping soldiers started up from every shady place,
And mingled joy and wonder lit up each sunburnt face;
While louder yet and clearer the battle roar rang forth,
As if the tramp of victory was pealing from the north,
And even the old Captain cried, half choked with manly tears,
Three cheers for General Grant, my boys, three hearty rousing cheers.
And we gave them with a tiger for the little Western Man
Who was marching on to Richmond from the bloody Rapidan.

Four years since then have passed away, the cannon roar is dumb.
The boys have all come home again, save those who ne'er shall come,
But the heart of the old army beats through the country still,
And we love our silent General with the unconquered will.
The fighting days are over, the people yearn for peace,
And we offer them our leader to bid their troubles cease.

Three cheers for Grant for President, the little Western Man
Who marched the boys to Richmond from the guarded Rapidan.

Vancouver 1829 & 1828

	WP		6m	\$			
Oct 31	18 th						
Nov 13	13	By 1 paper 100 cut nails					
" 16	"	" 1 doz saw files 2 2/3 from Henry Burfts			14		
" 20	20	" 1 Bill hook 1 2 lbs 6 Nails & get p. to from do		1	72 1/2		
" 29	"	" Buckram Cotton twist from do			31		
Dec 30	10	" 4 lbs Nails & get			36		
" 20	"	" 1 md Buck Brads & 1/9			29 1/2		
" 20	"	" 1 pr Drunk handles 1 1/2 hund Brass nails & 1/1			24		
" 27	"	" making a wheel band			52 1/2		
" 27	"	" 1 paper Small Tacks 1 1/2 hund Brass nails			30		
Jan 7	19	" 1 pr Drunk handles			10		
Feb 1	25	" Cash			50		
March 19	25	" 1 md Cut Tacks 10 1/2 Feb 7 26 Cash five Dollars		37 1/2	4 79		
		" Cash to balance act to this date			5 00		
					3 29		
					813 - 00		

			6 1/2	\$	
April 17	26	By Cash for a Drainer		1 - 25	
" 26	"	" 1 Lamb-skin		- 25	
June 24	29	" 1 Paper Tacks		11 1/4	
July 1	"	" Cash to balance		9 - 83	
				11 - 50	

			6 1/2	et	
Oct 15 th	31	By Wellbeing 1/3		37 1/2	
1829 Jan 1	1	" 1 Corner Gouge 1/6		25	
		" Cash to balance		7 - 13	
					\$8 35 1/2

			6 1/2	\$	
1829 May 27	7	By 1 Thous Brass Nails & 6/9		1 12 1/2	
" 7	5	" 1 Lett paw feet (omitted)		35	

Allen Kelley

Dr

1828	WD			
Jan 1 st		For balance due on settlement	\$ 4 1/2	" 16 1/2
" 18	22	" 1 Mahogany Time-piece Case no lock	4	" 50
" 23	"	" 1 do do do	4	" 50
Feb 9	23	" Glueing & planing Stand		37 1/2
March 28 th	25	" 1 Mahogany Time-piece Case for Capt. Ramsdell	4	" 50
May 3 rd	27	" 1 do do for Matthew Crosby including Landscape	6	" 00
June 6	28	" 1 do do del'd Paris	4	" 50
" 30 th	29	" 1 do do del'd A.K.	4	" 50
July 5 th	"	" 1 do do del'd Paris	4	" 50
Oct 25 th	32	" While from home Time piece Case	4	" 50
Nov 25 th	33	" 1 Pine Case for looking glass 4/5		75
		" 1 Mahogany time piece Case	4	" 00
				<u>\$ 86 79</u>

1829		Allen Kelley Dr	
Jan 1 st		For balance due on settlement	44 " 37 1/2
" 1 st	1	" Mahogany Time-piece Case del'd by G. M.B.	4 " 00
" 29	2	" Time piece Cases for J. Nicholson including Landscape & glass	6 " 00
March 23	3	" Time piece Case for J. Nicholson without glass	5 " 50
July 1 st	10	" Mahogany Clock case for G. B. Barney	23 " 00
" 17	"	" Pine Time piece Case for gilding	1 " 75
			<u>\$ 4 62</u>

R G Folger

28

	wp		\$	ct
1828				
July 29 th	24	By 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds Cotton @ 18 ^{ct} 30. p (3 Austins)	2	92 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 5 th	27	" Files	2	56 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 23	"	" 1 Pinch-back Watch	3	50
June 2 nd	28	" 1 Watch Crystal for Herk ^{ts} Swain		37 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 5 th	29	" Cash Twenty-five Dollars	25	00
		" 1 Landscape for M. Crosby		50
Oct 7	30	" Cash Five dollars & 2 plane Irons 25 ^{ct}	5	25
" 15	"	" Repairing Silver watch & a Crystal 2		50
Nov 11	32	" 2 Salt Spoons		80
Dec 24	34	" Cash 6		1 00
				<hr/>
Balance Due on Settlement &				42 41 $\frac{1}{2}$
Carried to new acct				<hr/>
				44 37 $\frac{1}{2}$
				<hr/>
				86 79

1829				
Jan 29	2	By Landscape & glass for Case		50
Feb 28	"	" Labor overcharged on Case for Nicholson	1	00
" 16	"	" a New verge to Silver watch of plane Iron	1	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 20	3	" order on S. Dagget for groceries acct	4	00
" 24	"	" 1 Eylet Needle		14
March 4	"	" Cash one dollar	1	00
April 9	4	" order on J. S. Worth one dollar acct	1	00
May 6	5	" Marking 9 Silver spoons, mending 3 marking 1 do		72
June 2	7	" 1 Oil Stone 2		33
" 11	8	" mending Chain to Silver Watch & Labor on Repairation	1	50
July 3	9	" 1 do. Tea Spoons	26	00
" 4	"	" Coffee from Mitchell & Easton	1	00
" 17	10	" Cash	6	00
" 24	11	" Cash	5	00
" 24	11	" 3 balls for J. Barnings Clock Case		50
Aug 30	13	" Trimming for desk		75
Oct 1	"	" Cash One Dollar	1	00
Dec 5	14	" Coffee	1	00
" 10	"	" attuning a set of castors & repair of Copper		32 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 24	14	" Coffee	1	00
				<hr/>
Due to balance & Carried to New acct				38 92
				<hr/>
				45 70
				<hr/>
				84 62

1830				
Feb 24	15	By Coffee	1	00

29

Fisk & Rice Boston Dr

1828

Jan 1 20

1831

Aug 11

For 3 Cherry Portable Desks @ 36/75

\$

18-00

& Cash Twenty five Dollars 25-00



Receivd Cⁿ

1828-1829

30

	W ^d		\$	c
April 14	26	By 7 1/4 lbs Paint		
" 29	27	" 1 quart of Oil	1	45
May 8		" 1 pint Spirits Turpentine		33
Sept 13	30	" 1 pint Oil		12 1/2
Oct 28	32	" 1 lb Venetian Red		17
Nov 1		" 1 lb Spirits Turpentine 1 pane glass & putty		10
March 17	3	" 3 paces 7 by 9 glass & putty		19
Aug 28	12	" 1 lb Venetian Red		35
Oct 3	13	" 1 pane Glass		10
Dec 4	15	" Lettering a Box		8
		Sundries omitted	3	22 1/2
			30	
				3 59



Henry Swift

Dr

	WP		\$	ct
May 27	27	" For a Medicine Chest - and Dr. May's powder	5	50
June 27 th	29	" " Got Masthead for James Coffin	3	75
Oct 23	31	" Making a drawer for desk	1	00
Dec 27 th	34	" Mahogany work stand	8	00
1829 May 15	5	" making a Blind Fireboard	2	75
1830 March 6		" For Cash to balance	21	00
			3	47

21 00

W.P.

H. et

April 19 th	26	By 1 pr hinges 1 Lock	- 21		
" 26 "	"	" Trimmings for Medicine Chest 4/6	- 45		
" 28 "	"	" 1 pr Table hinges - 1 pr Brass hinges - 2 lbs Nails at 10ct	- 36		
" 29 "	"	" 1 pr Lifting handles 2/6 - 1 pr hinges 1/6	- 58	42	
" 30 "	27	" 1 Chest Lock 1/6 - 1 pr hinges 1/3 - 1 hasp 1/4	- 52	48	
May 8 "	"	" 1/3 doz bedcaps 2 3/4	- 12 1/2	5	
" 15 "	"	" 1 pr hinges 1/6	- 8		
" 20 "	"	" 1 pr Brass handles 2/6 - 2 brass feet 1/6	- 67		
" 22 "	"	" 1 doz 3/4 brass hinges 9 - 1 gross 3/4 screws 1/4 brass nails 1/4	- 142		
" 23 "	28	" 1 brass Prospect Lock 1/3	- 21		
" 26 "	"	" 2 lbs Glue 2 1/5 per lb	- 50		
" 30 "	"	" by 6 Nails	- 19		
June 14 th	28	" 1 Gauge 2 Chisels & 3 Locks	- 1 84		
" "	"	" 1 Portable Desk lock & hinges	- 67		
" 21 "	29	" 1 Pr Handles	- 37 1/2		
" 27 "	"	" 1 lb Cut Nails	- 9		
" 28 "	"	" 1 Cut Bottom from Washburn & Coleman 2	- 00	not charged with	
Apr 17	30	" 2 lb Nails 2 get	- 18		
Oct 17	31	" 1 lb Nails 9ct 1 pr Rose handles 1 pr hinges 1 hasp	- 45 1/2	42	
Nov 8 th	32	" Sundries for C. C's desk	- 20		
" 13 "	"	" 1 pr handles & hasp	- 31		
" 17 "	"	" 2 Setts Castors 12 1/4	- \$ 2 00		
" 18 "	"	" 6 Knobs 3/4 5 Small do 26 3 Escutcheons 1/4	- 83		
" 25 "	33	" 2 lb brass pins 1/6	- 17 1/2	42	
Dec 2 nd	"	" 1 pr brass butt hinges 1/6	- 12 1/2	1/2	
" 20 "	34	" 6 Rings 2 of pr doz	- 25		
" 23 "	"	" 1 pr handles 1/6 1 Rule 1/4	- 00	42	
1829		" 1 pr 9 inch brass butt hinges 1/6 1 pr 1/4 inch brass butt hinges 1/6 1 pr 1/4 inch brass butt hinges 1/6	- 21	19	
May 13	5	" 1 Chest Lock 3/4 hinges 1/6 1 Lock 21	- 71		
" 21 "	6	" 1 pr pincers	- 37		
" 25 "	7	" 2 Commode Rings 2 10/6 pr doz, 1 Chest Lock 1 1/4	- 67		
" "	"	" 1 Till lock 1/6 3 Escutcheons 1/4	- 46		
" 26 "	"	" 1 Cut plane Iron 2/9	- 46		
1830					
March 6		By Cash paid on Settlement	\$ 17 53 1/2		
			\$ 3 46 1/2		
			\$ 21 00		

by
Rubens G. Folger

WD

Sept 28 th	30	Peter Mary	Dr	et
Oct 10 th	31	For Whetting wood saw	"20	
		" do do	"20	
			"40	
1829	5	Thomas Macy	Dr	et
March 28		For turning 2 Pillars 3/4	"50	
May 27	7	" Work on Lecturing machine	"37 1/2	
June 4	8	" 2 feet Cherry board 2 6 ct per ft	"12 1/2	
"	"	" 92 feet do do	5"52	
"	18	" Turning & twisting Newel post	1"50	
"	22	" 10 feet Cherry plank 2 6 ct	"60	
"	25	" Veneering 2 Blocks	1"25	
"	"	" 21 feet Cherry board	1"26	
"	27	" Turning 20 Corner ornaments 5 ps	"84	
July 6	"	" Turning 14 do do	"58	
"	16	" 3 1/4 Cherry 2 6 ct	"18	
"	"	" Carving 6 Leaves & Mahogany for	2"00	
"	"	" Turning a post head	"6	

14" 78 1/2

Pantherket 1828

39

Dec 2

By Cash

to

\$ 1 - 97 1/2

11-15

1828		WT			
Nov 14 th	32		For 3 feet Birch board 19	"12 1/2	
"	"	"	" 1 pr piners 3/	"50	
" 18 th	"	"	" Cash 19	"12 1/2	
" 29 th	33	"	" 16 feet plank	"70	
" 5 th	"	"	" Cash 35 ct 6-3 thin board	"47 1/2	
Dec 19 th	34	"	" 23 feet Clear board 2 3 et	"69	
" 29 th	"	"	" For cash One Dollar fifty cts	1 "50	
1829					
Jan 4 th	1	"	" Turning 1 Sett pine Legs	"31	
" 9 th	"	"	" Cash One dollar five cts	1 "05	
" 10 th	"	"	" 12 ft pine board	"37 1/2	
" 15 th	"	"	" 2-3 feet pine board	"8	
" 16 th	"	"	" 5 feet do	"14	
" 21 st	"	"	" Cash one dollar	1 "00	
" 23	2	"	" Turning 3 drops for Ammonia	"25	
Feb 1	3	2	" Cash to balance w th Feb 1	1 "48	8 75

			Heremiah Swain Dr		
"	"	2	For Cash Two Dollars 7/00	\$2.07	
" 10	"	"	" Turning 1 Sett Table Legs	"31 1/4	
" 11	"	"	" A Work Stand Top 1/2-3/4	"8	
" 14	"	"	" Turning 1 Sett Table Legs	"31 1/4	
"	"	"	" 7 feet pine board 2 3 et	"21	
"	"	"	" Table top 19	"12 1/2	
" 18	"	"	" 16 feet pine plank 2 1/2 et board Measure	65	
" 20	3	"	" Thin board 1/4	"6 1/4	
" 28	"	"	" 29 feet plank	"72	
March 2 nd	"	"	" 1 Thin board 31 ft 2 2 et	"62	
" 4	"	"	" Turning 1 Sett Table Legs	"31 1/4	
" 10	"	"	" Turning Bedposts	"25	
" 17	"	"	" Birch board	"6	
" 27	4	"	" Cash one Dollar	1 "00	
April 4 th	"	"	" Cash Board	"33	
1829					
May 2	4	"	For balance on Settlement	"86 1/2	
July 10 th	9	"	" Cash Four Dollars	4 "00	
" 27 th	10	"	" Plank	5	
Aug 3 rd	"	"	" Cash to balance w th Rent	1 "33 1/2	

\$6 25

Dec 5th 33

By Shop window Cr
 " 1 Quarters Rent to Feb 1st 1829 \$ 2.50
 6.25
 \$ 8.75

8 75

By use of Shop Cr to May 1st 1829

6 25

By 3 Months use of Shop Cr

4 25

Reuben G Folger

wp					
1828		Isaac Austin	Dr	\$	ct
Nov ^r 20 th	33	For planing a Mahogany Desk		2	50
		" 2 pair Rockers			75
Dec ^r 3 rd	33	" Altering Bedstead & new Ends head board		2	75
		Resters & Varnishing & 1 Rod			
Dec 20 th	34	" 6 pr Rockers & fitting them		2	25

11-25

